THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An I[illegible] Weekly
Founded [illegible]enj. Franklin

MAY 23, 1914 5c. THE COPY

PRESIDENT WILSON ON MEXICO

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 186 PHILADELPHIA, MAY 23, 1914 Number 47

MEXICO: The Record of a Conversation With President Wilson

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

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Secretary of State Bryan Being Interviewed in the White House Grounds

MY IDEAL is an orderly and righteous government in Mexico; but my passion is for the submerged eighty-five per cent of the people of that Republic, who are now struggling toward liberty."

The President closed his fingers into a sinewy fist. He leaned forward in his chair—leaned forward as a man leans forward who is about to start on a race, his body taut, his muscles tense. I could see the cords stand out on the back of his neck. His eyes were narrowed, his lips slightly parted, his vigor and earnestness impressive.

Bang! He hit the desk with that clenched fist. The paper-knife rattled against the tray and a few open letters stirred a bit from the jar of the blow.

"I challenge you," he said, "to cite me an instance in all the history of the world where liberty was handed down from above! Liberty always is attained by the forces working below, underneath, by the great movement of the people. That, leavened by the sense of wrong and oppression and injustice, by the ferment of human rights to be attained, brings freedom." The President relaxed from his tense attitude and smiled.

"It is a curious thing," he continued, "that every demand for the establishment of order in Mexico takes into consideration, not order for the benefit of the people of Mexico, the great mass of the population, but order for the benefit of the old-time régime, for the aristocrats, for the vested interests, for the men who are responsible for this very condition of disorder. No one asks for order because order will help the masses of the people to get a portion of their rights and their land; but all demand it so that the great owners of property, the overlords, the hidalgos, the men who have exploited that rich country for their own selfish purposes, shall be able to continue their processes undisturbed by the protests of the people from whom their wealth and power have been obtained.

"The dangers that beset the Republic are held to be the individual and corporate troubles of these men, not the aggregated injustices that have been heaped on this vastly greater section of the population that is now struggling to recover by force what has always been theirs by right.

"They want order—the old order; but I say to you that the old order is dead. It is my part, as I see it, to aid in composing those differences so far as I may be able, that the new order, which will have its foundation on human liberty and human rights, shall prevail."

We were sitting in the old Cabinet room, on the second floor of the White House, now changed to a library and workroom for the President. Two sides of the walls are lined with books, and opposite the mantel there hangs a great picture of the signing of the Spanish War Peace Treaty, showing President McKinley gazing benignantly at Secretary Day and the Spanish commissioner, who, seated side by side, are writing their names on the document that formally ended the war of 1898. A great globe stands in the corner—a great blue globe, with many lines traced on it, many lines running from Washington to the South. There was a cluster of red roses in the corner, and a little breeze fluttered the curtains of the windows that looked out on the fountain, the wonderful masses of bloom on the flowering trees, the new, soft green of the leaves, and the velvet of the grass. A searchlight played on the tip of the Washington Monument and, far back, the dome of the Capitol swam mistily in the silver light of the new moon.

The President was in evening dress, and he seemed strong and vigorous as he sat facing me at the side of his desk. He was waiting to go to a conference between the Attorney-General, the Secretary of War and Senator Thomas, of Colorado, over the mining strike in the Senator's state.

We talked for three-quarters of an hour. The President went freely and frankly into the situation—told his ideals, his hopes, his plans, his conclusions—dealing, of course, with the subject in a general rather than in a specific way, because of the length of time I told him must ensue between the talk and the publication of what I might write concerning it, and the knowledge that in a day-to-day event like this, with its constantly shifting series of happenings, summaries must be resorted to rather than immediate comment.

As a result of my conversation with the President, which was on the evening of April twenty-seventh, only a few hours after word had come that Huerta would accept the offer of mediation made by the representatives of Argentina, Brazil and Chile, I can state these conclusions, which will endure regardless of the outcome of mediation negotiations. The settled policy of the President, in regard to Mexico, will be as follows:

FIRST—The United States, so long as Mr. Wilson is President, will not seek to gain a foot of Mexican territory in any way or under any pretext. When we have finished with Mexico, Mexico will be territorially intact.

SECOND—No personal aggrandizement by American investors or adventurers or capitalists, or exploitation of that country, will be permitted. Legitimate business interests that seek to develop rather than exploit will be encouraged.

THIRD—A settlement of the agrarian land question by constitutional means—such as that followed in New Zealand, for example—will be insisted on.

These are the materialistic ideals of President Wilson, the main points he has firmly in his mind. His future policy will rest on these foundations, regardless of what the moment may inject into the situation in the way of minor questions.

We talked for a few moments on that April evening of the historic associations of the portion of the White House where we were, which, until the time of President Roosevelt, was used by the Presidents as office and workroom by the clerical force, by the Cabinet, and as the public reception room. It was in this part of the White House that all the preliminaries of the Spanish War were decided on by President McKinley, and it was this portion of the White House that President Lincoln occupied as his office and workroom during the Civil War. Now it makes up a part of the home space in the White House; but in that library where we were sitting, and where McKinley's Cabinet debated the Spanish War and Lincoln's Cabinet debated the Civil War, a great many of the problems of Mexico, whether war problems or peace problems, have been and will be considered by President Wilson.

"Mr. President," I began, "I have recently been through the country somewhat, and I am constantly meeting men who have arrived from various states. I find and they find that, though the people of this country are patriotic and are loyally standing by the Administration, they do not, as a whole, know just what they are patriotic about."

"I have found that to be true, in a measure, myself," said the President; "and I am glad of an opportunity to explain my ideas and my ideals on the subject."

He stopped for a moment as though to select a place for beginning. I noticed that his face, instead of being pale, as it was the last time I saw him, was burned by the sun; that his eye was clear and bright, and his whole attitude that of a man who is strong and well. I noticed, too, that his hands were not burned by the sun; and as he talked I watched those hands and observed how he used them constantly—not in widespread gestures, but rather in supplementary and interpretative motions, as though he were a musician speaking the score of his music and playing the notes with his fingers as he went along. I doubt whether his hands, except when he thwacked the desk, moved more than twelve inches one way or the other; but they seemed almost a part of his speech, and expressed his various attitudes of mind and emotion when he proceeded as vividly as did the intonation of his voice and the emphasis of his words.

He sat back in his chair and half closed his eyes. His fingers laced and interlaced. Then he began to talk, clearly, simply, with a clarity of diction, a sequence of thought and a lucidity of expression that seemed even more remarkable than it really was when compared with the muddied speech of many of our statesmen. Now and then he used a colloquialism. Once or twice he dropped into slang. He spoke of some one "butting in," and he said "We must hump ourselves!" He marshaled his facts with such precision and presented his ideas so cogently that it was apparent his viewpoint was the result of a long and continuous study of every phase of the minor problems involved in the great problem: Why are we in Mexico and what are we going to do there?

"Every phase of the Mexican situation," the President said, "is based on the condition that those in *de facto* control of the Government must be relieved of that control before Mexico can realize her manifest destiny."

The Peons' Struggle for Freedom

THE President made it clear that the United States has no quarrel with the Mexican people and that the Mexican people should have no quarrel with us. He sketched the conditions in Mexico under Diaz and came to the underlying cause for all the unrest in that country for many years. This, he said, was a fight for the land—just that and nothing more.

He pointed out how the landed aristocracy, originally given control of vast tracts of land by Spanish grants, had during succeeding years, by coercion, absorption and by other methods of force and with the support of the Government, taken away from the small landowners most of their properties, and had created the feudal estates, where the people were virtually slaves.

These processes were followed by the passage of a general law which made legal the condemnation of all land to the state that was not secured by a title which complied with provisions in the law that made most of the titles of the properties the landed aristocracy wanted easy of annulment. Farm after farm passed into the control of the big landowners and there was no recourse for the former owners or for their families but to work at dictated terms and practically as slaves on the land that had formerly been theirs.

"Fortunately for the peons, but unfortunately for himself," the President continued, "Diaz permitted the establishment of a public-school system. He himself said he raised up the instrument that brought about his own destruction—the school system."

Weak and incomplete as this school system was and is, it nevertheless had the effect of helping in great measure toward the partial education of a sufficient number of the peons to make it easy for agitators to start revolutions. Revolutions were started. Finally there came the successful revolution of Madero and his supporters, and the exile of Diaz. This was followed by the killing of Madero, and the assumption of power by Huerta. The present revolution, like all preceding revolutions, is primarily a revolution by the peons who want to regain their land.

"To some extent," the President said, "the situation in Mexico is similar to that in France at the time of the Revolution. There are wide differences in many ways," he continued, "but the basic situation has many resemblances."

After the accession of Huerta the President definitely decided not to recognize that alleged Government and remained firm in that resolve. However, for many months, he has not been unaware that a situation was developing which would force him to make an active movement against Mexico, or the alleged Huerta Government of Mexico; and would bring about such a condition as existed at the time mediation was suggested.

"It has been a difficult situation," he said, "because so many elements of it have been without our control and our territory. In a domestic matter we can see our way clear, because ordinarily all the elements are within our view and consideration; but here was a trouble that had its active movements in another and an adjacent and a somewhat remote country, and we were forced to sit and watch, and await such developments as might be. I have known for months that some such thing could happen—was inevitable, in fact; and my prayer was that it might not be a calamity."

Then came the incident at Tampico. Rear-Admiral Mayo, resenting the insult to the flag, issued his demand for an apology, and the President and his Cabinet stepped in behind the Admiral.

"Really," said the President, "it was a psychological moment, if that phrase is not too trite to be used. There was no great disaster like the sinking of the Maine, and there was an adequate reason for our action in this culminating insult of a series of insults to our country and our flag."

The President followed with his emphatic declaration that his passion is for the great masses of the Mexican people, and his statement that his sole object in Mexico is to help the people secure the liberty which he holds is fully theirs by right.

"The function of being a policeman in Mexico has not appealed to me; nor does it appeal to our people," he said. "Our duty is higher than that. If we are to go in there, restore order and immediately get out, and invite a repetition of conflict similar to that which is in progress now, we had better have remained out.

"What we must do and what we hope to do are twofold. First, we hope to show the world that our friendship for Mexico is a disinterested friendship, so far as our own aggrandizement goes; and, second, we hope to prove to the world that the Monroe Doctrine is not what the rest of the world, including some of the countries in this hemisphere, contends—merely an excuse for the gaining of territory for ourselves.

"I hold this to be a wonderful opportunity to prove to the world that the United States of America is not only human but humane; that we are actuated by no other motives than the betterment of the conditions of our unfortunate neighbor, and by the sincere desire to advance the cause of human liberty."

The situation, he pointed out, is intolerable, and requires the strong guiding hand of the great nation on this continent that, by every appeal of right and justice, and the love for order and the hope for peace and prosperity, must assist these warring people back into the paths of quiet and prosperity. We have an object lesson to give to the rest of the world; an object lesson that will prove to the skeptical outsiders that this nation rises superior to considerations of added power and scorns an opportunity for territorial aggrandizement; an object lesson that will show to the people of this—our own—hemisphere that we are sincerely and unselfishly the friends of all of them, and particularly the friends of the Mexican people, with no other idea than the idea and the ideal of helping them compose their differences, starting them on the road to continued peace and renewed prosperity, and leaving them to work out their own destiny, but watching them narrowly and insisting that they shall take help when help is needed.

"I have not permitted myself to think of what will be the outcome of these plans for mediation," the President said. "I hope they may be successful. In any event we shall deem it our duty to help the Mexican people, and we shall continue until we have satisfactory knowledge that peace has been restored, that a constitutional Government is reorganized, and that the way is open for the peaceful reorganization of that harassed country."

The Possibilities of Self-Government

"WE SHALL not demand a foot of territory nor a cent of money—except, of course, the settlement of such claims as may justly be made by American citizens for damages to their property during these disturbances—individual claims. There will be no money demand in a national sense. Then we shall have shown the entire world that the Monroe Doctrine means an unselfish friendship for our neighbors—a disinterested friendship in the sense of not being interested in our aggrandizement—and that our motives are only the motives inspired by the higher humanity, by our sense of duty and responsibility, and by our determination that human liberty shall prevail in our hemisphere."

The President paused. He had been intensely in earnest in his talk. He smiled, and his long white fingers wove themselves in and out. Then, with a little gesture that betokened amused contempt, he continued:

"They say the Mexicans are not fitted for self-government; and to this I reply that, when properly directed, there is no people not fitted for self-government. The very fact that the extension of the school system by Diaz brought about a certain degree of understanding among some of the people which caused them to awaken to their wrongs and to strive intelligently for their rights, makes that contention absurd. I do not hold that the Mexican peons are at present as capable of self-government as other people—ours, for example; but I do hold that the widespread sentiment that they never will be and never can be made to be capable of self-government is as wickedly false as it is palpably absurd."

He paused again.

"Did you see that dispatch we gave out, from Consul-General Hanna, which detailed his experiences with the army at Torreon? It was a sort of a diary of his adventures and a record of what he saw. We gave it all out; but the latter part of it was not widely printed, for the first part of it was full of bloody details of the battle. I suppose"—and he smiled whimsically again—"I suppose the editors felt there was no particular interest in the peaceful and gratifying information that was in the latter portion of the dispatch.

"Well, if you read that dispatch, you learned that Mr. Hanna was most agreeably surprised and greatly gratified by the treatment Villa's men gave their prisoners; how they endeavored to live up to the rules of civilized warfare; how they were constantly on the lookout for new information that would relieve them of the stigma of being barbarians. This merely shows that these people, if they get the chance, are capable of learning and are anxious to learn."

The President returned to the question of mediation

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Secretary of the Navy Daniels Being Interviewed on the Way From a Cabinet Meeting

SUSANNA AND HER ELDERS

By RICHARD DEHAN

"I Say It Is Beastly to be Expected to Marry Just Because Money Has Got to be Brought Into the Family"

THE Earl of Beaumaris, a worthy and imposing personage flushed from the nape of his neck to the high summit of his cranium—premature baldness figured among the family heredities—paced in creaking patent-leather boots up and down the castle library, a noble apartment of Tudor design lined with rare and antique volumes into which none ever looked. There were other persons present besides the dowager countess, and, to judge by the strainedly polite expression of their faces, the squeaking leather must have been playing havoc with their nerves; but nobody protested, and Lord Beaumaris continued his agitated perambulations, regularly turning as he reached the limit of the wornout rug.

"Gustavus," said his mother at length, "you're an English peer in your own castle and not a pointsman on a Broadway block, unless I'm considerably mistaken. Sit down!"

"Mother, I will not be defied!" said Lord Beaumaris. "I will not be bearded by my own child—a mere chit of a girl! Had Susanna been a boy I should have known how to deal with this spirit of insubordination. Being a girl—and, moreover, motherless—I abandon her to you. She has many things to learn, but let the first lesson you inculcate be this—that I positively refuse to be defied!"

"The child has, I gather, gone out to take the air when she ought to have stayed in and taken a scolding," said Lady Beaumaris. "Does anybody know of her whereabouts?"

Alaric Osmond-Orme, a languid, drab-complexioned, light-haired man of aristocratic appearance, never seen without the smoked eyeglass that concealed a diabolic squint, spoke:

"I saw her, in a crimson golfing jacket and a white Tam o'Shanter, crossing the upper terrace. She carried an alpenstock and was followed by quite a pack of dogs incorporated in the body of one extraordinary mongrel I have occasionally observed about the stable yards. I gathered that she was going for a climb on the cliffs. That was about half an hour ago."

"Alaric, you have attended every family council I recollect since I became a member of this family, and have never before opened your lips," said Lady Beaumaris, fixing the unfortunate Alaric with her eye, which was still black and snappingly bright. "Make this occasion memorable by offering a suggestion. You really owe us one!"

Everybody present looked at Alaric, who smiled helplessly and dropped his eyeglass, revealing the physical peculiarity it concealed. The effect of the diabolic squint in combination with his mild features and somewhat foolish expression conveyed a general impression of reserve force. He spoke, fumbling for the missing article, which had plunged rapturously into his bosom, with long, trim fingers incrusted with mourning rings.

"The question at issue is, unless I have failed in my mental digest of the situation, how to bring Susanna, Viscountess Lymston—pardon me if I indulge a little my weakness for prolixity ——"

The door creaked and Alaric broke off.

"My dear man," said the dowager, "I never before heard you utter a sentence of more than two words' length!"

"—— to bring Susanna, who is just seventeen and fiercely virginal in her expressed aversion to and avoidance of ordinary everyday man, into compliance with your paternal wishes"—Alaric bowed to Lord Beaumaris—"where the encouragement of a suitor is concerned."

"I have appealed to her filial feelings, which do not appear to exist," said Lord Beaumaris. "I have appealed to her reason; I doubt gravely whether the girl possesses any. 'There is too much landed property, there are too many houses and too many heirlooms, and there is not enough ready money to keep things going,' I said. Her reply was: 'Sell some of the land and some of the houses and all of the pictures, and then there will be enough to keep up the rest.' 'My dear child, is it possible,' I said, 'that at your age and occupying the position you occupy you have no idea of what is meant by an entail?'

"Then I made her sit down here in this library, opposite me, and laid plainly before her why it is necessary for her, as my daughter, to marry, and to marry wealth, position and title. Before I had ended she rose with a flaming face and burst into a hysterical tirade that lasted ten minutes. I gathered that she was willing to marry Sir Prosper La Gai or the Knight of the Swan if either of those gentlemen proposed for her hand. Neither being available she intends, I gather, to write great poems or paint great pictures or go on the stage. . . . Go on the stage! My blood curdled at the bare idea. It is still in that unpleasant condition." Lord Beaumaris shuddered violently and pressed his handkerchief to his nose. "If you have any advice to give, Alaric," he said bluntly, "oblige us by giving it."

The drab-complexioned, light-haired Alaric responded:

"In my poor opinion—which may be crassly wrong—too much stress has been laid on the necessity of Susanna's marrying." At this point the contrast between the amiable vacuity of Alaric's face and the Mephistophelean intelligence of his monocled eye was so extraordinary as to hold his listeners spellbound in their chairs. "I think we may take it that the principal feature of the child's character is—call it determination amounting to obstinacy ——"

"Crass obstinacy!" burst from the earl.

"Pigheadedness!" interjected the dowager.

"I think I remember hearing that in her nursery days the sure way to make her take a dose of harmless necessary medicine," pursued Alaric, his left eye fixed on the door, "was to prepare the potion, pill or what not, sweeten and then carefully conceal it from her. Were she my daughter, which heaven for—which heaven has not granted—I should make her take a husband in the same way."

"An utterance possibly inspired, but as obscure as the generality. I fear, my dear Alaric ——" Lord Beaumaris began. The dowager cut him short.

"Say, Gus, can't you let him finish? That's what I call real mean—to switch a man off just when he's beginning to grip the track."

"Mother, I bow to you," Lord Beaumaris said, purpling with indignation. "Pray continue, Alaric!"

"Hum along, Alaric," encouraged the dowager.

Alaric, his countenance as the countenance of a little child, his right eye beaming with mildness and his left eye like the eye of an intelligent fiend, went on:

"Susanna has never yet seen the Duke of Halcyon, her cousin and the husband for whom you destine her. When she does see him I think I may be pardoned for saying ——"

"She'll raise Cain!" agreed Lady Beaumaris. "Girls think such heaps of good looks; I was like that myself before I married your father, Gus."

"My dear mother, granted that Halcyon's gifts, both physical and mental, are not"—the earl coughed—"not of the kind best calculated to impress and win a romantic, willful girl, he is, to speak plainly ——"

"A hideous little troglodyte!" nodded the dowager over her interminable Shetland-wool knitting. "Odd, considering that his mother, when Lady Flora MacCodrum, was, with the sole exception of myself, the handsomest young woman presented in the spring of 1845."

"Mother," said Lord Beaumaris, "delightful as your reminiscences invariably are, Alaric is waiting to resume."

"I had merely intended to suggest," said Alaric, twirling his eyeglass by its black ribbon and turning his demure, drab-colored countenance and balefully glittering left eye on the earl and the dowager in turn, "that the Duke of Halcyon, like the rhubarb of Susanna's infancy, should be rendered tolerable, agreeable and even desirable to our dear girl's palate by being forbidden and withheld. Ask him here in September for the partridge shooting—as I understand you think of doing—but let him appear not in his own character as a young English peer of immense wealth and irreproachable reputation, but as one of those literary and artistic ineligibles who are encouraged by society to take every liberty with it short of marrying its cousins, sisters or daughters. Let him encourage his hair to grow, and wear a velvet coat, a flamboyant necktie and silk stockings with tweed knickerbockers. Let him pay attention to Susanna—as marked as he choose.

"And do you, for your part"—he fixed Lord Beaumaris with his gleaming left eye—"discourage those attentions and lose no opportunity of impressing on your daughter that she is to discourage them too. Given this tempting opportunity of manifesting her independent spirit, you will find—or I know nothing of Susanna—that it will be, Pull baker, pull devil! And I know which will pull the hardest!"

Lord Beaumaris rose to his feet in superb indignation. He struck the attitude in which he had posed for his portrait by Millais, which hung at the upper end of the library, representing him in the act of delivering his maiden speech in Parliament, an address advocating the introduction of foot warmers into the upper house, and opened on Alaric.

"Your proposal—I do not hesitate to say it—is audacious. You deliberately expect that I—I, Gustavus Templebar Bloundle-Abbott Bloundle, ninth Earl of Beaumaris and head of this ancient family—should stoop to carry out a deception, and on my only child! That I should take advantage of her willful youth, her undisciplined temper, to ——"

"To bring about a match that will set every mother's mouth watering and secure your daughter's son a dukedom and a hundred and thirty thousand a year ——"

"That's so; and I guess you'll do it, Gus!" said Lady Beaumaris. "You're a representative English peer, it's true; but on my side you've Yankee blood in you, and the grandson of Elijah K. Van Powler isn't going to back out of a little bluff that's going to pay. No, sir!" The dowager ran her knitting needles through her wool ball and rolled up her work briskly. "He'll do it, Alaric," she said.

"Mother!" exclaimed the earl in desperation. "You were my father's choice, and heaven forbid that I should fail in respect toward a lady he honored with his name; but when you suggest that, to bring about this most desirable union, I should wallow metaphorically in dirt ——"

"It's pay dirt, Gus," said the dowager; "a hundred and thirty thousand a year, my boy!"

"Mother!" cried Lord Beaumaris. "If I brought myself to grovel in such infamy do you suppose for one moment that Halcyon ——"

"That Halcyon would tumble to the plot? There are no flies on Halcyon," said the dowager; "and you bet he'll worry through—velvet coat, orange necktie, forehead curls and all!"

"Then do I understand," said Lord Beaumaris helplessly, "that I am to ask him to accept my hospitality in a character that is not his own and appear at my table in disguise? The idea is inexpressibly loathsome and I cannot imagine in what character he could possibly appear."

"As a painter of the fashionable fresco brand engaged, if you like, to decorate your new ballroom!" put in Alaric in his level, expressionless tones.

"But he can't paint!" said the dowager. "That's where we're going to buckle up and collapse. He can't paint worth a cent! That takes brains, and Halcyon isn't overstocked with 'em, I must allow."

"Get a man who has the brain and the ability to do the work," said the imperturbable Alaric.

"Deception on deception!" groaned Lord Beaumaris.

"I have the very fellow in my eye," pursued Alaric; "remarkably clever A. R. A. and a kinsman of your own. Perhaps you have forgotten him," he continued as Lord Beaumaris stiffened with polite inquiry and the dowager elevated her handsome and still jetty eyebrows into interrogative arches. "Perhaps—it's equally likely—you never heard of him; but at least you remember his mother, Janetta Bloundle?"

"She married a person professionally interested in the restoration of perpendicular Gothic churches," said Lord Beaumaris; "and, though I cannot now recall his name, I remember hearing of his death and forwarding a brief condolatory postcard to his widow."

"Who joined him—wherever he is—six months ago."

"Dear me!" said Lord Beaumaris. "This is quite too regrettable. However, it is too late in the day to send another postcard addressed to the surviving members of the family."

"There is only a son," said Alaric, "and he is the rising artist to whom I suggest that you offer a commission. He is strong in fresco and has just executed a series of wall cartoons for the new Naval and Military Idiot Asylum which will carry his name down to the remotest posterity."

"Might I—ah!—ask his name?" said Lord Beaumaris.

"Wopse," responded Alaric.

Lord Beaumaris shuddered.

"And the Christian prefix?" He closed his eyes in readiness for the coming shock.

"Halcyon."

Lord Beaumaris opened his eyes and the dowager uttered a slight snort of astonishment.

"A relationship existing on the mother's side between young Wopse and the ducal house of Halcyon," said Alaric, twirling his eyeglass faster, "it is not surprising that the poor lady should have improved on the homespun Anglo-Saxonism of Wopse by the best means in her power. At any rate the young fellow is well-looking and well-bred enough to carry both names in a creditable fashion."

"You've taken considerable time about making it," said Lady Beaumaris, "but I'm bound to say your suggestion ain't worth shucks! Given the real artistic and Bohemian article to nibble at, is a girl like Susanna likely to swallow the imitation article? I guess not!"

"I concur entirely with my mother, Alaric," said Lord Beaumaris. "You propose, in the person of this young man, to introduce an element of danger into our limited September house party."

"You could let this Mr. Wopse live in the garden chalet and commission the keeper's wife to attend to him," said the dowager; "but, even then, how are you to make sure that ——"

"That Susanna does not associate with him? There is a simple method of divesting the young man of all attraction for a young creature of our dear girl's temperament," said Alaric; "but for several reasons I shrink from recommending its selection."

"Pray mention it," said Lord Beaumaris uneasily.

"Let's hear it!" said Lady Beaumaris.

"You have only," said Alaric with great distinctness, "to call this young fellow by his Christian name; to let him take Lady Beaumaris in to dinner; to put him up in your best room—the Indian chintz suite; and generally to foster the idea ——"

"That he is the Duke of Halcyon!" cried the dowager. "My stars! What a Palais Royal farce to be played under this respectable old roof!"

"You suggest a double—a doubly infamous and objectionable deception! Not a word more! . . . I will not hear it!" Lord Beaumaris rapped decidedly on the table, rose in agitation and strode on creaking patent leathers to the door. "The question is closed forever," he said, turning on the threshold. "Let no one refer to it again in my——"

The door, which had occasionally creaked throughout this discussion, smartly opened from without and, acting on the earl's offended person as a battering-ram, caused him to run forward, tripping over the edge of the worn but still splendid Turkey carpet.

Lord Beaumaris saved himself by clinging to the high back of an ancestral chair, on the seat of which he subsided as the tall young figure of his daughter appeared on the threshold, her Tam o' Shanter cap, her long yellow locks and her red golfing jacket shining with moisture, her fresh cheeks red with the cold kisses of the March winds.

"It began to snow like Happy Jack," said Susanna, pulling off her rough beaver gauntlet gloves; "so I came home. Well, have you all done plotting? You look like conspirators—all—with the exception of Alaric."

This was true, for though the earl, his mother, and three other members of the family council whom we have not found it necessary to describe, wore an air of somewhat guilty perturbation, the drab-colored, mild countenance of Alaric, its diabolical left eye now blandly shuttered with its tinted eyeglass, alone appeared guiltless and unmoved.

"We've been discussing the September house party," exclaimed this Catesby as Susanna sat on the elbow of his chair and affectionately rumpled his sparse, light-colored locks.

"And husbands for me!" said Susanna, half throttling Alaric with her strong young arm.

"Susanna!" cried her father. "I am surprised! I say no more than that I am surprised!"

"And I say," retorted Susanna, in clear, defiant, ringing accents, as she swayed herself to and fro on her narrow perch, "that it is beastly to be expected to marry just because money has got to be brought into the family. Of course I shall marry one day—I don't want to study law or be a hospital nurse like that idiotic Laura Penglebury: but I don't want to be a married woman until I'm tired of being a girl. I want to have lots of fun and do lots of things, and see lots of people, and make my mind up for my own self. And ——"

Lord Beaumaris, who had long been fermenting, frothed over.

"When you form an alliance, my child, you will form it with my sanction and my approval; and the husband you honor with your hand will be a person selected and approved of by me. By me! I will choose for you ——"

"And suppose I choose for myself afterward!" cried Susanna, blue fire flashing from her defiant eyes.

"Every woman is at heart—ahem!" muttered Alaric as Lord Beaumaris strove with incipient apoplexy.

Susanna continued with a whimper in her voice:

"The young men you and grandmother point out to me as nice and eligible, and all that, are simply awful! They have no chins, or too much; and no teeth, or too many; and they don't talk at all, or they gabble all the time about nothing. They never read; they don't care for art or poetry—they aren't interested in anything but bridge and racing; and if you told them that Beethoven composed The Honeysuckle and the Bee, or that Chopin wrote When I Marry Amelia, they'd believe you. They like married women better than girls, and people who dance at theaters better than the married women ——"

(Continued on Page 69)

THE SPRING SONG

By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ONE city block, and a social chasm deeper than the city block is long, separate the shiny serge of Sixth Avenue from the shiny silk of Fifth Avenue. The tropic between the Cancer of Sixth Avenue and the Capricorn of Fifth is an unimaginary line drawn with indelible pencil by trusts and tailors, classes and masses, landlords and lords of land.

Such a line drawn through a marble-façaded, Louis-Quinze, thousand-dollars-a-month establishment on Fifth Avenue would enter the back door of a thirty-three-dollars-thirty-three-and-one-third-cents-a-month shop on Sixth Avenue and bisect the lowest of the three gilt balls suspended above the entrance.

A mauve-colored art dealer's shop, where thirty canvas inches of Corot landscape rivaled in price thirty golden feet of Fifth Avenue acreage, rubbed shoulderblades and ashcans with Madam Epstein's Sixth Avenue Emporium — Slightly Used Gowns. The rear of the De-Luxe Hotel, eight dollars a day and up, backed so imminently on the rear of the Hoffheimer Delicatessen Shop that Mrs. Hoffheimer's three-for-five dill pickles and three-for-fifteen herrings, exchanged raciness with the quintessence of four-dollars-a-portion diamondback terrapin and attar of redheaded duckling.

Thus the city's million dramas are crowded into a million crowded theaters. The society comedy drinks tea round the corner from the tenement tragedy of a child being born with no name and a crooked back; a flat-breasted Hedda Gabler, with eyes as meaningless as glass, throws herself before the black rush of a Subway train; and within that same train a beardless juvenile slips his hand into the muff of the blonde ingénue beside him, and at the meeting of fingertips their blood dances to a whole orchestra of emotions.

In the third-floor, nine-room de-luxe suite of the De-Luxe Hotel, Madame Lina Feraldini, world-famous diva, abroad on her sixth farewell tour, juggled coloratura trills that were as fanciful as iridescent bubbles blown upward from a soap pipe. In the delicatessen shop, across the figurative chasm, Mrs. Hoffheimer plunged a large workaday arm elbow deep into a barrel of brine and brought up three warty pickles, whitish with rime and dripping wet.

"She Asked That I Should Sing Some Scales Up and Down, Like I Did This Morning Over the Dishes"

"Ray," she cried, holding them at arm's length and shaking their brine to the sawdust-covered floor, "did you tell papa when Heyman comes in today he should order a barrel of large dills, and not so salty?"

"Yes, mamma."

Mrs. Hoffheimer built a neat pickle pyramid in a wooden dish, wrapped it in a double thickness of brown paper, and tossed the package into a wicker delivery basket.

"You finish for me the Spritzes' order, Ray; and when Abie comes back from his morning deliveries have him take it over to 'em."

"Where's the slip?"

"Here—ten cents butter; an egg; half a loaf rye bread; two frankfurters, and three cents milk. For such a order she don't need to wear no ponyskin coat, ain't it? I always say the Americans put all on their backs and nothing in their iceboxes. Ponyskin coats she has to have yet, and eggs she buys by the yolk."

"Yes, mamma."

Miss Ray Hoffheimer slid from her high slant-legged stool in the cashier's cage, plunged one fist into the patch pocket of her gray coat sweater and with the other reached into a sausage-and-cheese-lined glass case.

Gentle reader, if you have a semblance of that gentility so insistently and unanimously granted you by the society of scribes, raise not your fastidious eyebrows at Miss Ray, busying her appetizing, rosy-tipped fingers with a necklace of frankfurters, nor wrinkle your esthetic nose at the whiffs of bologna or Camembert. Remember that a bluebell once grew between prison bricks; that the golden orchards of Pomona were sprung from dunghills;

and that Love—fat, naked little fellow—is as rosy in a damp cellar as he is in a blue-and-gold, period drawing room.

Besides, gentle reader, Mrs. Hoffheimer's bologna was a pink and spicy triumph of the abattoir; her Camembert as exquisitely runny as dough in the kneading—it overflowed of its own creaminess and immediately congealed again of that same sheer creaminess.

And as the bluebell bloomed between bricks and the flowers blossomed on the dunghills, so Ray Hoffheimer, whose hair was as black as the streak of a raven's wing against a white sky, and whose bosom was as high and strong and snowy as Hebe's, flowered in the shadow of the Sixth Avenue Elevated trains, trilled little songs that rose above the jangle of her cash register, and watched the fluctuations of eggs, the strength and weakness of butter, with the same anxious eyes that a juggler follows the rise and fall of his daggers.

"Polinis telephoned for a can of corn and half a pound of boiled ham, mamma. Shall we take a chance?"

"Chance! You tell Abie he don't let the order out of his hand till in it he gets the money. That's the kind of a chance we take with them Polinis! Four months we were giving 'em board and all we thought we was giving 'em was credit. Not till he gets the money in his hand, and his mitt on over it, should he leave the order."

Miss Hoffheimer trilled in her throat like a bird that feels the first kiss of spring in the air, placed an egg carefully within a bag and twisted the paper neck.

"Tra-la! Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la! Tra-la-la-la-la! Tra-la-la-la-la!"

"Sh-h-h-h! A customer can come in any minute! Ain't I told you this ain't no birdstore? You remind me of old man Klopsky—he used to make little Louie stand behind the door and make a noise like a canary when a customer came in for a good singer. Thank *himmel*, for boiled tongue we don't need no ventril'quist in the family!"

"Aw, mamma, am I hurting anybody? Miss Anson says if I sing low like that in my throat it keeps the muscles easy."

"Always Miss Anson! For seventy-five cents a lesson with her you sing worse now as before. Papa should know out of what I save I give you one lesson each week. And for what? Before you had lessons you could sing a tune; now you sing like I play the piano—up and down with one finger."

"Aw, mamma, ain't I told you often enough when you study right you got to sing scales? Don't you hear Feraldini, the greatest soprano in the world, singin' 'em over in the De-Luxe Hotel every morning? Didn't I have to pay a dollar to stand up at last Saturday matinée and hear her sing Marguerite! If she's got to sing scales, ain't I?"

"Papa should know that for what you can hear for nothing from her room over in the hotel you pay a dollar yet. Nothing but spend money that child has on her mind!"

"To hear her sing I would pay all I ——"

"What!"

"Nothin'!"

Mrs. Hoffheimer drew the upper half of herself out from the pungent black mouth of a barrel and flapped her wet hands again.

"Papa should order from Heyman a barrel of small sours too. Such pickles as we get from that boy we never had before! Where papa stays so long this morning, I wonder? He only went down to Conrad's fire sale on canned goods."

"Papa ain't so fast to buy; you know how he dickers and dickers."

"Not so fast to buy as you to spend! All I say is that he should know that seventy-five-cents singing lessons you have to have yet, and the other night, when Heyman asked you to sing, you couldn't because your teacher don't want no more tunes!"

"How ——"

"So mad I was I could have busted! My good money I spend for no more tunes; and me and papa for ten years don't feel like we could spend the money in page fifty-six for a trip to the country."

"Aw, mamma, ain't I begged you to spend it, and ——"

"That we don't want the country don't make it no different; but Heyman asks her to sing, and ——"

"Some day, mamma, when I sing like Feraldini for a thousand dollars each time, you'll be sorry ——"

"There's the telephone, Ray. If it's Yetta O'Byrne tell her Abie's late with the deliveries today; but I'll send over the liverwurst and Shamrock herrings just so soon as he gets back. For a mixup marriage like hers I wouldn't want to do the marketing."

Trade trickled in and out; thin spring sunshine, wan as an invalid lady's smile and as timid, ventured into the show window, brightened the platters of tender pink ham, and the wooden dishes of yellow potato salad, crowned with rosettes of trembling calves'-foot jelly. With each customer came gentle inrushes of spring air, carrying hints of rising sap and earthy whiffs of far-off meadowland, cracked with the pushing life beneath. Up and down Sixth Avenue, second and third and fourth story windows were flung to their height, with winter-grimed lace curtains blowing languidly inward, and blankets and blue-and-white striped pillows and quilts of a thousand colors draped across the sills.

"Mamma, today we can leave the door open. Where's that carpet-covered brick from last spring?"

"There, under the counter."

"Gee! Just smell the air, mamma! How happy and full of sunshine it makes you feel inside! Like your heart was blooming inside of you, like them crocuses over in Schmid's window! Ain't it dandy and warm! Look at the kids spinning their tops already! Look at Selma Levis hanging out of her window! Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la! Tra-la-la-la-la!"

"Pickled onions went good this time last March. Papa should order some from Heyman; we ——"

"Sh-h-h-h! Listen, mamma! Listen! Feraldini's singing—singing the Spring Song that I was just feeling inside of me. Listen! Oh, mamma, listen!"

"Listen, Mamma! She's Singing it Over—the Spring Song—Listen!"

"Grand! And for nothing we can hear what they pay five dollars a seat for in the opera house!"

"Always she limbers up for real opera practice with the Spring Song, Miss Anson says."

"Hand me them knifes, Ray. Ain't papa told you often enough to leave them laying next to the hams? Always keep the knifes next to the tongues and hams; it saves time. For six years, since you was old enough to help down in the store, we been telling you that!"

"Sh-h-h! Mamma, sh-h-h-h!"

"Don't sh-h-h-h me neither! In my own store I talk when I want. I'll be glad when the opera business is over! Seventy-five cents a lesson is what listening to her put in your head. *Himmel!* How high she goes! But if I say so myself, Ray, your voice is just so good. *Ach*, listen how high and soft she goes, till it gets far off like a train whistle!"

"Oh! If I—if I could sing like that! If I could!"

Like the rapid rise of the most joyous lark that sings; like the thrill of breezes sweeping an Eolian harp; like the first gurgling of ice-bound streams to the kiss of spring—so mounted the voice, rippling as silk in a breeze, firm as a rock in a gale.

"At my last lesson Miss Anson said my voice ——"

"There's papa now! And look, will you? From the other way comes Heyman!"

"Sure enough!"

"What for are you blushing, Ray! You bad girl, you! For papa I know you don't blush! Tell mamma ——"

"Aw, mamma!"

"Fix your hair! Pull it down over your ears, curlylike. Papa says it always pays to look prosperous in the store. What you hiding for? Don't go back there! Heyman won't eat you!"

"Aw, mamma!"

"If you got to be ate I wish it was a young man like Sol Heyman should do it. Stay out here in front and make yourself sociable—that singing will keep. Ask him what he's got in pickled spring onions."

"In a minute, mamma. Can't I go back and hear how she takes them arpeggios? Miss Anson said ——"

"*Ach*, what a stick she is! Hello, papa! We thought you was canning the goods yourself you was gone so long! *Wie gehts*, Heyman; *wie gehts?* Make yourself to home on that kraut barrel there—eh?"

"How-do-do, Mrs. Hoffheimer? The old man's got spring fever, I guess—not?"

Mr. Heyman showed all his teeth, rubbed his firm hands together, and glanced expectantly about him.

"You're right, Heyman! Well, papa, was them tomatoes what they said they was? I forgot to tell you not to buy cans with the labels burnt off. Last year, when Sopinsky's burnt out we took a chance and they all turned out to be navy beans, when just so good they could have been asparagus."

"Well, mamma, wait! Don't get excited!" Mr. Hoffheimer slid out of his shiny lined coat into a shiny unlined one and stroked his thin chin whiskers with fingers that were gnarled at the knuckles; his burnt-out eyes were screwed small with the squint of satisfaction. "I bought such bargains, mamma, you won't believe!—two hundred cans of mixed soups, mamma, from chicken-gumbo to oxtail, so cheap we can afford to have a fire sale ourselves ——"

"Papa!"

"Why not? They all do it! Cheaper as you can sell 'em in a hundred years, Heyman."

"*Ach*, Mr. Hoffheimer, such goods my firm won't even carry!"

"What I say I mean! You don't do no business with me today, you scalawag! On that pickled goods order I gave you last week I paid like a drug store. Them same pickled peppers I paid you three cents for I seen down there for two, so help me, mamma, if I didn't!"

Mr. Heyman swung himself atop a barrel and pushed his derby hat back off his warm brow. Then he flashed his teeth again—firm, milk-white teeth—toward Mrs. Hoffheimer, recumbent over the sausage case, and stroked his shaved-to-the-blood jowl.

"Listen to him, Mrs. Hoffheimer! He compares my goods with a shyster house down on Delancey Street—a house that would carry second quality if they could get first just as cheap! He compares my asparagus with the slatepencils he gets down there!"

"For your fat asparagus I pay fat prices; I ——"

"I ask you, Mrs. Hoffheimer, me and your husband don't do business together so well as you and me and Miss Ray—so excited he gets! But I ask you, Mrs. Hoffheimer, right here before him, have you ever had a complaint on a can of my goods or a keg of kraut you got off my firm? Has a pickled herring ever come back on you from a customer? I ask you!"

Mrs. Hoffheimer planted her hands on her wide, uncorseted hips in the termagant pose of a Hecate; but her smile, snag-toothed and slightly sunk, deepened into the wrinkled chirography of kindliness.

"For what fancy prices we pay, Heyman, papa thinks we should get good goods, ain't it, papa! My husband talks a lot, Heyman; but he don't mean lots what he says, ain't it, papa?"

"Pish!"

Mr. Hoffheimer slid on a pair of veteran spectacles, which straddled his nose halfway down, and waggled his spatulate finger.

"Look right here in this showcase once at them fancy-priced imported bockwurst you sold us! Did I want 'em? No! But between you and mamma and Rachel I bought 'em—and look how we got stuck on 'em!"

"Aw, Mr. Hoffheimer, give 'em a chance and you'll sell 'em! That's as fine a link sausage as there's on the market, I ——"

"Didn't I tell you we ain't got the fancy trade with the fancy teeth for such stuff? Nineteen cents a pound, and

most of it gold paper, for stuff we can't sell for nine! Not even on my own table can we get rid of it."

Mr. Hoffheimer threw out his hands palm upward, wagged his bald head from side to side, and strangled over his denouncements.

"Next time what you and Ray and mamma got to say makes no never mind with me—you scalawag, you!—with your holdup prices! Just like you play pinocle you sell goods, you scalawag, you!"

Mr. Heyman swung his head backward, laughed, whacked delightedly at his leg, and reached for his hip pocket and order book.

"Listen to him, Mrs. Hoffheimer! That a man with such a good nature should growl like a bear!"

"Always he was like that, Heyman!"

"Already I got him down for a keg of pickled spring tripe and a barrel of large dills. I ain't foolin', Hoffheimer; for spring goods you can't beat 'em."

"How much a hundred?"

"Aw, what's the difference, Mr. Hoffheimer? You know I do the right thing by you. That's right, Mrs. Hoffheimer; open the door wider and let in the springtime. Smell a little of that sunshine and see if you ain't got to begin thinking of spring stock—eh, Mrs. Hoffheimer?"

"You're right!"

"Such pickled tomatoes as we're delivering this week you never tasted! Twice already Shapiro across the street renewed his order—here, look in my book! I can show it to you. Smell that sunshine! Look at them kids spinning tops right at your door! Soon they'll be comin' in for penny sweet pickles on a slatepencil, and you won't have 'em."

"*Ach*, such a boy! But he's right, papa. Ray said this morning it was time ——"

"Miss Ray—where—where is Miss Ray this morning? I—where ——"

"Ray! Rachel! Somebody out here wants you. She knows better as her papa and me what's in stock. Back there she stands listening to the singing—like she couldn't sing just as good herself! Rach-el! Come out here! What was it you was telling me about green onions this morning?"

"Comin', mamma!"

Mr. Hoffheimer slouched toward the stock shelves, his feet scraping painfully along the floor, as though rheumatic muscles would not lift them, and his back curved to that same rheumatic hunch.

"Two dozen them apex brand string-beans we need, Heyman, but not a cent over a dollar-ten I pay for them!"

"A dollar-twenty-five, Mr. Hoffheimer, and then you got the cheapest string-bean in the state of New York."

"A dollar-ten! So help me, not a cent over!"

"All right, then, for you I do it; but I pay the difference out of my own pocket. My firm should know I make you such prices! They should know it!"

"I should worry! Three dozen Melba freestone peaches, small cans, but not a cent, so help me, over a dollar-ninety. Last time you skinned me enough off 'em. Down by Conrad's that same peach I seen for ——"

"Aw now, Mr. Hoffheimer, you're a business man and so am I; and if you can show me a freestone like the Melba for the money, then I give you ——"

"*Ach*, you two with your arguments! Wait, I call Ray. Where that girl stays I don't know! Rach-el!"

Mrs. Hoffheimer bustled rearward into the dull shadows of kegs and stacked boxes. In the frame of the open window her daughter leaned out to the soft blush of spring, her hands clasped until the nails sprang white, and her eyes raised like a worshiping virgin to the third-floor suite of the De-Luxe Hotel.

"Listen, mamma! She's singing it over—the Spring Song—listen! The paper says it's her favorite encore. Listen, mamma!"

"Ray! Ain't you got no manners? You—such a mortification! Twice out there he asked for you, till I don't know what to say no more."

"Tell him I ——"

"I wish I had never heard the name singing—it's been our ruination! A lesson a week, and two she wanted at first—one not enough! Where such a child gets such ideas!"

"Sh-h-h, mamma!"

"Go out front, I say once more, Ray. I ask you again. How that child minds! Twice he asked for you. Fix your hair over your ears. *Ach*, that a girl should worry her mother like that!"

"I'm going, ain't I! Honest, mamma, you fuss and fuss!"

Miss Hoffheimer emerged from the gloomy rear like a charming Saskia walking out of the brown air of a Rembrandt; the pools of her eyes were deep and shining, and her black hair curled to her neck like tendrils overgrowing a bit of marble column.

"Hello, papa! Hello, Heyman!"

"Ah, Miss Ray, how are you?"

"Fine and dandy. How's yourself? How'd you get over last night, Heyman? You should 'a' seen, mamma—such a picture show he took me to! Staler than the soda crackers he sells us!"

"Not a word about last night did she tell me and papa, Heyman. Secrets you two must have together!"

"Yes Thees the Place Where Madame Seeng Thees Morning—Every Morning?"

"Such a bum show you don't need to hear about, mamma!"

Mr. Heyman slid off the barrel; and as the sun opens the fans of a palm tree so his geniality expanded in the warmth of her presence. Red ran high in his face, and his collar seemed suddenly to tighten, as though bent on strangulation. He writhed and stretched his chin above it.

"Miss Ray! Honest, the minute she sets eyes on me she begins to kid me along! Honest, Mrs. Hoffheimer, for how she treats me I ought to charge you three dollars a dozen for Melbas. I ask you, could I help it the show was no good? I ask you, too, Mr. Hoffheimer."

"She's a good one, not, Heyman! How much you think I take for her? Not ten thousand dollars if you pay me cash! Ain't it, mamma?"

"*Ach*, Hoffheimer, how you talk! A little baby he thinks she is yet, Heyman. Better fathers as papa even give up their daughters when Mr. Right comes along—ain't it, Heyman?"

"I should say so!"

Like Spinoza, who was cut off from his people because he could see nothing but God everywhere, Mr. Hoffheimer retreated within himself.

"*Ach*," he said, "wimmin, the whole lot of 'em, make me sick!"

Mr. Heyman inclined toward Ray, with eyes that leaped and danced as forest fires leap and dance in the wind.

"I—I dare you to go to another show with me tonight, Miss Ray! I show you I can pick a good one."

"On Saturday nights I stay in the store and help, Heyman; and then I go upstairs and practice."

"Don't you believe it, Heyman! Me and papa get along better in the store without her. Overweight she gives like it cost nothin'. Saturday night business ain't so big that ——"

"See, Miss Ray, what your mother says?"

"You go, Ray, I say again. At night you shouldn't practice neither. Becky Kopf, next door in the apartments, says she can hear you like day when the windows are open. Do you want that you should get the neighbors down on you and get Becky's tongue going by waking up her baby? You go, Ray. Becky Kopf I'd rather have for a friend than an enemy."

"That's right! Next door from you all the Kopfs live, don't they? Last week Moe Kopf took me home with him to supper. Nice little place they got there, and such a kid! Honest, the cutest little shaver, with big ears like his pop!"

"Cute ain't no name for him! And crazy for our Ray! Even when he first sees her come in the room he begins laffing."

"Nice little flat they got there too, Mrs. Hoffheimer. How they remodeled that whole building is wonderful; even the plumber downstairs has a new front."

"Yes; them new flats are grand. There's an empty one on the third floor, right over Becky's—so cheap too! Twenty-two dollars! I said to papa if we didn't dread so to move we'd take it ourselves; but it ain't so handy as right over the store for papa—him, with his rheumatism, having to run in and out in winter."

"Twenty-two dollars! I should say cheap! If I could find some girl that would have me I'd take it myself."

"*Ach*, Heyman, a grand young man like you don't need to worry. You can have your pick from the best. For a young married couple it would be grand—steam heat and a washtub built right in the kitchen. Ray, you and Heyman stay here and watch store for a minute; I want papa should go down cellar with me and see what we need in pickled goods."

"I go for you, mamma."

"So you should get your hands all mixed with herrings and smoked tongues! That don't go with no seventy-five-cents singing lessons. Your papa should know it! Come, papa, down cellar when you're finished with that customer."

The sudden silence of restraint fell over the little shop. Without, the noon high tide of Sixth Avenue surged past like a spring torrent—men, with overcoats flung backward and dropping from their shoulders, mopped at their hat bands; the brilliant plumage and foliage of new millinery, truest harbingers of spring, flashed like whole flocks of flamingoes past the window. A school child begged a crocus from the florist across the street and pinned it on her dirty apron; a draydriver yawned, shed his coat and sat on it, and a traffic policeman swore at him and smiled. Park benches, the tops of omnibuses and perambulators bloomed in an hour.

Mr. Heyman drew his initials on the sawdust-sprinkled floor with the toe of his shoe.

"Hot, ain't it?"

"Yeh; it is, Heyman."

Silence.

"Heyman, did mamma order some of them pickled spring onions?"

"Yeh."

Silence.

"Look, Heyman, at them kids, will you? Ain't it a wonder more of 'em ain't run over spinning tops in the street?"

"Yeh."

"Gee, this sweater's hot!"

"Don't—don't take it off, Miss Ray. It—it looks grand on you."

"I should die of heat so I can look grand!" She dragged it back off her shoulders and regarded him from the corners of sparkling eyes. "Mad cat!"

"Aw, Miss Ray, quit your teasin' me! After the way you treated me last night I didn't sleep a wink—honest, Miss Ray, not a wink!"

"Like I did anything to you!"

"If you'd only let me talk and listened to me instead of ——"

"I—I ain't a good listener."

He advanced toward her and his order book fell to the floor face downward on its crumpled pages. She backed defensively against the stock shelves, like Barbara holding her tower.

"You mustn't!"

"Miss Ray—Ray!"

"Not here—not here! This ain't the place!"

"Ray, I can't keep it in how much I love you! If you won't let me tell you I'll tell you anyhow—I love you! Right here I say it in your face—I love you, and you know it!"

"I—I never said I didn't, Heyman; but I—I ain't thinking of getting married, Heyman. My teacher said, with my voice, it would be a madness for me. If I treat my voice right and study right, she says—she says there's nothing I can't do with it. I want to learn to sing, Heyman, how much I can't begin to tell you!"

"Ray, with me you can sing too, why not? You could have it easy enough. Ain't I got a good position, Ray? Don't my firm raise me every two years? Don't I ——"

"All night, Heyman, I lay in bed awake, and I say to myself, I mustn't! I mustn't! I mustn't! All night I ——"

"Ray, when you look at me like that I ——"

"Sh-h-h-h!"

"I'm in love with you, little canary bird! I just can't think of nothing else."

"I—I mustn't!"

"Is it like me to forget things like putting an order down in my book, Ray? Yesterday twice I did it for thinking of you. My firm should know it! I just can't think of ——"

"I mustn't listen to you, Heyman. There comes mamma! Sh-h-h! Don't forget, Heyman, the small-size pickled onions, the kind we ——"

"Rachel, I can see it in your eyes you don't—don't hate me. I—*ach*, Mrs. Hoffheimer, come here; I ain't bashful for you."

"Heyman! Don't! Don't—not now—not—now!"

"Mrs. Hoffheimer, I ain't ashamed for you. I'm in love, Mrs. Hoffheimer. I know I ain't got the right to such a girl, but I'm in love with your Ray; and—and—*ach*, what's the use trying to say it all? I guess you ain't got no

use for me neither, huh? Who am I that such a girl like Ray should want me? Who am I?"

Mr. Heyman leaned against the barrel, his words bitter as tansy on his lips. Tiny globules of perspiration sprang out on his brow like a bandeau of beads.

Mrs. Hoffheimer crossed her hands at her waistline and regarded the young couple with a smile rayed over her face by the deepening creases, and her head nodding from left to right like a toy in a confectioner's window.

"So this is what happens when me and papa ain't lookin'—he comes and steals our baby! *Ach*, you bad boy, you!"

"Mamma, I ——"

"Rach-el! *Ach*, my little baby that's grown up!"

"Mamma, please ——"

"I—I'm so happy I don't know what to say to you, children. Such happiness she brings to us! Kiss me, children, both of you!"

Miss Hoffheimer crept into her mother's embrace, with eyes as brilliant as barbaric jewels, and her tremulous indecision cloyed her speech.

"I mustn't, mamma. It's like I told Heyman—all night I been saying to myself I mustn't!"

"To myself I said last night, something that child has got up her sleeve when she comes home so excited-like. *Ach*, my baby, them six new blue-and-white dish towels I add to your trousseau."

"I got a voice for opera, mamma. Miss Anson and everybody that's heard it says the same thing. I feel it inside me, mamma. In the middle of the night I wake up, and it's like something soprano, here inside my throat, is beggin' to sing, beggin' to sing as high as the sky, as high as Feraldini! And now Heyman comes; and I can't help it that—that I—I like him; but I mustn't, I mustn't!"

A rush of tears flowed over her words; but to Mr. Heyman was suddenly flashed the message of hope, just as the news of the return of Agamemnon was flashed to Argos. The stock shelves, the battalions of ketchup bottles, gay labeled cans and jars of transparent jellies, and Mrs. Hoffheimer's wet and happy face, wavered at him for a moment. And out of the chaos his courage came teetering forward; and he crossed over to the sour-pickle barrel, took the unresisting little figure from her mother's arms, tilted her head backward and kissed her solemnly and reverentially. Sobs trembled up through her, and the ready tears would flow.

"I mustn't!"

"My little canary!"

"With my voice and all, Heyman, it ain't right I—I should love you so!"

"Children! Children! Such a happiness! Kiss me again—both of you."

"My new mamma!"

"Papa! Papa, come out here; them pickles don't need fresh brine today. We got excitement in the family for you! Come out. I take that customer. Stay here, children, and tell papa—in a minute I come back."

Mr. Hoffheimer hobbled forward, patting his moist hands one against the other.

"Heyman, for seventy-five cents a hundred I order three hundred dills and two hundred sweets; but, so help me, if I pay one cent more than ——"

"Papa, wait; Heyman's got something to tell you—to ask you."

"It's about me and your Ray, Mr. Hoffheimer. We—I—we want to ——"

Immediate caution flecked into Mr. Hoffheimer's face; he wagged a bent and sly forefinger.

"No, you don't! No, you don't! Last week the two of you together got me to lay in an order of imported bockwurst that I can't get rid of even on my own table. No, you don't! You two scalawags, you! We ain't running no Sixth Avenue Delmonico's."

"Papa ——"

"Just listen a minute, Mr. Hoffheimer. What I want to say is that me and your daughter Ray ——"

"No, you don't! I know best what."

"We—want to get married, Mr. Hoffheimer—married!"

"Huh?"

"Married, papa, is what Heyman said. Don't you understand we want to be engaged—engaged to be married?"

Her voice rose above the orchestral murmur of the streets, plangent as surging waves beating against his slow comprehension; his toil-stooped shoulders slumped and his slightly palsied hand fumbled at one coat lapel.

"Not ——"

"Yes, papa, yes!"

"Not our little Rachel-sha! She ain't nothing but a baby yet! Run along, Heyman, you scalawag, you, and tend to business. For children's nonsense I got no time. For three hundred dills, Heyman, I pay you not a cent over ——"

"You don't understand, papa. Listen once to Heyman!"

"Me and Ray ain't fooling, Mr. Hoffheimer. I know I ain't good enough for her; but I love her, Mr. Hoffheimer; and you know, with my position and a raise every two years, I can take care of her right. Rachel ain't no baby any more, Mr. Hoffheimer, she's twenty; and when a girl's twenty ——"

"Twenty! Ach, only yesterday she didn't come up to the top of the kraut barrel. Right upstairs over this store is her little baby chair, and now—now you come and take her away from me and mamma. Now ——"

"Not take her away, Mr. Hoffheimer, only ——"

"Singin', I thought, was all she cared about. A lesson a week I have to give her; singin' seventy-five cents a week—but on the sly, so her mother wouldn't know it. She should know that I humor her on such nonsense! So henpecked I am as that, Heyman, on the sly I have to do things. And you, when you see such, you want to get married too!"

"Yes, Mr. Hoffheimer, I want to get pecked too—ain't it, Ray?"

"Silly!"

"Always she's been her papa's girl, Heyman; and now you come and want to steal her! To anybody but a good honest boy like you, I ——"

"I know it, Mr. Hoffheimer—papa! I ain't half good enough for her—eh, little canary?"

"Too good, Heyman!"

She was like a tearose swaying in conflicting breezes—her one hand in the caress of her lover's, her other seeking the gnarled palm of her father's.

"*Ach*, papa—Heyman, if I did the right thing I'd ——"

On the tidal wave of excitement Mrs. Hoffheimer returned, her thin salt-and-pepper coil of hair lopping over one ear.

"*Ach*, such excitement! Feel, Ray, my heart beating on the outside. Have they told you, papa? Grand, ain't it?"

"When he's our son-in-law, mamma, he'll overcharge just like when he ain't."

Laughter.

"Tonight we close the store and upstairs we have a party," said Mrs. Hoffheimer.

"That ain't necessary, neither, mamma. Every day children like ours get engaged."

"Imported bockwurst and beer we have—I ask over the Kopfs and Birdie Levis."

"My son-in-law sells me imported bockwurst when, even on my own table ——"

"Heyman, if you're smart you'll get that flat over Becky Kopf's. Don't let the landlord bluff you—twenty dollars he'll take for it too."

"Yes, mamma."

"*Ach*, even a hour ago when I talked little did I think our Ray would be the one to have it! Such a march she steals on her parents—not, papa?"

"Such a march!"

"Let me tell you he got from us the best order we ever gave any one that ever came in this store—not, papa?"

"You got our baby from us, you scalawag, you, and me and mamma getting old and — -"

"*Ach*, he talks like a funeral, ain't it? If we're going to have a funeral I want that we should have a son-in-law to come to it. Next month you get married, and then Aunt Hanna should come and keep store while papa and I take that vacation in the country we've been talking about for ten years on poor Grandma Hoffheimer's money."

"Yes, mamma; you should go now. Since I was a child I been hearin' it."

"Yes; that fifty dollars we got stuck between page fifty-six in poor grandma's Bible we should spend now—not, children? Papa, we go in the country for a vacation when the children get settled."

"For my rheumatism I go, but for my pleasure—no! Where does it come in, vacation I got to have!"

"And now, children, you should go out for a while together—not, papa? The day they get engaged they should take a vacation! Such a day like this, warm like summer, they should both go."

"For my part, yes; but Heyman should first telephone that order for them onions—three calls already we had for them today. From a son-in-law I get better prices, eh, you scalawag, you? Family prices, eh?"

"I—I ought to stay home and practice a while this afternoon, Heyman. Miss Anson says ——"

"The day she gets engaged she wants to sing yet! *Gott sei Dank*, you'll soon be safe married and with such nonsense out of your head!"

"Mamma, I ——"

"Go take that customer, papa. I'll take old lady Sonnstein, just coming in; she wants to fuss with me again that her weight ain't right. She should start something with me!"

Left alone, Mr. Heyman and Miss Hoffheimer smiled at each other with the mysterious eyes of lovers, and he lifted her hand gently and placed his own over it.

"Come, little canary, let's me and you get on a car and ride out where there's country, huh? Let's get where the green smell in the air comes from, my little Rachel-sha!"

"Yes, Heyman."

"My little canary!"

She slid out of her sweater coat and into her hat and jacket; the little curly tendrils caught in her collar and he must fish them out tenderly.

"There, petsie! Petsie!"

"Thanks, Heyman, thanks."

"Such curls, soft like a baby's!"

"Tra la la la la!"

"What did you say, petsie?"

"Nothin'."

"'Nothin',' she says, and I seen her pretty lips move! Bashful like a baby she is."

"I—I was only singing, Heyman."

"Singing?"

"Yes, to myself."

"Singing what, my little canary?"

"Singing—the Spring Song."

"Bad Luck! When for Nothing, With No Expenses, She Will Make Out of Me a Great Singer!"

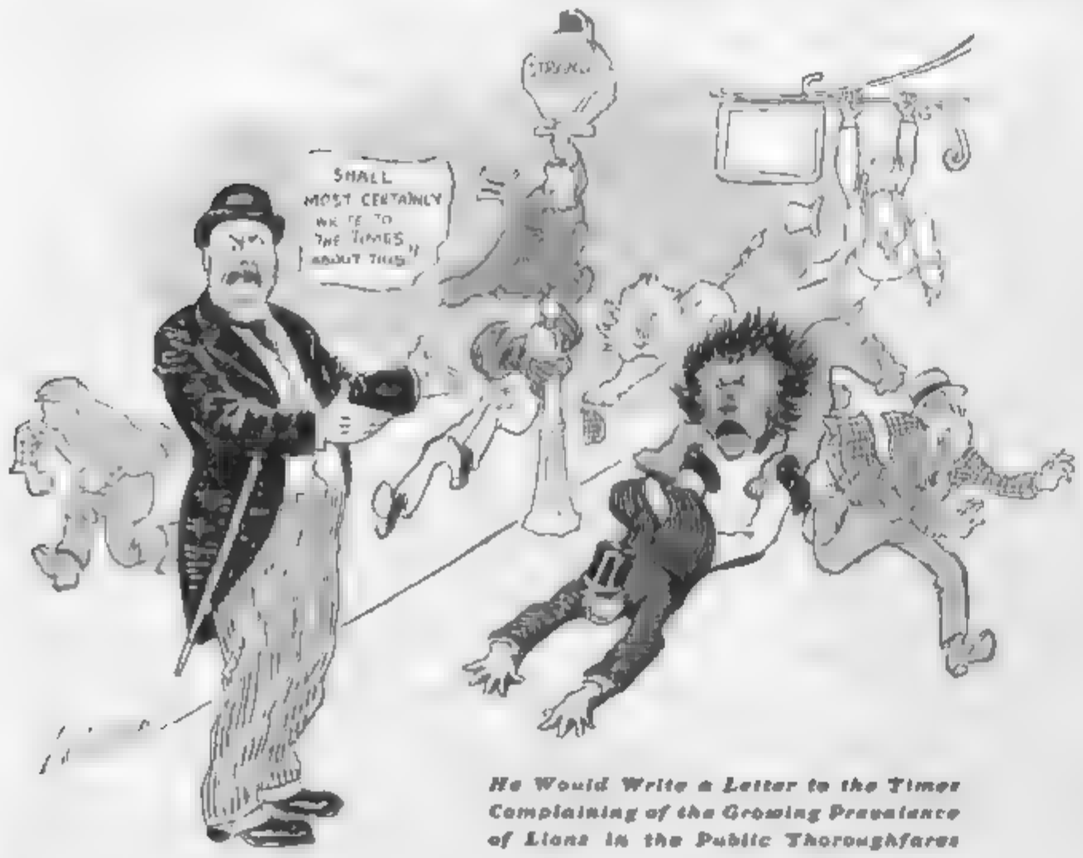
The tyranny of home is as insidious as the fatal hand of marsh fever. It steals out of the lush of dreaming nights and punctures the veins with a hypodermic injection of lassitude. It is as gentle as the threnody of rain falling on flood-stricken roofs; it is as mysterious as a long, low jaguar stretched

(Continued on Page 40)

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

As Done in London—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



He Would Write a Letter to the Times Complaining of the Growing Prevalence of Lions in the Public Thoroughfares

LONDON is essentially a he-town, just as Paris is indubitably a she-town. That untranslatable, unmistakable something which is not to be defined in the plain terms of speech, yet which sets its mark on any long-settled community, has branded them both—the one as being masculine, the other as being feminine. For Paris the lily stands, the conventionalized, feminized lily; London is a lion—a shag-headed, heavy-pawed British lion.

One thinks of Paris as a woman, rather pretty, somewhat regardless of morals and decidedly slovenly of person; craving admiration, but too indolent to earn it by keeping herself presentable; covering up the dirt on a piquant face with rice powder; wearing paste jewels in her earlobes in an effort to distract criticism from the fact that the ears themselves stand in need of soap and water.

London, viewed in retrospect, seems a great, clumsy, slow-moving giant, with hair on his chest and soil under his nails; competent in the larger affairs and careless about the smaller ones; amply satisfied with himself and disdainful of the opinions of outsiders; having all of a man's vices and a good share of his virtues; loving sport for sport's sake and power for its own sake and despising art for art's sake.

You do not have to spend a week or a month or a year in either Paris or London to note these things. The distinction is wide enough and plain enough to be seen in a day—yes, or in an hour. It shows in all the outward aspects. An overtowering majority of the smart shops in Paris cater to women; a large majority of the smart shops in London cater to men. It shows in their voices—for cities have voices just as individuals have voices.

The Grinding Bass of London

NEW YORK is not yet old enough to have found its own sex. It belongs still to the neuter gender. New York is not even a noun—it's a verb transitive; but its voice is a female voice, just as Paris' voice is. New York, like Paris, is full of strident, shrieking sounds, shrill outcries, hysterical babblings—a women's bridge-whist club at the hour of casting up the score; but London now is different.

London at all hours speaks with a sustained, sullen, steady, grinding tone, never entirely sinking into quietude, never rising to acute discords. The sound of London rolls on like a river—a river that ebbs sometimes, but rarely floods above its normal banks; it impresses one as the necessary breathing of a grunting and burdened monster who has a mighty job on his hands and is taking his own good time about doing it.

In London, mind you, the newsboys do not shout their extras. They bear in their hands placards with black-typed announcements of the big news story of the day; and even these headings seem designed to soothe rather than to excite—saying, for example, such things as Special From Liner, in referring to a disaster at sea, and Meeting in Ulster, when meaning that the northern part of Ireland has gone on record as favoring civil war before home rule.

The street venders do not bray on noisy trumpets or ring with bells or utter loud cries to advertise their wares. The policeman does not shout his orders out; he holds aloft the stripe-sleeved arm of authority and all London obeys. I think the reason why the Londoners turned so viciously on the suffragettes was not because of the things the suffragettes clamored for, but because they clamored for them so loudly. They jarred the public peace—that must have been it.

I can understand why an adult American might go to Paris and stay in Paris and be satisfied with Paris, if he were a lover of art and millinery in all their branches; or why he might go to Berlin if he were studying music and municipal control; or to Amsterdam if he cared for cleanliness and new cheese; or to Vienna if he were concerned with surgery, light opera, and the effect on the human lungs of doing without fresh air for long periods of time; or to Rome if he were an antiquarian and interested in ancient life; or to Naples if he were an entomologist and interested in insect life; or to Venice if he liked ruins with water round them; or to Padua if he liked ruins with no water anywhere near them—no: I'm blessed if I can think of a single good reason why a sane man should go to Padua if he could go anywhere else!

But I think I know, good and well, why a man might spend his whole vacation in London and enjoy every minute of it. For this old fogy, old foggy town of London is a man-sized town, and a man-made, man-run town; and it has a fascination of its own that is as much a part of it as London's grime is; or London's vastness and London's pettiness; or London's wealth and its stark poverty; or its atrocious suburbs; or its dirty, trade-fretted river; or its dismal back streets; or its still more dismal slums—or anything that is London's.

To a man hailing from a land where everything is so new that quite a good deal of it has not even happened yet, it is a joyful thing to turn off a main-traveled road into one of the crooked byways in which the older parts of London abound, and suddenly to come, full face, on a house or a court or a pump which figured in epochal history or epochal literature of the English-speaking race.

It is a still greater joy to find it—house or court or pump or what not—looking now pretty much as it must have looked when good Queen Bess, or little Dick Whittington, or Chaucer the scribe, or Shakspere the player, came this way. It is fine to be riding through the country and pass a peaceful green meadow and inquire its name of your driver and be told, most offhandedly, that it is a place called Runnymede. Each time this happened to me I felt the thrill of a discoverer; as though I had been the first traveler to find these spots.

I remember once that through an open door I was marveling at the domestic economies of an English barber shop. I use the word economies in this connection advisedly; for, compared with the average high-polished, sterilized and antiseptic barber shop of an American city, this shop seemed a torture cave. In London, pubs are like that, and some dentists' establishments and law offices—musty, fusty dens very unlike their Yankee counterparts. In this particular shop now the chairs were hard, wooden chairs; the looking-glass—you could not rightly call it a mirror—was cracked and bleary; and an apprentice boy went from one patron to another, lathering each face; and then the master followed after him, razor in hand, and shaved the waiting countenances in turn. Flies that looked as though they properly belonged in a livery stable were buzzing about; and there was a prevalent odor which made me think that all the sick pomade in the world had come hither to spend its last declining hours.

I said to myself that this place would bear further study—that some day, when I felt particularly hardy and daring, I would come here and be shaved, and afterward would write a piece about it and sell it for money. So, the better to fix its location in my mind, I glanced up at the street sign and, behold! I was hard by Drury Lane, where Sweet Nelly once on a time held her court.

Another time I stopped in front of a fruiterer's, my eye having been caught by the presence in his window of half a dozen weary-looking, wilted roasting ears decorated with a placard reading as follows:

AMERICAN MAIZE OR INDIAN CORN
A VEGETABLE—TO BE BOILED AND THEN EATEN

I was remarking to myself that these Britishers were surely a strange race of beings—that if England produced so delectable a thing as green corn we in America would import it by the shipload and serve it on every table; whereas here it was so rare that they needs must label it as belonging to the vegetable kingdom, lest people should think it might be an animal—when I chanced to look more closely at the building occupied by the fruiterer and saw that it was an ancient house, half-timbered above the first floor, with a queer low-browed roof.

In the Abbey and St. Paul's

INQUIRING afterward I learned that this house dated straight back to Elizabethan days and still on beyond for so many years that no man knew exactly how many; and I began to understand in a dim sort of way how and why it was these people held so fast to the things they had and cared so little for the things they had not.

Better than by all the reading you have ever done you absorb a sense and realization of the splendor of England's past when you go to Westminster Abbey and stand—figuratively—with one foot on Jonson and another on Dryden; and if, overcome by the presence of so much dead-and-gone greatness, you fall in a fit you commit a trespass on the last resting-place of Macaulay or Clive, or somebody of equal consequence. More imposing even than Westminster is St. Paul's. I am not thinking so much of the memorials or the tombs or the statues there, but of the tattered battleflags bearing the names of battles fought by the English in every crack and cranny of the world, from Quebec to Ladysmith, and from Lucknow to Khartum.

Instead of Being Inside the Ring, the Referee, Dressed in Evening Clothes, Was Outside the Ropes

Beholding them there, draped above the tombs, some faded but still intact, some mere clotted wisps of ragged silk clinging to blackened standards, gives one an uplifting conception of the spirit that has sent the British soldier forth to girth the globe, never faltering, never slackening pace, never giving back a step today but that he took two steps forward tomorrow; never stopping—except for tea!

The fool hath said in his heart that he would go to England and come away and write something about his impressions, but never write a single, solitary word about the Englishman's tea-drinking habit, or the Englishman's cricket-playing habit, or the Englishman's lack of a sense of humor.

I was that fool. But it cannot be done. Lacking these things England would not be England. It would be Hamlet without Hamlet or the Ghost or the wicked Queen or mad Ophelia or her tiresome old pa; for most English life and the bulk of English conversation center about sporting topics, with the topic of cricket predominating. And at a given hour of the day the wheels of the empire stop, and everybody in the empire—from the king in the counting house, counting up his money, to the maid in the garden, hanging out the clothes—drops what he or she may be doing and imbibes tea until further orders. And what oceans of tea they do imbibe!

There was an old lady who sat near us in a teashop one afternoon. As well as might be judged by one who saw her in a sitting posture only, she was no deeper than any other old lady of average dimensions; but in rapid succession she tilted five large cups of piping hot tea into herself and was starting on her sixth when we withdrew, stunned by the spectacle. She must have been fearfully long-waisted! I had a mental vision of her interior decorations—all fumed-oak wainscotings and buff-leather hangings.

Still, I doubt whether their four-o'clock-tea habit is any worse than our five-o'clock-cocktail habit. It all depends, I suppose, on whether one prefers being tanned inside to being pickled. But we are getting bravely over our cocktail habit, as attested by figures and the visual evidences, while their tea habit is growing on them—so the statisticians say.

The Vulgarity of Laughter

AS FOR the Englishman's sense of humor, or his lack of it, I judge that we Americans are partly wrong in our diagnosis of that phase of British character and partly right. Because he is slow to laugh at a joke, we think he cannot see the point of it without a diagram and a chart. What we do not take into consideration is that, through centuries of self-repression, the Englishman has so drilled himself into refraining from laughing in public—for fear, you see, of making himself conspicuous—it has become a part of his nature. Indeed, in certain quarters a prejudice against laughing under any circumstances appears to have sprung up.

I was looking one day through the pages of one of the critical English weeklies. Nearly all British weeklies are heavy, and this is the heaviest of the lot. Its editorial column alone weighs from twelve to eighteen pounds, and if you strike a man with a clubbed copy of it the crime is assault with a dull blunt instrument, with intent to kill. At the end of a ponderous review of the East Indian question I came on a letter written to the editor by a gentleman signing himself with his own name, and reading in part as follows:

Sir: Laughter is always vulgar and offensive. For instance, whatever there may be of pleasure in a theater—and there is not much—the place is made impossible by laughter. . . . No; it is very seldom that happiness is refined or pleasant to see—merriment that is produced by wine is false merriment, and there is no true merriment without it. . . . Laughter is profane, in fact, where it is not ridiculous.

On the other hand the English in bulk will laugh at a thing which among us would bring tears to the most hardened cheek and incite our rebellious souls to mayhem and manslaughter. On a certain night we attended a musical show at one of the biggest London theaters. There was some really clever funning by a straight comedian, but his best efforts died a-borning; they drew but the merest ripple of laughter from the audience.

Later there was a scene between a sad person made up as a Scotchman and another equally sad person of color from the States. These times no English musical show is complete unless the cast includes a North American negro with his lips painted to resemble a wide slice of ripe watermelon, singing ragtime ditties touching on his chicken and his Baby Doll. This pair took the stage, all others considerately withdrawing; and presently, after a period of heartrending comicalities, the Scotchman, speaking as though he had a mouthful of hot oatmeal, proceeded to narrate an account of a fictitious encounter with a bear. Substantially this dialogue ensued:

THE SCOTCHMAN—He was a vurra fierce grizzly bear, ye ken; and he rushed at me from behind a jugged rock.

THE NEGRO—Mistah, you means a jagged rock, don't you?

THE SCOTCHMAN—Nay, nay, laddie—a jugged rock.

THE NEGRO—Whut's dat you say? Whut—whut is a jugged rock?

THE SCOTCHMAN *(forgetting his accent)*—Why, a rock with a jug on it, old chap. *(A stage wait to let that soak into them in all its full strength.)* A rock with a jug on it would be a jugged rock, wouldn't it—eh?

The pause had been sufficient—they had it now. And from all parts of the house a whoop of unrestrained joy went up.

If You Have Brought Any Heavy Baggage You Go Back and Pick It Out

And at a Given Hour Everybody Imbibes Tea Until Further Orders

The Finest Thing in London is the London Policeman

Witnessing such spectacles as this, the American observer naturally begins to think that the English in mass cannot see a joke that is the least bit subtle. Nevertheless, however, and to the contrary notwithstanding—as Colonel Bill Sterritt, of Texas, used to say—England has produced the greatest natural humorists in the world and some of the greatest comedians, and for a great many years has supported the greatest comic paper printed in the English language—and that is Punch.

Also, at an informal Saturday-night dinner in a well-known London club I heard as much spontaneous repartee from the company at large, and as much quiet humor from the chairman, as I ever heard in one evening anywhere; but if you went into that club on a weekday you might suppose somebody was dead and laid out there, and that everybody about the premises had gone into deep mourning for the deceased.

If any member of that club had dared then to crack a joke they would have expelled him—as soon as they got over the shock of the bounder's confounded cheek. Saturday night? Yes. Monday afternoon? Never! And there you are!

The Bond of Red Meat

SPEAKING of Punch reminds me that we were in London when Punch, after giving the matter due consideration for a period of years, came out with a colored jacket on him. If the Prime Minister had done a Highland fling in costume at high noon in Oxford Circus it could not have created more excitement than Punch created by coming out with a colored cover.

Yet, to an American's understanding, the change was not so revolutionary and radical as all that. Punch's well-known lineaments remained the same. There was merely a dab of palish yellow here and there on the sheet; at first glance you might have supposed somebody else had been reading your copy of Punch at breakfast and had been careless in spooning up his soft-boiled egg.

They are our cousins, the English are; our cousins once removed, 'tis true—see standard histories of the American Revolution for further details of the removing—but they are kinsmen of ours beyond a doubt.

Even if there were no other evidences, the kinship between us would still be proved by the fact that the English are the only people except the Americans who look on red meat—beef, mutton, pork—as a food to be eaten for the taste of the meat itself; whereas the other nations of the earth regard it as a vehicle for carrying various sauces, dressings and stuffings southward to the stomach. But, to the notice of the American who is paying them his first visit, they certainly do offer some amazing contradictions.

In the large matters of business the English have been accused of trickiness—which, however, may be but the voice of envious competition speaking; but in the small things they surely are most marvelously honest. Consider their railroad trains now: To a greenhorn from this side the blue water, a railroad journey out of London to almost any point in rural England is a succession of surprises—and all pleasant ones. To begin with, apparently there is nobody at the station whose business it is to show you to your train or to examine your ticket before you have found your train for yourself. There is no mad scurrying about at the moment of departure, no bleating of directions through megaphones. Unchaperoned you move along a long platform under a grimy shed, where trains are standing

The English Have Mastered the Difficult Art of Minding Their Own Affairs

with their carriage doors hospitably ajar, and unassisted you find your own train and your own carriage, and enter therein.

Sharp on the minute an unseen hand—at least I never saw it—slams the doors and—you might almost say secretively—the train moves out of the terminal. It moves smoothly and practically without jarring sounds. There is no shrieking of steel against steel. It is as though the rails were made of rubber and the wheel-flanges were faced with noise-proof felt. No conductor comes to punch your ticket, no brakeman to bellow the stops, no train butcher bleating the gabbled invoice of his gumdrops, bananas and other best-sellers.

Glory be! It is all so peaceful and soothing—as peaceful and as soothing as the land through which you are gliding when once you have left behind smoky London and its interminable environs; for now you are in a land that was finished and plenished five hundred years ago and since then has not been altered in any material aspect whatsoever. Every blade of grass is in its right place; every wayside shrub seemingly has been restrained and trained to grow in exactly the right and the proper way.

The Honor System on Trains

STREAMING by your car window goes a tastefully arranged succession of the thatched cottages, the huddled little towns, the meandering brooks, the ancient inns, the fine old country places, the high-hedged estates of the landed gentry, with rose-covered lodges at the gates and robust children in the doorways—just as you have always seen them in the picture books. There are fields that are velvet lawns, and lawns that are carpets of green cut-plush. England is the only country I know of that lives up—exactly and precisely—to its storybook descriptions and its storybook illustrations.

Eventually you come to your stopping point—at least you have reason to believe it may be your stopping point. As well as you may judge by the signs that plaster the front, the sides and even the top of the station, the place is either a beef extract or a washing compound. Nor may you count on any travelers who may be sharing your compartment with you to set you right by a timely word or two. Your fellow passengers may pity you for your ignorance and your perplexity, but they would not speak—they could not, not having been introduced.

A German or a Frenchman would be giving you gladly what aid he might; but a well-born Englishman who had not been introduced would ride for nine years with you and not speak. I found the best way of solving the puzzle was to consult the timecard. If the timecard said our train would reach a given point at a given hour, and this was the given hour, then we might be pretty sure this was the given point. Timetables in England are written by realistists, not by gifted fiction writers of the impressionistic school, as is frequently the case in America.

So, if this timecard says it is time for you to get off you get off, with your ticket still in your possession; and if it be a small station you go yourself and look up the station master, who is tucked away in a secluded cubbyhole somewhere absorbing tea, or else is in the luggage room fussing with baby carriages and patent churns. Having ferreted him out in his hiding-place you hand over your ticket to him and he touches his capbrim and says "Kew" very politely, which concludes the ceremony so far as you are concerned.

Then, if you have brought any heavy baggage with you in the baggage car—pardon, I meant the luggage van—you go back to the platform and pick it out from the heap of luggage that has been dumped there by the trainhands. With ordinary luck and forethought you could easily pick out and claim and carry off some other person's trunk, provided you fancied it more than your own trunk—only you do not. You do not do this any more than, having purchased a second-class ticket or a third-class, you ride first-class; though, so far as I could tell, there is no check to prevent a person from so doing. At least an Englishman never does. It never seems to occur to him to do so. The English have no imagination.

I have a suspicion, though, that if one of our railroads tried to operate its train service on such a basis of confidence in the general public there would be a most deficitful hiatus in the receipts from passenger traffic to be reported to a distressed group of stockholders at the end of the fiscal year. This, however, is merely a supposition on my part. I may be wrong.

To a greater degree, I take it, than any other race the English have mastered the difficult art of minding their own affairs. The average Englishman is tremendously knowledgeable about his own concerns and monumentally

In London, Mind You, the Newsboys Do Not Shout Their Extras

ignorant about all other things. If an Englishman's business requires that he shall learn the habits and customs of the Patagonians or the Chicagoans or any other race which, because it is not British, he naturally regards as barbaric, he goes and learns them—and learns them well. Otherwise your Britisher does not bother himself with what the outlander may or may not do.

An Englishman cannot understand an American's instinctive desire to know about things; we do not understand his lack of curiosity in that direction. Both of us forget what I think must be the underlying reasons—that we are a race which, until comparatively recently, lived wide distances apart in sparsely settled lands, and were dependent on the passing stranger for news of the rest of the world, whereas he belongs to a people who all these centuries have been packed together in their little island like oats in a bin.

London itself is so crowded that the noses of most of the lower classes turn up—there is not room for them to point straight ahead without causing a great and bitter confusion of noses; but whether it points upward or outward or downward the owner of the nose pretty generally refrains from ramming it into other folks' business. If he and all his fellows did not do this; if they had not learned to keep their voices down and to muffle unnecessary noises; if they had not built tight covers of reserve about themselves, as the oyster builds up a shell to protect his tender tissues from irritation—they would long ago have become a race of nervous wrecks instead of being what they are, the most stolid beings alive.

In London even royalty is mercifully vouchsafed a reasonable amount of privacy from the intrusion of the gimlet eye and the chisel nose. Royalty may ride in Rotten Row of a morning, promenade on the Mall at noon, and shop in the Regent Street shops in the afternoon, and at all times go unguarded and unbothered—I had almost said unnoticed. It may be that long and constant familiarity with the institution of royalty has bred indifference in the London mind to the physical presence of dukes and princes and things; but I am inclined to think a good share of it should be attributed to the inborn and ingrown British faculty for letting other folks be.

One morning as I was walking at random through the aristocratic district, of which St. James is the solar plexus and Park Lane the spinal cord, I came to a big mansion where footguards stood sentry at the wall gates. This house was further distinguished from its neighbors by the presence of a policeman pacing alongside it, and a newspaper photographer setting up his tripod and camera in the road, and a small knot of passers-by lingering on the opposite side of the way, as though waiting for somebody to come along or something to happen. I waited too.

In a minute a handsome old man and a well-set-up young man turned the corner afoot. The younger man was leading a beautiful stag hound. The photographer touched his hat and said something, and the younger man, smiling a good-natured smile, obligingly posed in the street for a picture. At this precise moment a dirigible balloon came careening over the chimneypots on a cross-London air jaunt; and at the sight of it the little crowd left the young man and the photographer and set off at a run to follow, as far as they might, the course of the balloon.

A Good-Natured Prince

NOW in America this could not have occurred, for the balloon man would not have been aloft at such an hour. He would have been on the earth; moreover he would have been outside the walls of that mansion house, along with half a million, more or less, of his patriotic fellow countrymen, tearing his own clothes off and their clothes off, trampling the weak and sickly underfoot, bucking the doubled and tripled police lines in a mad, vain effort to see the flagpole on the roof or a corner of the rear garden wall—for that house was Clarence House, and the young man who posed so accommodatingly for the photographer was none other than Prince Arthur of Connaught, who was getting himself married the very next day.

The next day I beheld from a short distance the passing of the bridal procession. Though there were crowds all along the route followed by the wedding party, there was no scrouging, no shoving, no fighting, no disorderly scramble, no unseemly congestion about the chapel where the ceremony took place. It reminded me

(Continued on Page 46)

Any Apostle of Any Creed May Come Here and Spout Forth the Faith That Is in Him

NOT ENOUGH MUSTARD

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

THE woman in the flat overhead had just put a new needle in the machine and rolled back the parlor rugs. One could not mistake the fact. Down the airshaft came first the seductive strains of Get Out and Get Under! after which the gas fixtures began to rattle in time to a steady thumping overhead. Half past eight had just struck—A. M., you understand, not P. M. That was the queer thing about it. Mrs. Drum, however, did not seem to consider this. Her air was absorbed.

The Drums' dining room was directly under that domestic dance-hall upstairs. Breakfast had been finished long ago; but, as Mr. Drum had remained to read his paper, Mrs. Drum remained also. Her husband, though he seldom spoke at breakfast, did not like her to leave the table before he did. He was a middle-aged man, long rather than merely tall, who was a salesman in a Fourth Avenue book concern. Its specialty was religious works and Mr. Drum dressed accordingly.

There Followed a Steady Thumping, Which Made the Gas Fixtures Rattle and Sway

An especially loud thump now having caused him to look up from his paper, he stared inquiringly at the ceiling, where the gas fixtures' globes were tinkling like castanets.

"Huh! That female's at it again, I see!" he remarked, after which he added in a tone the sarcasm of which was evident: "Say, I wonder whether she tangoes in her sleep too?"

It was not the first time Mr. Drum had disapproved of the lady overhead. "Life is real! Life is earnest!" as he often said; consequently frivolity of any sort he disliked. It wastes time, for one thing. "Yes; and time's money!" Mr. Drum invariably would add. He was, in fact, full of wise sayings. "Satan finds work for idle hands," was one of his favorites, it sharing in his esteem an equal place with that other sovereign proverb: "Take care of the dimes and the dollars will take care of themselves." Naturally a man like him would have little use for a woman that tangoed at eight A. M.

Mrs. Drum heaved a little sigh. She was a sort of middle-aged young woman, with a faded, elderly air, whose clothes looked as though her husband had helped select them. He had too.

"That isn't the tango; it's a trot, Homer," she murmured timidly.

"Never mind what it is!" retorted Mr. Drum indignantly. "This is a nice time of day for her to start in with her indecent high kicking!"

Again Mrs. Drum sighed, at the same time twining her fingers together in her lap.

"It's for a party tonight she's practicing," she faltered. "I heard her say so in the hallway. And, Homer," added Mrs. Drum, "I don't think you high-kick when you trot. You hardly take your feet off the floor."

Mr. Drum, who had picked up his paper, at once laid it down. "How do you know?" he instantly demanded; and Mrs. Drum gave a timid little start.

"I—why, me?" she stammered. "Why, I must have read it in the paper. I guess I wouldn't have learned it anywheres else, would I?"

"I should hope not!" Mr. Drum rejoined, with conviction. "If you were like that woman upstairs I'd hate to think what I'd do! Just look at her! Out day and night, running from one tango tea to another!"

Mrs. Drum had never in her life even seen one. She would hardly have known what a tango tea looked like. However, Mr. Drum's speech was not the less impressive.

"Yes; isn't it awful?" she assented hurriedly. "Last week she was out twice; and here it's only Thursday and she's going out again. I c'n see how you'd hate it!"

There was an air about Mrs. Drum that to a stranger might have seemed submerged, but Mr. Drum did not notice it. He was busy folding the newspaper so that he could put it into his pocket. Mrs. Drum sat watching him. She would have liked to read the morning paper, but Mr. Drum did not approve of it. He thought newspapers demoralizing to women. However, having now stuffed his into his coat pocket, he helped himself sparingly to a mouthful of water.

"That's right," he observed, his tone oracular; "the whole trouble is you women nowadays have too much time on your hands! If it wasn't for that there wouldn't be half of this talk about the vote and woman's sphere. Not much!"

"Yes; I guess so!" Mrs. Drum hurriedly agreed.

"And dancing their lives away!" continued Mr. Drum. "Cutting up high jinks everywheres in creation! It's enough to make you sick!"

"Yes; isn't it?" affirmed Mrs. Drum.

With a final snort Mr. Drum arose. Brushing the crumbs from his waistcoat he sauntered toward the door.

"Well, I must be off," he said, his voice again assuming that note of large, buoyant heartiness so often admired in the trade. "And remember, little woman, dinner early! This is my club night. You won't forget?"

Mrs. Drum said she would not. Her husband was a member of the Knights of Zanzibar, a fraternal benevolent order that met once a week at a bowling alley. The week before she had delayed him by forgetting to have the dinner on in time. In consequence, as he now reminded her, he had been greatly put out.

"Yes; I know," she placated. "Good-by, Homer."

"Good-by," nodded Mr. Drum.

He went out briskly, loudly clearing his throat; and for a moment Mrs. Drum sat back, staring down her nose. Then, as the door slammed, she suddenly rose.

The music upstairs had stopped, but scuffling to the airshaft window she threw it open. There, for a period, she leaned forth listening. All was silent, though; and, with a sniff—a slight echo of disgust, one had thought—she lowered the window; then slipslopped back to her place at the table. A long while passed; and, with her hands in her lap, Mrs. Drum sat staring at the carpet.

Mr. Drum would not have liked to see her. Marriage, as he often pointed out, was strictly business. "Sure!" he would say. "You 'nd me are partners, a regular firm!" Then he would warn her, if she "reneged on the job" the firm would dissolve. "Yes; you gotta do your work!" he would tell her.

No doubt this was in her mind now; for, rising presently, Mrs. Drum began to go about her morning tasks.

It was not the first time she had heard idleness was woman's curse. No, indeed! And as Mrs. Drum washed and put away the breakfast dishes, made the beds and tidied up the bedroom, her mind dwelt on Mr. Drum's sage words. Curiously the thought lingered while she dusted the parlor and bedroom, swept the hall, scrubbed the kitchen floor, steamed out the ice-box, and made a pie for dinner and a shirt for Mr. Drum. But, then, that is the way with most apt sayings: they stick like wax in one's head. And as Mrs. Drum next darned four or five pairs of her husband's socks and mended three suits of his underflannels she was still reflecting on the folly and frivolity of her sex.

However, ere long the thought began to fade. Having cleaned and filled four kerosene lamps she was just about to clean and fill a fifth when all at once she remembered she had yet to do the marketing as well as to take a pair of Mr. Drum's shoes to the cobbler; after which she must get his silk hat ironed, then go to the cleaner's for a coat he might wish to wear that night. Of course this would take all her leisure until long past the luncheon hour; but, then, Mrs. Drum did not think of lunching. She seldom did. What now occupied her mind was her back. It felt singularly as though some one had thrust into it a carving knife, kitchen size; and with one hand on the ache, her head lolled over on her shoulder, she was just limping out of the dining room when she paused abruptly, her ear cocked up, her manner alert.

The woman in the flat overhead had again put a new needle in the machine and started it to playing!

The effect was electrical. Mrs. Drum stood poised, her figure rigid; and the change that stole into her expression was curious. Saint Cecilia could not have looked more rapt. It was only for a moment, though. Darting to the airshaft window she flung it open. At once, with all its tantalizing seductiveness, the strains of Too Much Mustard came floating in; and scuffling to the sideboard Mrs. Drum yanked open a drawer. From this she produced a newspaper clipping, an article embellished with a series of cabalistic designs. However they seemed quite clear to Mrs. Drum, for, after a brief glance at the text, she turned and, with a vigorous shove, pushed the dining-room table into a corner. Next, having again studied the clipping, she pinned it conveniently to the wall paper and backed away. Then, had Mr. Drum been present, it is possible he might have suffered a momentary shock.

Mrs. Drum had begun to sway. Her figure, melting from its former rigidity, oscillated in time to the music. Left foot forward, her skirts raised high enough to disclose a pair of spinsterlike ankles, she advanced across the room.

"One, two, three, four, five, six—dip!" said Mrs. Drum, and did it. "One, two, three—dip! One, two, three!"

It is well Mr. Drum was not present. Fancy John the Baptist eying Herodias from his platter! Meantime overhead the dulcet strains continued, when in earnest, solemn succession Mrs. Drum did the Horse Trot, the Castle and the Kitchen Sink. Then, after again consulting the diagram, she next essayed the Lame Duck, the Fireplug, the Billy and Lillian, the Huckaback Hug and the Can of Worms. Flushed and animated, the light of youth, long submerged, once more dawning in her eyes, she was just taking a try at the Grapevine Dip when overhead the music abruptly ended.

"Shuh!" said Mrs. Drum. She waited eagerly, but those strains from above did not start again. Instead, a door slammed a moment later and all was still. Visibly her face fell. "Lord!" sighed Mrs. Drum; and she was mopping her face with her apron when she paused, her eyes fastened on the wall above the fireplace.

A colored decoration hung there—a motto. The thing was one of those worsted and cardboard art creations of

the mid-Rutherford B. Hayes period, its frame of black walnut carved to represent rustic work. Mr. Drum had contributed it to the household. Its sentiment seemed inspired:

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Her posture intent, Mrs. Drum pored over the inscription. One would have thought her air now more curious than ever. It was together profound and quizzical; at once mirthless, yet amused. La Gioconda might have gleamed like that some time at Mr. Gioconda. It was not for long, though.

As she lowered the airshaft window and pushed the table back into place she remembered, with a pang of what may have been conscious shame, that the Knights of Zanzibar met that night, that Mr. Drum's silk hat had yet to be ironed, that she still had to go to the cleaner's for his coat.

No place like home?

"I'll bet not!" said Mrs. Drum.

The hours passed. Noon merged into one o'clock; then came two, lagging onward with heavy feet. Mrs. Drum was still at her household tasks, limping from one to the other. The knife in her back she no longer felt now. It had become a sword, a saber; and subconsciously she waited for it to saw her spine in twain. As this idle thought flitted vaguely through her mind the clock struck half past three. It is the hour when the fiddles at the first *thés dansants* begin tuning up; she had read about it in the paper. However, Mrs. Drum had no time to think of that. Mr. Drum had ordered dinner early!

Just then the doorbell rang; and, with her hand on her ache, her air indifferent, Mrs. Drum went limping along the hall. A young woman stood on the landing outside and Mrs. Drum, as she opened the door, gave a little gasp. It was the lady from upstairs! She had a flat paper parcel in her hand and she was smiling.

Though Mrs. Drum had often seen her neighbor, she had never spoken to her. Mr. Drum, she knew, would not approve of it. Besides, there was something about the lady subtly alarming to Mrs. Drum herself. What it was, though, Mrs. Drum could not have told. It may have been her manner; possibly it was her clothes. Somehow they gave the impression that she had just stepped into them or was just stepping out of them. This was due either to the slash in her skirt or the V in her waist. Mrs. Drum could not tell which. To her dazed view they seemed to meet. The lady's smile, though, was dazzling.

"Say, Mrs. Drum," she said, with informal directness, "I was wund'ring if you wooden do sumpin f' me? I'm Miss La Ray f'm upstairs; you know me, don't yuh? Liane La Ray—yeah. We haven't b'en interduced—bean, I mean—only I guess you know me. I'm on at th' Winter Garden, y'know; yes, the fourth from the end in that front row bunch of broilers."

"Huh?" inquired Mrs. Drum.

"Yeah, the squab chorus," explained Miss La Ray, adding: "I'm the one that has that line: 'Oh, Benny, see how late it is! The clock on the taxi says eleven dollars and a quarter!' You've heard me, haven't yuh?"

Mrs. Drum had not, but that did not in the least dash her visitor's exuberant spirits.

"Lissen, dearie!" she beamed. "You wooden mind, would yuh, giving this dress to the tailor when he comes? They've got us called f'r a rehoisal this afternoon and I gotta have my dress done so's I c'n wear it t'night. The braid's all kicked off the hem f'm doing the M'shish. Yeah!"

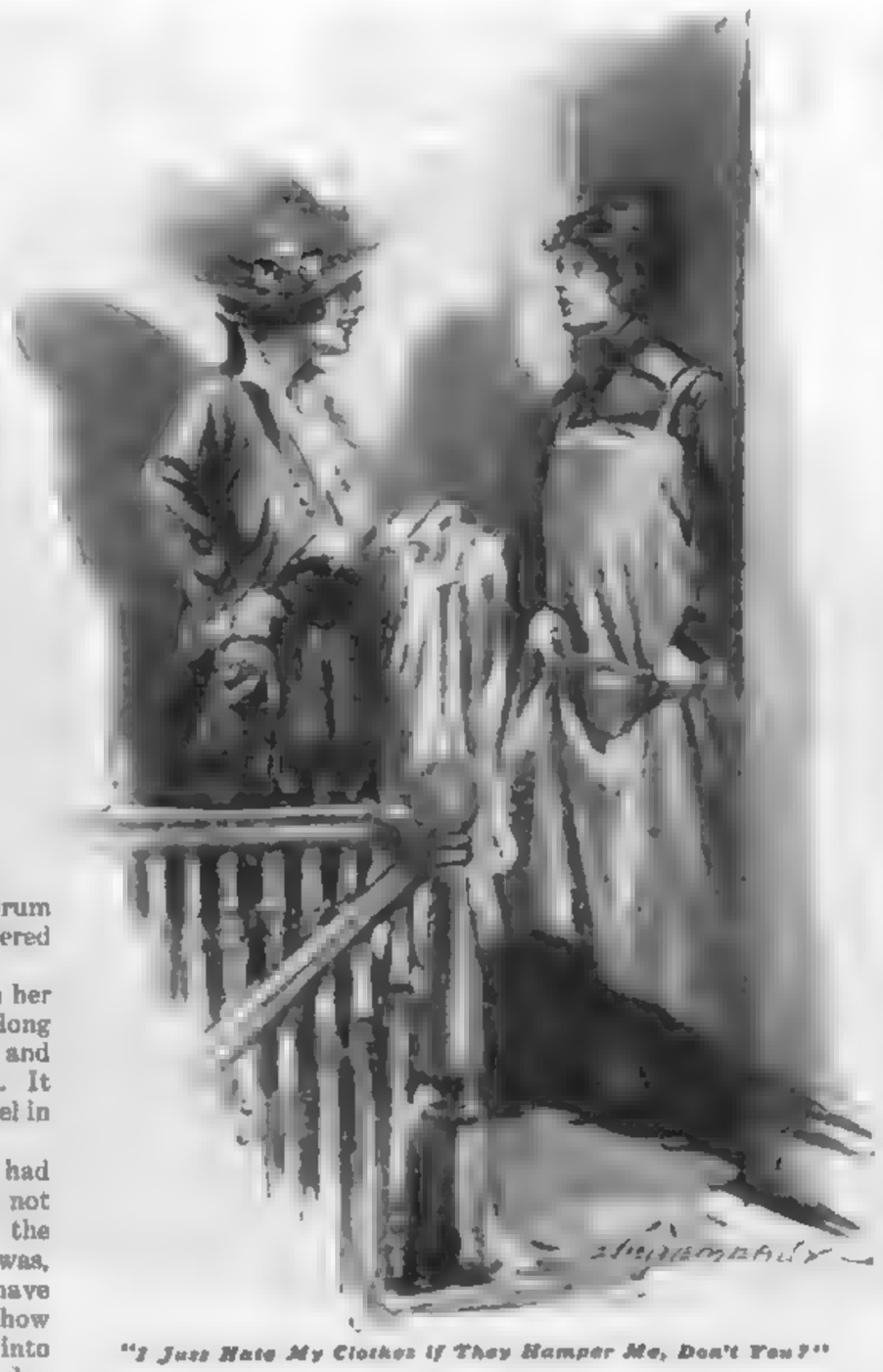
There must have been something in Mrs. Drum's face that expressed bewilderment, for again Miss La Ray explained:

"Yes; you know—that Cuban dance they used to call the McSix, on'y that ain't right. The name's Mexican, a gen'l'man told me. He used to work on the Canal, where they talk it." As she spoke Miss La Ray had unwrapped the dress. "And, say," she added, "when you see that tailor just ask him to open up the slit a little, won't you? There's a dear! I juss hate my clothes if they hamper me, don't you?" With this she thrust the dress into Mrs. Drum's startled hands. "Thanks offly!" bubbled Miss La Ray. "Remember now; any time you want a favor off me ——"

Still piping thanks she flitted, darting down the stairs; and shutting the door in a dream Mrs. Drum wandered up the hall, Miss La Ray's dress held dangling 'twixt her thumb and forefinger.

It was to the parlor that Mrs. Drum headed. Arriving there she flung the dress over the back of a convenient chair and was solemnly departing when, with a grunt, she halted. Something in the dress seemed to arrest her. She turned. With an energetic hand she twitched up the window shade. Then backing off a bit Mrs. Drum stood poring over the lace and charmeuse creation, much as a naturalist might pore over some startling sport of Nature.

The dress was what a modiste would have termed a *dernier cri*. In Mrs. Drum's parlor, though, rather than a



"I Juss Hate My Clothes if They Hamper Me, Don't You?"

mere cry it became a shout. Maybe the thought occurred to Mrs. Drum, too, for she looked about her covertly, her glance curious.

Portraits in crayon of Mr. Drum's dead parents adorned the wall. Father Drum, one saw, had worn whiskers *à la* Brigham Young, his upper lip being shaved. As for Mrs. Drum, senior, she had her hair dressed straight back from her brows; besides which she wore spectacles. In keeping with these art works was the furniture. It included a horsehair sofa, the last of its kind probably in any New York flat; and there was also a marble-topped center table as well as a corner whatnot.

A crocheted worsted mat covered the center table, and on this stood a kerosene lamp with a green shade. On the whatnot was a large seashell, a piece of transparent quartz, three flint arrowheads, a plush photograph album, an ornamented mustache cup, several books, and a glass paperweight with a snowstorm inside. All these Mrs. Drum took in with a quick, comprehensive glance, when again there stole into her face that faint, covert air of jocundity. Then, roving from Mr. Drum's treasured heirlooms, her eyes leaped swiftly again to the dress.

The next instant she had snatched it up!

It was again well that Mr. Drum was absent. Her hands, eager and as avaricious as a miser's, played over the gown, fingering every inch of its soft, alluring finery. She wet her lips. Her eyes sparkled. She bent above it, her breath coming swiftly. She felt, appraised, reveled in the filmy softness of its lace. Her touch ran gloatingly along the fabric's sleek, exquisite surface. Her fingers, horny and rough from want of care, plied like a caress over its braid, even its buttons. She patted down its wrinkles. With quick, birdlike gestures she smoothed it here and there.

A mother crooning over a babe could not have expressed a keener, more joyous tenderness. She had held up the dress, draping it against her figure, when all at once there swam into Mrs. Drum's face a quick, still more extraordinary air. It illuminated all her features like a halo.

There was a mirror hanging tilted against the wall. She turned swiftly to it. One had but to give her a look instantly to guess her purpose. Already her fingers had begun snatching at the buttons of her waist. In not more than three minutes at the most, her own dress discarded and kicked beneath a chair, Mrs. Drum stood before the glass clad in the charmeuse tango gown of the lady from overhead. The transformation was complete!

The former Mrs. Drum seemed somehow to have disappeared. She no longer looked scrawny and stoop-shouldered; she did not look submerged. Instead, there posed before the mirror a slim, erect figure, not the least middle-aged. Only the way her hair was dressed reminded one of Mrs. Drum of old. It still was dressed the way Mr. Drum liked it dressed; and she gave it a sudden glance.

"Ugh!" said Mrs. Drum; and she jabbed it, first one way, then the other. Afterward for a moment she regarded herself critically in the mirror, when for a second time that morning Mrs. Drum backed off across the room, at the same time daintily raising her skirts above her ankles. "One, two, three—dip!" said Mrs. Drum, and again did it. "Dip!"

This time, however, when she dipped she held the pose; and twisting her head over her shoulder she peeped down at herself. A neat ankle, now less spinsterlike than shapely, was revealed to her. She gazed at it an instant; then she blushed. It was with pleasure, though; with pride, not shame. The ache in her back was forgotten. She rejoiced that she was still slender, that age and toil had yet really to tell on her. Just then the clocks outside struck four; and, frozen in an attitude of tense attention, Mrs. Drum stared at herself in the glass.

In two hours to the minute Mr. Drum's latchkey would rattle in the latch. In just two hours Mr. Drum's dinner must be on the table! Mrs. Drum's eyes dropped suddenly. She stood looking at her shoes.

"Good Lord!" she ejaculated. "Aren't they awful!"

The next moment, seated on the floor, she began hurriedly to unbutton them. An instant later she went flitting down the hall. Presently a door slammed; then silence fell.

In the religious-works book trade Mr. Drum's name was a synonym of all that is punctilious, all that is methodical. It was especially so in the way Mr. Drum made use of his time. At home he was the same as at his office. Winter or summer Mr. Drum let nothing ever vary his schedule.

Punctually at seven-thirty he rose. At eight promptly he sat down at the breakfast table. There, on the minute, as he expected, Mrs. Drum had the meal ready for him. As they did not keep a servant, Mr. Drum's mother never having had one, Mrs. Drum was enabled always to be on time by rising at six o'clock. However, having breakfasted, Mr. Drum read the newspaper until half past eight. At eight-thirty-five he left the house. Each morning, every day in the year, the clocks were striking nine as he entered the book concern.

There, until half past twelve, Mr. Drum was engaged with the visiting trade. At twelve-thirty-one he was to be seen departing to his luncheon, from which he returned regularly at one-twenty-nine. One-thirty to the dot saw him at his desk, where he labored until five-one. He left then to walk home. Every weekday evening in the year he arrived there promptly on the minute of six.

Tonight was no exception. The clocks were just striking as he put his key in the lock. Then, in conformity with his usual routine, Mr. Drum loudly cleared his throat.

Mrs. Drum's given name was Lucy. Mr. Drum, however, never used it. It was too girlish, not to say undignified, for a married woman; especially one who was his wife. His mother's name had been Eliza.

"Mrs. Drum!" called Mr. Drum, his voice booming buoyantly down the hall.

There was no reply. The house seemed strangely quiet. Smiling indulgently Mr. Drum stepped up the hall toward the horsehair parlor.

"Hello, there!" he cried, raising his voice a little higher. "Is every one dead here?" Enjoying this spirited witticism he had begun good-naturedly to chuckle, when all at once the silence seemed to sink on and engulf him. At this instant, entering the parlor, Mr. Drum's eyes fell on Mrs. Drum's discarded housedress. It lay where she had left it—that is, kicked beneath a chair. "What's this?" inquired Mr. Drum; and, leaning forward to peer at it, he next observed the street shoes she had also cast aside.

By now Mr. Drum was frowning darkly. He did not like the look of things in the least. It was not the first time he had felt it necessary to chide Mrs. Drum for her untidiness; and as he stepped inquiringly toward the kitchen Mr. Drum's brows were wrinkled more than ever. He cleared his throat.

"Mrs. Drum! I say, there!" he called again.

Silence still answered; and pushing back the kitchen door Mr. Drum stalked into the kitchen. He knew instantly something was wrong!

The gas range was lit; there were pots and pans on it, but no pot or pan gave forth its wonted fragrance, the grateful incense of dinner to be. Instead there filtered through the air a thin, acrid smoke, the odor of scorched meat and burning vegetables. A cry of horror but half expressed burst from Mr. Drum. Mingled with it was a tone of stern rebuke:

"Mrs. Drum! Mrs. Drum!"

Shutting off the gas, his brows austere, his lips pressed firmly together, Mr. Drum stalked out of the kitchen. He called no more now. As clearly as though Mrs. Drum

herself had confessed it he now realized the situation. In direct disregard of every duty he expected of her she had willfully run out somewhere, leaving his dinner to burn!

It made little difference to Mr. Drum that this was the first occurrence of its kind. He would see to it, he assured himself, that it should be the last! Armed with this decision he was crossing the dining room to the hall when he suddenly paused.

It was some effect in the room that had halted him. A change had taken place he was subtly aware. What it was, though, he could not tell. Then his eye roving about him lighted all at once as it reached the fireplace. The wall above it was blank! The worsted motto was gone! A rectangle of faded wall paper was now all that occupied the place once sacred to that household sentiment:

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME!

Bewildered, Mr. Drum gaped on the vacancy. He seemed dumfounded. The disappearance of that emblem was vaguely ominous. However, ere long his wits returned, and with his mouth set, the Jovian wrath again seated on his brow, he stalked up the hallway to the parlor. There, with a grim solicitude, he picked up both Mrs. Drum's dress and Mrs. Drum's shoes. Next Mr. Drum placed on the sofa both shoes and dress.

Their presence there was conspicuous. However, this apparently was what he wished, for, backing away a bit, he critically studied their appearance.

Then, drawing up a chair, Mr. Drum grimly seated himself where he could command a free, unobstructed view of the door—of that and any one who might enter by it.

His face was fixed. As he told himself, he must of course restrain his temper. Her fault naturally was one he could not condone; but at the same time he must not forget his dignity. He must be firm, not harsh; severe, yet not unjust. Nor must he fail to be kindly, either. That would be due from him as the stronger mind, as the superior in sex. Yes; that must be his manner—firm yet kindly! Once he had sufficiently rebuked her, he would make her see the largeness of his nobility. He would show her he was ready to forgive, to forget—that is, if she did not repeat the offense. However, though he knew himself to be generous, Mr. Drum was fully aware of the gravity of his wife's misdoings.

It was at this instant the doorbell rang.

The first tinkling of that summons had hardly echoed through the flat ere Mr. Drum was on his feet. Then, as he darted toward the hall, he recalled his resolution. He must not forget himself. There must be no scene. His dignity he must remember. Outside, the bell rang again; but Mr. Drum halted. He must first compose himself.

Drawing out his watch he exactly noted the time. It was sixteen minutes to seven. For all purposes that meant his meal already was an hour late. Next, turning to the mirror Mr. Drum carefully noted his appearance. In his emotion his necktie had become disarranged. He fixed it. Then, his eyes on himself in the glass, Mr. Drum loudly cleared his throat. Firm, not harsh! Severe, yet not unjust! Yes, that was the idea; and, his face grave, his shoulders erect, Mr. Drum strode down the hall.

Flinging open the door he stood there in silence waiting, his finger leveled, pointing toward the parlor. A pause followed.

"S-a-y!" a voice drawled then, stretching out the word; and, gaping, Mr. Drum looked outside.

"Huh?" he inquired.

It was not Mrs. Drum at all! It was Miss La Ray, the lady from overhead. Indicating the finger, which Mr. Drum still rigidly extended, she inquired in Broadway's happy argot:

"Hey? What's th' plot?" And instantly Mr. Drum assumed a less theatrical pose.

"What is it you wish, madam?" he asked freezingly.

Miss La Ray wished to see Mrs. Drum. What is more, she wished to see her forthwith. One gathered from her tone that Miss La Ray was not quite pleased. In return, Mr. Drum raised his brows. It was not his intention that any such neighbor should force her acquaintance on his wife.

"Mrs. Drum is not at home," he said.

"Not at home!" echoed Miss La Ray. "Well, where's she went?"

As haughtily as he could Mr. Drum said he did not know, at which the visitor gave a loud exclamation.

"Say, this is a swell chance!" she cried, dismayed. "What's she did with my clothes?"

"Your clothes?" repeated Mr. Drum, the inflection rising.

"You said it," returned Miss La Ray; "my dress! The man that called for it says he was all the afternoon trying to get it off her."

"Off her?" echoed Mr. Drum, starting.

"Away f'm her," Miss La Ray corrected, her voice weary.

Mr. Drum had now perceived the situation. Obviously this female had left with Mrs. Drum a dress that was to be called for by a tailor. The knowledge irritated him. In the first place, Mrs. Drum had her own duties to fulfill. Then again, had he not warned her she must not make indiscriminate acquaintances? Miss La Ray's occupation he knew too; and he did not in the least approve of it. Least of all did he approve of her ringing his doorbell. What if any one should see her there talking to him like this!

"I know nothing about your dress. You must excuse me!" said Mr. Drum, his tone icier than ever; and he was closing the door when Miss La Ray, in desperate ire, put her shoulder to it and pushed. Meantime her speech flowed on undiminished.

"Hey!" she shrilled. "What's th' idee? Are you tryin' to put sumpin' over on me? . . . Awr, you stop yer shoving—y' hear! I want my dress! Hey, you quit that now!"

Mr. Drum had his back to the door, his feet braced against the wall opposite. Subconsciously he felt the posture to be undignified, especially for one of his position in the religious-works book trade. It was no time to cavil, however. He shoved. Success crowned the effort. The door gave, it shut; and as the latch clicked Mr. Drum breathed a sigh of relief.

His satisfaction, however, was short. A brief lull followed. Then the silence was succeeded by a storm of blows on the panel; and at the sudden uproar Mr. Drum turned pale. What if the woman roused the house?

His brow moist, Mr. Drum reflected on the consequences. A scandal like that might smirch any one, no matter who! Not even his known respectability could save him! Think of it! His name would be coupled to a woman's! And such a woman too—a public singer! Worse, they might even have dancing at the Winter Garden!

Leaning over suddenly he shouted through the keyhole:

"Have a care, young woman! Have a care or I shall report you to your employers!"

The threat seemed effective. Silence, at any rate, followed; and during it Mr. Drum congratulated himself on his sagacity. Naturally any large public enterprise like the Winter Garden would not care to hear of such carryings-on among its employees. He was just about to order her off about her business when he heard her speak.

"You'll do what?" she called in awed tones. When he repeated the warning he was stupefied to hear a shout of ironic laughter. "Say, is that a promise?" she cried; and then: "'Phone it to the press agent, will yuh?" Again a shower of blows rained on the door panels. "Hey! You gimme my property!" he could hear her shrill; and, with her mouth pressed to the keyhole, she was threatening to have in the police when all at once she stopped.

Mr. Drum laid his ear to the woodwork. On the floors above and below doors had begun to open; to his dismay hurried footfalls sounded on the stairs. A moment later a murmur of voices arose; and, mute with agony, Mr. Drum realized that the scandal now was public.

"Has your clothes, has he?" some one said. "And he won't give 'em up? There, Albert; I always said he looked like a criminal!"

Mr. Drum recognized the speaker. It was his neighbor across the hall, a Mrs. Schnabel. Her husband was in the retail wall-paper trade; and once Mr. Drum had complained to the landlord about the noise they made. "Piano playing after ten o'clock was not respectable," he had written. Mrs. Schnabel spoke again.

"Say," she suggested hopefully, "why don't you have him summonsed?"

Mr. Drum started. Summonsed? Why, she would not dare! It would be perjury to swear he had her dress. He had never laid eyes on it; and besides —

"Yeah; but that ain't the half of it!" Miss La Ray's voice all at once proclaimed. "When I sez to him, 'You big gloom! You gimme my dress!' didn't he take and shove me out of there! The idea of him dasting to lay hands on me!"

Mr. Drum heard her open-mouthed.

"You don't want a summons—what you want's a warrant!" Mrs. Schnabel was now suggesting; and Mr. Drum wiped his clammy brow.

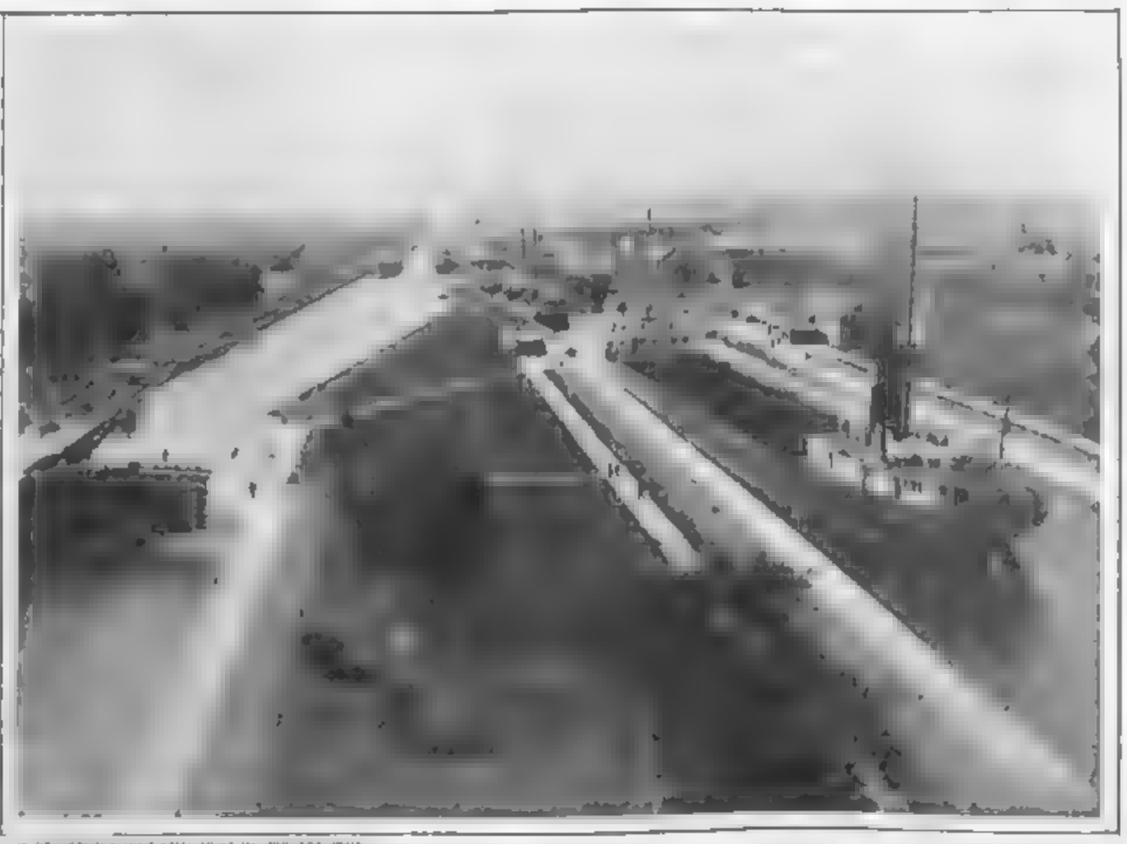
(Continued on Page 65)

"One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six—Dip!" Said Mrs. Drum, and Did It

"Ever Since We Walked to the Altar You've Been Doing All the Talking; and Now I Mean to Do a Little Too"

The Inside of the Pork Barrel

First Lock at Saint Marys Falls, Michigan, Restored as an Exhibit



Present Locks at Saint Marys Falls. A Third and Larger Lock is Under Construction

By B. G. HUMPHREYS

IN A FEW days Congress is going to pass an omnibus Rivers and Harbors Bill; and then in a few more days the newspapers will be discoursing on the evils of the Pork Barrel—and why not? Heaven knows they frequently discourse on much worse things, though rarely, it must be admitted, on topics about which they really know quite so little.

The first thing one does when he leaves the grammar school is to forget his geography. Why should these gentlemen who write editorials for our great newspapers, and who know about tariffs and things, burden their minds with mere geography? Why bother about Raccoon Creek when it is so easy to remember the Suwanee River? Why keep such prosy old names as Pollock Rip and Cooper River in mind when it is so much pleasanter to let one's thoughts rest on The Banks of the Wabash, or Where Rolls The Oregon?

A good Massachusetts friend, for many years a member of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, told us that a Harvard man took him to task on one occasion for wasting money on so many insignificant and worthless streams. "Why," he replied, "the trouble is not with the legislation—it is with you; you don't know the geography of your country." Naturally this was protested. "Well, I will name a river in this country navigable for 300 miles that you never heard of." And naturally enough this, too, went to protest. "The Coosa!" And his friend owned up.

When the new man comes to Congress he has to start something—so many of them believe; and about the surest way to the headlines is to denounce the Pork Barrel. A very wise old man told me many years ago, down in Mississippi, when I was beginning to look round politically and take notice, that the very best thing a young man, so intentioned, could do was to get into a fight with the devil. "It does not make much difference what devil it is. An imaginary one will answer the purpose, just so you fight him loud!" Since that day I have come to believe that this old sage has lectured pretty generally round this country.

The Intracoastal Canal

WHEN the Rivers and Harbors Bill was before Congress a year ago one of this old teacher's pupils grew almost eloquent—at any rate he fought loud—denouncing the Pork Barrel. Naturally he was requested to indicate the particular project he wished to have eliminated; so he concluded to read the bill and try to guess the answer. The House adjourned over Sunday and when we resumed consideration of the bill on Monday he was ready to specify. Somebody has had a big map of the United States printed, with a broad blue strip running from Boston a short distance inland along the whole Atlantic Coast, across Florida round the Gulf to the Mexican border.

This is supposed to indicate the course of the Intracoastal Canal. The usual amount of study devoted to this project consists of a more or less casual glance at the map and a somewhat more definite "Well, I'll be darned!" The real project for this inland route may be stated in a few words, and a somewhat careful examination of the map will probably suggest the thought that it is manifestly feasible. A cut across Cape Cod—and private enterprise is now making it—gives a protected course behind Long Island into New York from Boston. The tonnage actually carried now and subjected to the dangers of the passage through Marthas Vineyard and round Cape Cod is difficult to ascertain with exactness. It is very large—just how many millions can only be roughly estimated, but certainly larger than the tonnage that passes through the Suez Canal; and the passenger traffic is enormous.

Surely it would not be a foolish thing to make the way safe. The next cut is across New Jersey from Raritan Bay to the Delaware River, and private enterprise dug that many years ago. The next cut is across Delaware from the river to Chesapeake Bay; and there, too, private enterprise has long since constructed the Delaware & Chesapeake Canal. Running down this protected course several hundred miles through Chesapeake Bay, the next cut is from the Chesapeake to Albemarle Sound.

Strangely enough, these two waters are already connected by two privately dug canals—one through the Dismal Swamp; the other known as the Chesapeake & Albemarle Canal. The traffic carried through both these canals, though the depth is only six feet, was given as seven hundred thousand tons the year before Congress purchased the last named. All of it, of course, was compelled to pay toll to the companies that owned and operated them. It would require an ordinary freight train of thirty loaded cars two trips daily every day in the year to transport this tonnage.

Just what the saving to the commerce of the coast will amount to when this canal is deepened and widened and made a free waterway can only be guessed; but the engineer corps of the army, after a very thorough study of the question, reported that the expense of the improvement, including the purchase price, was justified by the needs of commerce, and thereupon Congress adopted the project. It will enable the smaller craft engaged in the coastwise trade to avoid the storms and hidden reefs off Cape Hatteras, the most dangerous point on our Atlantic seaboard, where many fortunes and human lives are annually lost.

From Beaufort to Savannah the difficulty will be greater, but future Congresses may find it worth while to undertake this section. From Savannah to Key West the project will require little excavation and the cost will be small.

Along the Gulf of Mexico, Nature has providently so disposed the sea islands as to provide this section of the canal almost without the necessity for human activities to amplify. Look at the map if your curiosity or interest is roused.

However, as one of those immortals who used to gather round the table at the Coffee House and hear Doctor Johnson's long sentences expressed it, "This is going far afield." I must return to our friend the orator. To use expressive slang, the Intracoastal Canal "got its!" It was the biggest and the greasiest piece of pork in the barrel! When Clearwater Harbor was reached in the bill it must be stricken out. The chairman explained that this was not a part of the inland waterway.

"Judging from its name I had assumed that it must be some distance inland," the objector explained. Most natural assumption. How could Clearwater Harbor be near the ocean? Traversing the broad prairies from the land of the cactus on his triumphal march to the nation's capital, he had crossed many rivers—the Red, the Arkansas, and even the Father of Waters. All were rushing in tawny currents on and into the sea, and surely this common receptacle of so much silt must be the muddiest hole in Christendom. Clearwater Harbor near the Ocean—the idea!

The rivers whose improvement and maintenance are provided for in the bill now pending in Congress floated last year a commerce amounting to 203,313,128 tons. This is exclusive of the traffic on the rivers connecting the Great Lakes, and does not include the tonnage of our harbors. These figures will be more readily understood when compared with the tonnage of other transportation routes which hold a prominent place in the public mind. Mr. Emery Johnson, the official expert upon whose figures the House relied when the rate of tolls was fixed for the Panama Canal, estimated that the total tonnage which would pass through the Canal in 1915 would be ten and a half million tons. The tonnage of the Suez Canal for 1912 was 20,125,120 tons. The freight carried from coast to coast by all our transcontinental railroads combined is three million tons. It is estimated that the coastwise traffic which will pass through the Canal will be 1,250,000 tons annually, and it is the exemption or nonexemption of this million and a quarter tons from the payment of tolls which has caused so much acrimonious debate. In other words the rivers, large and small, for which we are providing in our Rivers and Harbors bills, float nearly as much tonnage annually as will pass through the Panama Canal and the Suez Canal, plus the cross-continent tonnage of all the railroads during the next ten years.

Senator Burton's Change of Tune

THEN the creeks and the insignificant rivers—what of the money wasted in their improvement? Surely this is pork, and distributed, too, among the members in such fashion as to make the passage of the barrel certain. What a curious notion, that a Congressman could gain favor at home by securing appropriations of money to waste on worthless creeks! Surely this could gain votes only in the immediate vicinity of the miserable creek, and there better than anywhere else would it be known that the money was in fact being wasted. Are the people dunces? Do these creeks all flow through the grounds of some insane asylum? Otherwise how could a Congressman gain popular favor by needless expenditures of the tax-raised money on impossible and worthless creeks?

Senator Burton was chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee for ten years. During that time he spent much money on the Great Lakes and viewed the magical growth of commerce there with commendable pride. He also spent much money on the ridiculous creeks, and was severer perhaps than any one else in his judgment and in his criticisms of those who spoke of the Pork Barrel. When the first Rivers and Harbors Bill, after he reached the Senate, was reported to that body, word came over to the House that he was making a most vigorous attack on it. Pork Barrel, in fact, had been one of the phrases used.

D. S. Alexander, one of the most conscientious patriots who ever served in Congress, and certainly one of the most

lovable of men, had been Mr. Burton's pupil for those ten years and now had succeeded to the chairmanship of the House committee. He had framed this bill on the identical lines so long laid down and so well defended by Mr. Burton and he refused to believe the story. The old members followed him posthaste to the other chamber, to be resolved if Brutus so unkindly knocked or no. Which particular rôle he was essaying, Brutus or Casca, nobody knew. All soon were aware, however, that he was knocking, and knocking hard at that.

The Brazos, the Trinity, and some other projects that were the children of his own brain—or at least had been ushered into this breathing world under his skillful legislative attention—shared the shafts of his forceful criticisms. In this he seemed to be playing no favorites, whatever else he might be playing.

Alexander was speechless; but being a member of the House, and at the moment only a visitor *de gratia* in the Senate, this was not surprising; the rules required it. He had known Saul of Tarsus, but this was Paul! After it was over he led his committee colleagues back to the House, a madder if not a wiser man. They believed the great senator, at whose feet they had learned how to frame River and Harbor bills, had for some reason put an antic disposition on. The charge of Pork Barrel, however, had been revived, and this time sponsored, by a man whose opinion was worth something and whose words carried weight.

The old adage says that bad news travels fast. There are some stories that are hardly to be classed as bad news, but that are nevertheless entitled to honorable mention in these speed contests. *Videlicet:* Once upon a time there was an old priest, Abbé Huc, who visited China and wrote a book, in which he said the Yellow River had, by reason of the levees along its banks, filled its channel until the bottom of the river was higher than the adjacent territory. There was no truth in the story; but it took the wings of the morning and flew to the uttermost parts of the earth.

PHOTO. FROM COMMERCIAL MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA

Old Canal Boat Construction Yard, Delaware and Raritan Canal

Work on the Trinity

HOW very many people have heard it, and how very few people ever read the book or heard of the abbé! So with the Trinity River. Dallas, Texas, is on this river, a few miles above its confluence with the East Fork. There has rarely been a situation where a competing water route to the sea was more clearly indicated, as the doctors say, than at Dallas. In the center of the greatest cottonbelt in the world it was actually being strangled by the railroads. It was proposed to improve the Trinity; but then the question was raised whether there was sufficient water in the short stretch down to the point where the two forks united to maintain the required depth if a lock and dam were put there.

In an unhappy moment an engineer suggested that if there were any doubts on this point artesian wells could be sunk to supply the deficiency! How that tale spread and how it has grown and waxed fat as repetition as well as distance lent enchantment! It has been repeated in infinite variations until there are but few who have not heard at least one version of it.

The very matter-of-fact business men of Dallas were confronted with the condition, while the theory was cutting its fantastic tricks as clever paragraphers about the country gave it additions and much currency. Everybody smiled when the Trinity was mentioned; and so these selfsame business men went down into their pockets and dug up some sixty-six thousand dollars wherewith to construct a lock and dam to demonstrate that there was ample water in this short section of the river. This they did to everybody's satisfaction and Congress thereupon adopted the project. It was understood from the very outset that no commerce could develop until the series of locks and dams were completed to the Gulf. There was nothing stranger in this than that there would be no commerce at Panama until the canal was completed. In a few years the improvement of the Trinity will be completed and this greatest cotton-producing section of the world will then be enabled to use it. Until that good day comes, however, it must serve our orators and editors as an illustration of the wicked waste involved in the annual Pork Barrel, where money is spent on a stream that bears no commerce!

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Erie Canal Barge Tow in Hudson River, near West Point, New York

Cascades Canal and Locks, Oregon

The Brazos has to run this same gauntlet until its progressing improvement brings Waco in touch with the Gulf of Mexico.

These are the bright particular spots that illumine every article on the Pork Barrel, and they are the horrible examples pointed to by the orators who fight this same devil—that is, by those who happen to know these projects are being provided for. As a rule, of course, your political orator does not labor under the handicap of accurate information.

The climax of Pork Barrel orations and editorials usually, almost invariably, finds its fitting cap in the waste of the people's money on ridiculous creeks. How I have heard the changes rung on these worthless creeks!

A party of Congressmen were riding round Boston Harbor some years ago. We were being shown the shipping and the wonderful facilities of that great port by one of the jolliest and cleverest sons of the Old Bay State. We passed a curious old hulk lying in a rather neglected nook of the harbor, when our guide pointed it out as the old Constitution and really grew eloquent in his recount of its heroic achievements. We were charmed!

Then another less imaginative Bostonian broke into explain that this was all a mistake! So far from being the Constitution, it was nothing more than an unworthy barge converted into a houseboat! Turning on this iconoclast our host shouted:

"Well, I knew that all along; but it was serving the purpose most excellent well, and now you have converted this delightful surprise into the biggest disappointment of the morning—and that, too, simply for the sake of uninteresting truth."

The Tonnage of the Creeks

IF IT were not for the fact that it would be doing ill service to the cause of waterway improvement, by poisoning the public conscience with palatable though thoroughly unwholesome fallacies, I would not break this insignificant-creek idol; but I must. Let us, therefore, consider some dry though very pertinent facts.

During the past four years Congress has passed four Rivers and Harbors appropriation bills. The total carried in those four bills for the improvement of creeks, all told, was nine hundred and one thousand dollars. These same bills carried, for all rivers and all harbors, something more than one hundred million dollars. Of this sum the creeks got something less than one per cent. During those same four years those same creeks, counting all, floated in commerce among our people a tonnage officially valued at one billion dollars.

The Ohio River runs for a thousand miles through one of the busiest valleys of this turbulent earth. We are now hurrying to completion a project there for a nine-foot depth from Pittsburgh to the Mississippi River, where it will connect with another nine-foot channel out to the Gulf. We are going to spend on this Ohio River project sixty-three million dollars and everybody applauds the enterprise, as everybody must. The tonnage of the Ohio River is about ten millions annually.

Those creeks, which cost us less than one million in four years, bear an annual commerce of nearly seven million tons. How many railroads are there in these United States that can carry a billion dollars of commerce with a trackage maintenance charge of nine hundred and one thousand dollars? Our maintenance charges at Panama, military included, are going to be some twenty-five or thirty million dollars annually.

Is there any poet now in captivity who expects to see thirty thousand million dollars of commerce pass through the Panama Canal annually? If it does not, then the creeks will show better in the comparison.

(Continued on Page 57)

THE BUSHER COMES BACK

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

She Was All Broke Up But I Told Her I Didn't Have Enough Dough to Get Married

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, MAY 13.

FRIEND AL: I suppose you and the rest of the boys in Bedford will be supprised to learn that I am out here, because I remember telling you when I was sold to San Francisco by the White Sox that not under no circumstances would I report here. I was pretty mad when Comiskey give me my release, because I didn't think I had been given a fair show by Callahan. I don't think so yet Al and I never will but Bill Sullivan the old White Sox catcher talked to me and told me not to pull no boner by refuseing to go where they sent me. He says You're only hurting yourself. He says You must remember that this was your first time up in the big show and very few men no matter how much stuff they got can expect to make good right off the reel. He says All you need is experience and pitching out in the Coast League will be just the thing for you.

So I went in and asked Comiskey for my transportation and he says That's right Boy go out there and work hard and maybe I will want you back. I told him I hoped so but I don't hope nothing of the kind Al. I am going to see if I can't get Detroit to buy me, because I would rather live in Detroit than anywheres else. The little girl who got stuck on me this spring lives there. I guess I told you about her Al. Her name is Violet and she is some queen. And then if I got with the Tigers I wouldn't never have to pitch against Cobb and Crawford, though I believe I could show both of them up if I was right. They ain't got much of a ball club here and hardly any good pitchers outside of me. But I don't care

I will win some games if they give me any support and I will get back in the big league and show them birds something. You know me, Al. Your pal, JACK.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, MAY 20.

AL: Well old pal I don't suppose you can find much news of this league in the papers at home so you may not know that I have been standing this league on their heads. I pitched against Oakland up home and shut them out with two hits. I made them look like suckers Al. They hadn't never saw no speed like mine and they was scared to death the minute I cut loose. I could of pitched the last six innings with my foot and trimmed them they was so scared.

Well we come down here for a serious and I worked the second game. They got four hits and one run, and I just give them the one run. Their shortstop Johnson was on the training trip with the White Sox and of course I knowed him pretty well. So I eased up in the last inning and let him hit one. If I had of wanted to let myself out he couldn't of hit me with a board. So I am going along good and Howard our manager says he is going to use me regular. He's a pretty nice manager and not a bit sarkastic like some of them big leaguers. I am fielding my position good and watching the baserunners to. Thank goodness Al they ain't no Cobbs in this league and a man ain't scared of haveing his uniform stole off his back.

But listen Al I don't want to be bought by Detroit no more. It is all off between Violet and I. She wasn't the sort of girl I suspected. She is just like them all Al. No heart. I wrote her a letter from Chicago telling her I was sold to San Francisco and she wrote back a postcard saying something about not haveing no time to waste on bushers. What do you know about that Al? Calling me a busher. I will show them. She wasn't no good Al and I figure I am well rid of her. Good riddance is rubbish as they say.

I will let you know how I get along and if I hear anything about being sold or drafted. Yours truly, JACK.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, JULY 20.

FRIEND AL: You will forgive me for not writeing to you oftener when you hear the news I got for you. Old pal I am engaged to be married. Her name is Hazel Carney and she is some queen, Al -a great big strapping girl that must weigh one hundred and sixty lbs. She is out to every game and she got stuck on me from watching me work.

Then she writes a note to me and makes a date and I meet her down on Market Street one night. We go to a nickel show together and have some time. Since then we been together pretty near every evening except when I was away on the road

Night before last she asked me if I was married and I tells her No and she says a big handsome man like I ought not to have no trouble finding a wife. I tells her I ain't never looked for one and she says Well you wouldn't have to look very far. I asked her if she was married and she said No but she wouldn't mind it. She likes her beer pretty well and her and I had several and I guess I was feeling pretty good. Anyway I guess I asked her if she wouldn't marry me and she says it was O. K. I ain't a bit sorry Al because she is some doll and will make them all sit up back home. She wanted to get married right away but I said No wait till the season is over and maybe I will have more dough. She asked me what I was getting and I told her two hundred dollars a month. She says she didn't think I was getting enough and I don't neither but I will get the money when I get up in the big show again.

Anyway we are going to get married this fall and then I will bring her home and show her to you. She wants to live in Chi or New York but I guess she will like Bedford O. K. when she gets aquainted.

I have made good here all right Al. Up to a week ago Sunday I had won eleven straight. I have lost a couple since then, but one day I wasn't feeling good and the other time they kicked it away behind me.

I had a run in with Howard after Portland had beat me. He says Keep on running round with that skirt and you won't never win another game.

He says Go to bed nights and keep in shape or I will take your money. I told him to mind his own business and then he walked away from me. I guess he was scared I was going to smash him. No manager ain't going to bluff me Al.

So I went to bed early last night and didn't keep my date with the kid. She was pretty sore about it but business before plesure Al. Don't tell the boys nothing about me being engaged. I want to supprise them. Your pal, JACK.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST 16.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I got the supprise of my life last night. Howard called me up after I got to my room and tells me I am going back to the White Sox. Come to find out, when they sold me out here they kept a option on me and yesterday they exercised it. He told me I would have to report at once. So I packed up as quick as I could and then went down to say good-by to the kid. She was all broke up and wanted to go along with me but I told her I didn't have enough dough to get married. She said she would come anyway and we could get married in Chi but I told her she better wait. She cried all over my sleeve. She sure is gone on me Al and I couldn't help feeling sorry for her but I promised to send for her in October and then everything will be all O. K. She asked me how much I was going to get in the big league and I told her I would get a lot more money than out here because I wouldn't play if I didn't. You know me Al.

I come over here to Sacramento with the club this morning and I am leaveing tonight for Chi. I will get there next Tuesday and I guess Callahan will work me right away because he must of seen his mistake in letting me go by now. I will show them Al.

I looked up the skedule and I seen where we play in Detroit the fifth and sixth of September. I hope they will let me pitch there Al. Violet goes to the games and I will make her sorry she give me that kind of treatment. And I will make them Tigers sorry they kidded me last spring. I ain't afraid of Cobb or none of them now, Al. Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 27.

AL: Well old pal I guess I busted in right. Did you notice what I done to them Athaletics, the best ball club in the country? I bet Violet wishes she hadn't called me no busher.

I got here last Tuesday and set up in the stand and watched the game that afternoon. Washington was playing here and Johnson pitched. I was anxious to watch him because I had heard so much about him. Honest Al he ain't as fast as me. He shut them out, but they never was much of a hitting club. I went to the clubhouse after the game and shook hands with the bunch. Kid Gleason the assistant manager seemed pretty glad to see me and he says Well have you learned something? I says Yes I guess I have. He says Did you see the game this afternoon? I says I had and he asked me what I thought of Johnson. I says I don't think so much of him. He says Well I guess you ain't learned nothing then. He says What was the matter with Johnson's work? I says He ain't got nothing but a fast ball. Then he says Yes and Rockefeller ain't got nothing but a hundred million bucks.

You Will Like A W B Her O. K. I Fell for Her the First Time I Seen Her

Well I asked Callahan if he was going to give me a chance to work and he says he was. But I sat on the bench a couple of days and he didn't ask me to do nothing. Finally I asked him why not and he says I am saving you to work against a good club, the Athaletics. Well the Athaletics come and I guess you know by this time what I done to them. And I had to work against Bender at that but I ain't afraid of none of them now Al.

Baker didn't hit one hard all afternoon and I didn't have no trouble with Collins neither. I let them down with five blows all though the papers give them seven. Them reporters here don't know no more about scoreing than some old woman. They give Barry a hit on a fly ball that Bodie ought to of eat up, only he stumbled or

something and they handed Oldring a twobase hit on a ball that Weaver had to duck to get out of the way from. But I don't care nothing about reporters. I beat them Athaletics and beat them good, five to one. Gleason slapped me on the back after the game and says Well you learned something after all. Rub some arnicky on your head to keep the swelling down and you may be a real pitcher yet. I says I ain't got no swell head. He says No. If I hated myself like you do I would be a moveing-picture actor.

Well I asked Callahan would he let me pitch up to Detroit and he says Sure! He says Do you want to get revenge on them? I says, Yes I did. He says Well you have certainly got some comeing. He says I never seen no man get worse treatment than them Tigers give you last spring. I says Well they won't do it this time because I will know how to pitch to them. He says How are you going to pitch to Cobb? I says I am going to feed him on my slow one. He says Well Cobb had ought to make a good meal off of that. Then we quit jokeing and he says You have improved a hole lot and I am going to work you right along regular and if you can stand the gaff I may be able to use you in the city serious. You know Al the White Sox plays a city serious every fall with the Cubs and the players makes quite a lot of money. The winners gets about eight hundred dollars a peace and the losers about five hundred. We will be the winners if I have anything to say about it.

I am tickled to death at the chance of working in Detroit and I can't hardly wait till we get there. Watch my smoke Al.

Your pal, JACK.

P. S. I am going over to Allen's flat to play cards a while tonight. Allen is the left-hander that was on the training trip with us. He ain't got a thing, Al, and I don't see how he gets by. He is married and his wife's sister is visiting them. She wants to meet me but it won't do her much good. I seen her out to the game today and she ain't much for looks.

DETROIT, MICH., SEPTEMBER 6.

FRIEND AL: I got a hole lot to write but I ain't got much time because we are going over to Cleveland on the boat at ten P. M. I made them Tigers like it Al just like I said I would. And what do you think Al, Violet called me up after the game and wanted to see me but I will tell you about the game first.

They got one hit off of me and Cobb made it a scratch single that he beat out. If he hadn't of been so dam fast I would of had a 0 hit game. At that Weaver could of threw him out if he had of started after the ball in time. Crawford didn't get nothing like a hit and I whiffed him once. I give two walks both of them to Bush but he is such a little guy that you can't pitch to him.

When I was warming up before the game Callahan was standing beside me and pretty soon Jennings come over. Jennings says You ain't going to pitch that bird are you? And Callahan said Yes he was. Then Jennings says I wish you wouldn't because my boys is all tired out and can't run the bases. Callahan says They won't get no chance today. No, says Jennings I suppose not. I suppose he will walk them all and they won't have to run. Callahan says He won't give no bases on balls, he says. But you better tell your gang that he is liable to bean them and they better stay away from the plate. Jennings says He won't never hurt my boys by beaning them. Then I cut in. Nor you neither, I says. Callahan laughs at that so I guess I must of pulled a pretty good one. Jennings didn't have no comeback so he walks away.

Then Cobb come over and asked if I was going to work. Callahan told him Yes. Cobb says How many innings? Callahan says All the way. Then Cobb says Be a good fellow Cal and take him out early. I am lame and can't run. I butts in then and said Don't worry, Cobb. You won't have to run because we have got a catcher who can hold them third strikes. Callahan laughed again and says to me You sure did learn something out on that Coast.

Well I walked Bush right off the real and they all begun to holler on the Detroit bench There he goes again. Vitt come up and Jennings yells Leave your bat in the bag Osker. He can't get them over. But I got them over for that bird all O. K. and he pops out trying to bunt. And then I whiffed Crawford. He starts off with a foul that had me scared for a minute because it was pretty close to the foul line and it went clear out of the park. But he missed a spitter a foot and then I supprised them Al. I give him a slow ball and I honestly had to laugh to see him lunge for it. I bet he must of strained himself. He throwed his bat away like he was mad and I guess he was. Cobb comes pranceing up like he always does and yells Give me that slow one Boy. So I says All right. But I fooled him. Instead of giveing him a slow one like I said I was going to I handed him a spitter. He hit it all right but it was a line drive right in Chase's hands. He says Pretty lucky Boy but I will get you next time. I come right back at him. I says Yes you will.

Well Al I had them going like that all through. About the sixth inning Callahan yells from the bench to Jennings What do you think of him now? And Jennings didn't say nothing. What could he of said?

Cobb makes their one hit in the eighth. He never would of made it if Schalk had of let me throw him spitters instead of fast ones. At that Weaver ought to of threw him out. Anyway they didn't score and we made a monkey out of Dubuque, or whatever his name is.

Well Al I got back to the hotel and snuck down the street a ways and had a couple of beers before supper. So I come to the supper table late and Walsh tells me they had been several phone calls for me. I go down to the desk and they tell me to call up a certain number. So I called up and they charged me a nickel for it. A girl's voice answers the phone and I says Was they some one there that wanted to talk to Jack Keefe? She says You bet they is. She says Don't you know me, Jack? This is Violet. Well, you could of knocked me down with a peace of thread. I says What do you want? She says Why I want to see you. I says Well you can't see me. She says Why what's the matter, Jack? What have I did that you should be sore at me? I says I guess you know all right. You called me a busher. She says Why I didn't do nothing of the kind. I says Yes you did on that postcard. She says I didn't write you no postcard.

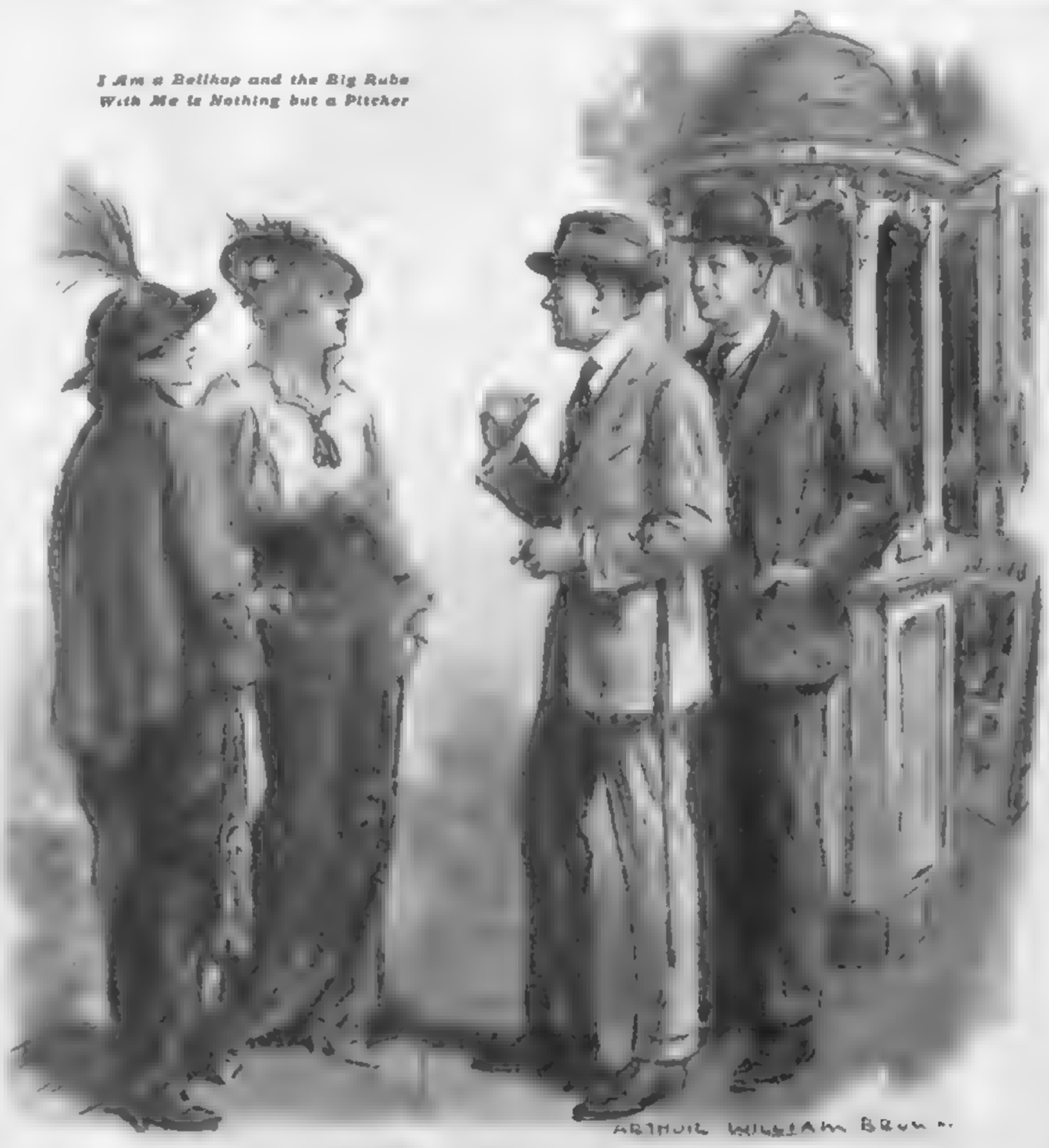
Then we argued along for a while and she swore up and down that she didn't write me no postcard or call me no busher. I says Well then why didn't you write me a letter when I was in Frisco? She says she had lost my address. Well Al I don't know if she was telling me the truth or not but maybe she didn't write that postcard after all. She was crying over the telephone so I says Well it is too late for I and you to get together because I am engaged to be married. Then she screamed and I hang up the receiver. She must of called back two or three times because they was calling my name round the hotel but I wouldn't go near the phone. You know me Al.

Well when I hang up and went back to finish my supper the dining room was locked. So I had to go out and buy myself a sandwich. They soaked me fifteen cents for a sandwich and a cup of coffee so with the nickel for the phone I am out twenty cents altogether for nothing. But then I would of had to tip the waiter in the hotel a dime.

Well Al I must close and catch the boat. I expect a letter from Hazel in Cleveland and maybe Violet will write to me too. She is stuck on me all right Al. I can see that. And I don't believe she could of wrote that postcard after all.

Yours truly, JACK.

I Am a Bellhop and the Big Rube With Me Is Nothing but a Pitcher



BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, SEPTEMBER 12.

OLD PAL: Well Al I got a letter from Hazel in Cleveland and she is comeing to Chi in October for the city serious. She asked me to send her a hundred dollars for her fare and to buy some cloths with. I sent her thirty dollars for her fare and told her she could wait till she got to Chi to buy her cloths. She said she would give me the money back as soon as she seen me but she is a little short now because one of her girl friends borrowed fifty off of her. I guess she must be pretty soft-hearted Al. I hope you and Bertha can come up for the wedding because I would like to have you stand up with me.

I all so got a letter from Violet and they was blots all over it like she had been crying. She swore she did not write that postcard and said she would die if I didn't believe her. She wants to know who the lucky girl is who I am engaged to be married to. I believe her Al when she says she did not write that postcard but it is too late now. I will let you know the date of my wedding as soon as I find out.

I guess you seen what I done in Cleveland and here. Allen was going awful bad in Cleveland and I relieved him in the eighth when we had a lead of two runs. I put them out in one-two-three order in the eighth but had hard work in the ninth due to rotten support. I walked Johnston and Chapman and Turner sacrificed them ahead. Jackson come up then and I had two strikes on him. I could of whiffed him but Schalk makes me give him a fast one when I wanted to give him a slow one. He hit it to Berger and Johnston ought to of been threw out at the plate but Berger fumbles and then has to make the play at first base. He got Jackson all O. K. but they was only one run behind then and Chapman was on third base. Lajoie was up next and Callahan sends out word for me to walk him. I thought that was rotten manageing because Lajoie or no one else can hit me when I want to cut loose. So after I give him two bad balls I tried to slip over a strike on him but the lucky stiff hit it on a line to Weaver. Anyway the game was over and I felt pretty good. But Callahan don't appresiate good work Al. He give me a call in the clubhouse and said if I ever disobeyed his orders again he would suspend me without no pay and lick me too. Honest Al it was all I could do to keep from wrapping his jaw but Gleason winks at me not to do nothing.

I worked the second game here and give them three hits two of which was bunts that Lord ought to of eat up. I got better support in Frisco than I been getting here Al. But I don't care. The Boston bunch couldn't of hit me with a shovvel and we beat them two to nothing. I worked against Wood at that. They call him Smoky Joe and they say he has got a lot of speed.

Boston is some town, Al, and I wish you and Bertha could come here sometime. I went down to the wharf this morning and seen them unload the fish. They must of been a million of them but I didn't have time to count them. Every one of them was five or six times as big as a blue gill.

Violet asked me what would be my address in New York City so I am dropping her a post card to let her know all though I don't know what good it will do her. I certainly won't start no correspondents with her now that I am engaged to be married. Yours truly, JACK.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16.

FRIEND AL: I opened the serious here and beat them easy but I know you must of saw about it in the Chi papers. At that they don't give me no fair show in the Chi papers. One of the boys bought one here and I seen in it where I was lucky to win that game in Cleveland. If I knowed which one of them reporters wrote that I would punch his jaw.

Al I told you Boston was some town but this is the real one. I never seen nothing like it and I been going some since we got here. I walked down Broadway the Main Street last night and I run into a couple of the ballplayers and they took me to what they call the Garden but it ain't like the gardens at home because this one is indoors. We sat down to a table and had several drinks. Pretty soon one of the boys asked me if I was broke and I says No, why? He says You better get some lubricateing oil and loosen up. I don't know what he meant but pretty soon when we had had a lot of drinks the waiter brings a check and hands it to me. It was for one dollar. I says Oh I ain't paying for all of them. The waiter says This is just for that last drink.

I thought the other boys would make a holler but they didn't say nothing. So I give him a dollar bill and even then he didn't act satisfied so I asked him what he was waiting for and he said Oh nothing, kind of sassy. I was going to bust him but the boys give me the sign to shut up and not to say nothing. I excused myself pretty soon because I wanted to get some air. I give my check for my hat to a boy and he brought my hat and I started going and he says Haven't you forgot something? I guess he must of thought I was wearing a overcoat.

Then I went down the Main Street again and some man stopped me and asked me did I want to go to the show. He said he had a ticket. I asked him what show and he said the Follies. I never heard of it but I told him I would go if he had a ticket to spare. He says I will spare you this one for three dollars. I says You must take me for some boob. He says No I wouldn't insult no boob. So I walks on but if he had of insulted me I would of busted him.

I went back to the hotel then and run into Kid Gleason. He asked me to take a walk with him so out I go again. We went to the corner and he bought me a beer. He don't drink nothing but pop himself. The two drinks was only ten cents so I says This is the place for me. He says Where have you been? and I told him about paying one dollar for three drinks. He says I see I will have to take charge of you. Don't go round with them ballplayers no more. When you want to go out and see the sights come to me and I will stear you. So tonight he is going to stear me. I will write to you from Philadelphia.

Your pal, JACK.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., SEPTEMBER 19.

FRIEND AL: They won't be no game here today because it is raining. We all been loafing round the hotel all day and I am glad of it because I got all tired out over in New York City. I and Kid Gleason went round together the last couple of nights over there and he wouldn't let me spend no money. I seen a lot of girls that I would of liked to of got aquainted with but he wouldn't even let me answer them when they spoke to me. We run in to a couple of peaches last night and they had us spotted too. One of them says I'll bet you're a couple of ballplayers. But Kid says You lose your bet. I am a bellhop and the big rube with me is nothing but a pitcher.

One of them says What are you trying to do kid somebody? He says Go home and get some soap and remove your disguise from your face. I didn't think he ought to talk like that to them and I called him about it and said maybe they was lonesome and it wouldn't hurt none if we treated them to a soda or something. But he says Lonesome! If I don't get you away from here they will steal everything you got. They won't even leave you your fast ball. So we left them and he took me to a picture show. It was some California pictures and they made me think of Hazel so when I got back to the hotel I sent her three postcards.

Gleason made me go to my room at ten o'clock both nights but I was pretty tired anyway because he had walked me all over town. I guess we must of saw twenty shows. He says I would take you to the grand opera only it would be throwing money away because we can hear Ed Walsh for nothing. Walsh has got some voice Al a loud high tenor.

Tomorrow is Sunday and we have a double header Monday on account of the rain today. I thought sure I would get another chance to beat the Athaletics and I asked Callahan if he was going to pitch me here but he said he thought he would save me to work against Johnson in Washington. So you see Al he must figure I am about the best he has got. I'll beat him Al if they get a couple of runs behind me. Yours truly, JACK.

P. S. They was a letter here from Violet and it pretty near made me feel like crying. I wish they was two of me so both them girls could be happy.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 22.

DEAR OLD AL: Well Al here I am in the capital of the old United States. We got in last night and I been walking round town all morning. But I didn't tire myself out because I am going to pitch against Johnson this afternoon.

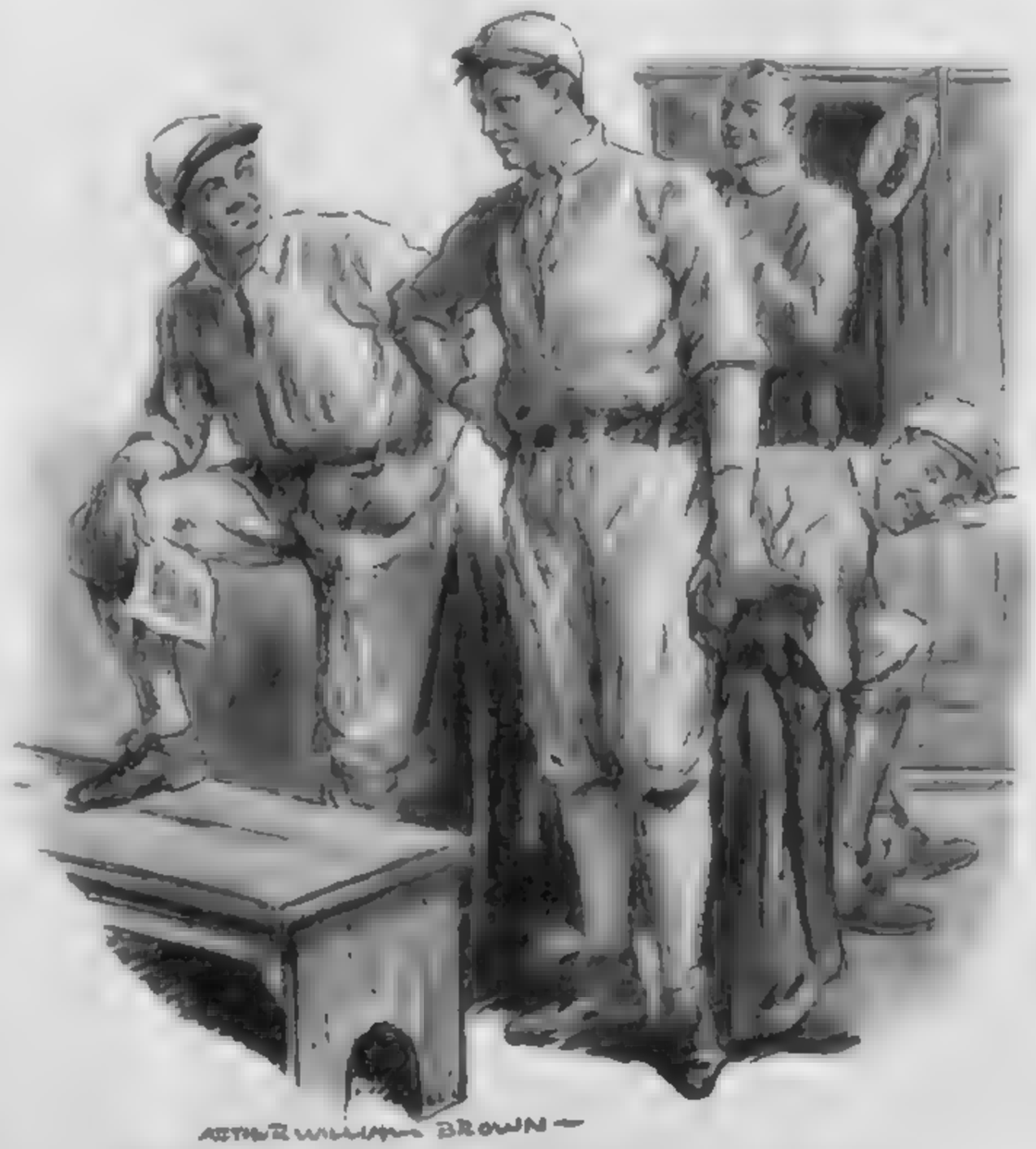
This is the prettiest town I ever seen but I believe they is more colored people here than they is in Evansville or Chi. I seen the White House and the Monumunt. They say that Bill Sullivan and Gabby St. once catched a baseball that was threw off of the top of the Monumunt but I bet they couldn't catch it if I throwed it.

I was in to breakfast this morning with Gleason and Bodie and Weaver and Fournier. Gleason says I'm supprised that you ain't sick in bed today. I says Why?

He says Most of our pitchers gets sick when Cal tells them they are going to work against Johnson. He says Here's these other fellows all feeling pretty sick this morning and they ain't even pitchers. All they have to do is hit against him but it looks like as if Cal would have to send substitutes in for them. Bodie is complaining of a sore arm which he must of strained drawing to two-card flushes. Fournier and Weaver have strained their legs doing the tango dance. Nothing could cure them except to hear that big Walter had got throwed out of his machine and wouldn't be able to pitch against us this serious.

I says I feel O. K. and I ain't afraid to pitch against Johnson and I ain't afraid to hit against him neither. Then Weaver says Have you ever saw him work? Yes, I says, I seen him in Chi. Then Weaver says Well if you have saw him work and ain't afraid to hit against him I'll bet you would go down to Wall Street and holler Hurrah for Roosevelt. I says No I wouldn't do that but I ain't afraid of no pitcher and what is more if you get me a couple of runs I'll beat him. Then Fournier says Oh we will get you a couple of runs all right. He says That's just as easy as catching whales with a angleworm.

Well Al I must close and go in and get some lunch. My arm feels great and they will have to go some to beat me Johnson or no Johnson. Your pal, JACK.



Rub Some Arnicky on Your Head and You May be a Real Pitcher Yet

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 22.

FRIEND AL: Well I guess you know by this time that they didn't get no two runs for me, only one, but I beat him just the same. I beat him one to nothing and Callahan was so pleased that he give me a ticket to the theater. I just got back from there and it is pretty late and I already have wrote you one letter today but I am going to sit up and tell you about it.

It was cloudy before the game started and when I was warming up I made the remark to Callahan that the dark day ought to make my speed good. He says Yes and of course it will handicap Johnson.

While Washington was takeing their practice their two coachers Schaefer and Altrock got out on the infield and cut up and I pretty near busted laughing at them. They certainly is funny Al. Callahan asked me what was I laughing at and I told him and he says That's the first time I ever seen a pitcher laugh when he was going to work against Johnson. He says Griffith is a pretty good fellow to give us something to laugh at before he shoots that guy at us.

I warmed up good and told Schalk not to ask me for my spitter much because my fast one looked faster than I ever seen it. He says it won't make much difference what you pitch today. I says Oh, yes, it will because Callahan thinks enough of me to work me against Johnson and I want to show him he didn't make no mistake. Then Gleason says No he didn't make no mistake. Wasteing Cicotte or Scotty would of been a mistake in this game.

Well, Johnson whiffs Weaver and Chase and makes Lord pop out in the first inning. I walked their first guy but I didn't give Milan nothing to bunt and finally he flied out. And then I whiffed the next two. On the bench Callahan says That's the way, boy. Keep that up and we got a chance.

Johnson had fanned four of us when I come up with two out in the third inning and he whiffed me to. I fouled one though that if I had ever of got a good hold of I would of knocked out of the park. In the first seven innings we didn't have a hit off of him. They had got five or six lucky ones off of me and I had walked two or three, but I cut loose with all I had when they was men on and they couldn't do nothing with me. The only reason I walked so many was because my fast one was jumping so. Honest Al it was so fast that Evans the umpire couldn't see it half the time and he called a lot of balls that was right over the heart.

Well I come up in the eighth with two out and the score still nothing and nothing. I had whiffed the second time as well as the first but it was account of Evans missing one on me. The eighth started with Shanks muffing a fly ball off of Bodie. It was way out by the fence so he got two bases on it and he went to third while they was throwing Berger out. Then Schalk whiffed.

Callahan says Go up and try to meet one Jack. It might as well be you as anybody else. But your old pal didn't whiff this time Al. He gets two strikes on me with fast ones and then I passed up two bad ones. I took my healthy at the next one and slapped it over first base. I guess I could of made two bases on it but I didn't want to tire myself out. Anyway Bodie scored and I had them beat. And my hit was the only one we got off of him so I guess he is a pretty good pitcher after all Al.

They filled up the bases on me with one out in the ninth but it was pretty dark then and I made McBride and their catcher look like suckers with my speed.

I felt so good after the game that I drunk one of them pink cocktails. I don't know what their name is. And then I sent a postcard to poor little Violet. I don't care nothing about her but it don't hurt me none to try and cheer her up once in a while. We leave here Thursday night for home and they had ought to be two or three letters there for me from Hazel because I haven't heard from her lately. She must of lost my road addresses.

Your pal, JACK.

P. S. I forgot to tell you what Callahan said after the game. He said I was a real pitcher now and he is going to use me in the city serious. If he does Al we will beat them Cubs sure.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER 27.

FRIEND AL: They wasn't no letter here at all from Hazel and I guess she must of been sick. Or maybe she didn't think it was worth while writeing as long as she is comeing next week.

I want to ask you to do me a favor Al and that is to see if you can find me a house down there. I will want to move in with Mrs. Keefe, don't that sound

(Continued on Page 61)

CHEAP AT A MILLION

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

X

E. H. MERRIWETHER drove to the house of mystery in his motor, told the chauffeur to wait and rang the bell. One of the overintelligent-looking footmen opened the door.

"I wish to see Mr.—whoever is master in this house."

"Yes, sir!"

The footman led the way. At the door of the library he knocked twice sharply, then after a pause once, and then twice again. He waited; and presently, having evidently heard some answer not audible to the financier, he opened the door and announced:

"Mr. E. H. Merriwether!"

Why had there been any necessity for signals? Why such cheap theatrical claptrap? To make him think things? These questions in Mr. Merriwether's mind showed that the mysterious master of the house knew the advantage of suggesting the important sense of difference.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," answered E. H. Merriwether, and looked about the room.

No girl!

It began to irritate him. The man intensified the feeling by speaking very deliberately, as one to whom time is no object:

"Pray be seated, Mr. Merriwether."

"I am a very busy man," began the autocrat of fifteen thousand miles of railroad.

"Sit down anyhow," imperturbably suggested the man.

The autocrat sat down. He said:

"But please understand that."

"I won't keep you any longer because you are sitting. Shall we get down to business?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Merriwether"—the man spoke almost dreamily—"do you know why I asked you to call today at eleven?"

"No."

"Because when you were here yesterday it was after banking hours."

"And?" The little czar was in a hurry to finish.

"You, Mr. Merriwether, are one of those fortunate mortals about whom the newspapers do not lie."

"Oh, am I? I take it you haven't seen a newspaper in twelve years." Mr. Merriwether, after all, was an American. His sense of humor helped to make him great.

"I've read every line that has ever been printed about you—I had to, in order to study you exhaustively. I find that you are acknowledged by both friends and foes to be an intelligent man."

"Oh, yes!"

"A very intelligent man!" continued the man.

"And therefore?" said the very intelligent man.

"And therefore I now ask you to give me one million dollars."

Mr. E. H. Merriwether never so much as batted an eyelid. He kept his eyes fixed on the stranger's eyes. He repeated, a trifle impatiently: "And?"

"A certified check will do."

"Come to the point—I am a busy man," said Mr. Merriwether.

The man looked at the little financier admiringly. Then he said: "You mean you wish to know why you should give the million, or what you will get for it?"

"Either! Both!"

"You should give it because it is I who ask it. You will get for it what is very, very cheap at a million."

"My dear sir, we'd do business quicker if you'd play showdown."

Now that it was a matter of money, of paying, of trading, Tom's father felt a great sense of relief. Still, there was Tom's unhappiness to consider. Poor boy!

"I want you to give me a million so that in return I may give you a daughter-in-law."

"You mean you will not give me a daughter-in-law if I give you a million—don't you?"

"I am in the habit of meaning what I say. The sooner you learn that, the quicker we'll close the deal. I mean that for a million dollars I'll give you a daughter-in-law."

Mr. Merriwether shook his head. It was plainly to be seen on his face that every moment spent in this room was a sad waste of time.

"Isn't it worth a million to you?" asked the man, as if he knew it was.

Mr. Merriwether proceeded to look as though it were worth even less than a Santo Domingo mining concession. Then he said, with finality: "No!"

The man rose.

"I am Going to Lick You With This Whip!"

"Then"—he spoke indifferently—"come back when it is. I'll ask you to excuse me. I, also, am a busy man. Good day, sir."

Mr. Merriwether rose and bowed. He looked straight into the man's very shrewd eyes, smiled very slightly—and sat down again.

"Do you mean," he asked very pleasantly, for his bluff had been called, "Miss Calderon?"

The man sat down.

"Oh, no!" he answered unsmilingly.

"No? Then?" Mr. Merriwether was so surprised that he forgot not to show it.

"I am sorry you are a busy man, because what I have to say cannot be hurried. First, you must chase from your mind all thoughts of Wall Street, high finance, railroad systems—and fill it with love!"

Mr. Merriwether looked alarmed. Would it all end with a Biblical text and an exhortation to endow some Home?

"You can do this," pursued the man imperturbably, "by thinking of your son Tom. He is your only son. You should love him. Once your mind is attuned to thoughts of love, you will be able to understand me more easily. Concentrate on love!"

The man leaned back in his chair as though he were certain the attuning process would consume an hour, this being, alas! a Wall Street man; but Merriwether said very promptly:

"I am ready for Chapter II."

"I doubt it. Love! The love of father for son, of son for mother, of son for wife, of son for father and so on!"

"I understand. My mind works quickly. Go on!"

"Do you by any chance happen to know that your son is in love?"

"Yes. Where is the girl?"

"It isn't the girl. It's just girl."

"Oh, quit vaudevilling!"

"There is no girl who is the girl. There never was. There doesn't have to be any!"

Quite obviously this man was a lunatic—with the eyes of a particularly sane person. If there was no girl Tom was in no danger of marriage. A million for not marrying an undesirable person—yes; but a million for a daughter-in-law, when Tom was not in love!

"Only," thought Mr. Merriwether, "in case I have the selecting of her! And if I pick her I don't have to pay."

"And yet," said the man musingly, "Tom loves her!"

Mr. Merriwether's perplexity was fast rising to the dignity of anger.

"If there had been a girl of Tom's own class," the man went on, as if talking to himself, "why shouldn't he have been seen in public with her?" Mr. Merriwether was listening now with his soul. "And if the girl were of the other class, that financial geniuses, alas! sometimes have to accept for daughters-in-law—a nice, vivacious chorus-lady, or a refined Reno graduate, or worse—she would have insisted on being seen in public with Tom, to show her power and to raise the paternal bid-price for a trip to Europe—alone!"

The man ceased to speak and began to nod his head slowly, his gaze on the rug at his feet. Mr. Merriwether could stand it no longer.

"If there is no girl, what in blazes do I get for my million?"

"Your pick of eight!"

"Eight what?"

"Eight perfect daughters-in-law!"

A thought shot through Mr. Merriwether's mind: Was any form of insanity contagious?

He looked at the lunatic. The eyes were sane—cold, shrewd, mindreading eyes, full of a sardonic humor.

"They are all," added the man as if he wished to dispel unworthy suspicion, "in love."

"With Tom?"

"With love—like Tom!"

"With love—like Tom!" helplessly repeated Mr. E. H. Merriwether.

"Your mind"—the man spoke very slowly and distinctly, as if he wished to deprive Mr. Merriwether of every excuse for not understanding him—"does not seem to be working this morning with its usual efficiency!"

"No!" admitted Mr. Merriwether sadly. "If you'd only use words of one syllable I think I could follow you better."

"It isn't that. It is that your mind was not attuned in the beginning to the thought of love, and therefore could not follow my words. You compel me to spend time in explaining the obvious. Listen! If you wish Tom to become the heir to your name, to your railroad, to your work, and to all the dreams you have dreamed about your work and about your son; if you want him to be your successor, to continue your work, to perpetuate the name and influence of Merriwether in his country—I say, if you wish all this he must do one thing and you must see that he does it. And that one thing, Mr. Merriwether, is for him to marry wisely. Do you get that?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Merriwether very simply.

"If he doesn't it will be death to your hopes—a tragic break in the Merriwether succession. No; don't shake your head. Admit it. Face it frankly. I know it. I know that you also know it. Can you expect me to believe that you want Tom to be the fool husband of a fool girl, whose influence on him ——"

"Tom isn't that kind," interrupted E. H. Merriwether.

"All men are that kind. Does history record the case of a man, greater even than E. H. Merriwether, who when it came to women was an utter ass? Yes, of a thousand; in fact, the stronger the man the weaker she makes him—the better his brain the worse his folly. And the cure? When an intelligent man realizes that he is a hopeless ass over one woman he realizes that his only escape is by the suicide route. No! It's much cheaper for you to pay the million. Oblige me by thinking. Isn't it cheaper to pay a million?"

He held up a silencing hand, as though he wished Mr. Merriwether to think for a full hour of the bargain he was getting. Mr. Merriwether thought—quickly and accurately as was his wont. And he admitted to himself that it was indeed cheap at a million. But there must be value received. Promises, however plausible, are no more to be capitalized blindly than threats. It depends on who promises and why; and also on what is promised. He thought of offering a smaller sum and of going through the usual preliminaries of a trade, but decided to be frank.

"If you can deliver the goods I'll pay the million." And after a pause he added: "Gladly!"

"You Will Love Her for Herself, as Well as for Tom's Sake"

"I banked on that when I decided you ought to contribute a million to our fund," said the man simply. "I studied you and your fortune and your vulnerability, and I decided to attack via Tom. This was easier and cheaper than a stock-market campaign."

The man somehow looked as though he had said all that was necessary; but Mr. Merriwether reminded him:

"You must prove your ability to deliver the goods."

"I thought"—the man seemed mildly surprised—"we had."

"No; the million hasn't stirred."

"You are a brave man, Mr. Merriwether."

Mr. Merriwether laughed and said:

"What should I fear? People don't murder a man like me and get away with it—not when the motive is money. Political assassination, perhaps; but not for a few dollars—especially when my heirs would spend millions to see that justice did not miscarry." He shook his head smilingly.

"My dear sir, when we decided to go into the gold-mining business ——"

"Gold-mining business!"

"Exactly! We thought to save time and effort by getting our gold already coined. Our general staff studied various methods—the ticker, for instance, and legislative attacks on your roads; but we went back to Tom. It is, of course, nearly as stupid to overestimate as to underestimate one's opponent; so, while we provided against every contingency arising from your undoubted possession of a resourceful and fearless mind, we also thought—please take note—that you might display stupidity; and we prepared for it. Such as, for instance, in case you pointblank said No! We have also provided ways of preventing you and your uncaptured millions from hurting us. Of course we could make the stock market pay us for the trouble of kidnaping you or of murdering you. Don't you see clearly what you would do if you were in my place?"

"Oh, yes—I see it clearly; but I don't believe you could do what I could in your place!"

"Nobody is free from vanity, for everybody seems to be a natural monopolist when it comes to brains. You are kidnaped at this very moment, aren't you?"

"People know I am here ——"

"Oh, yes! We expect to have you telephone McWayne presently not to expect you to lunch and that we have extended every facility to his detectives for having this house under surveillance. We kidnaped the great Garrettson and kept him out of reach of the great world of finance long enough to enable us to cash in. Not only that, but he never told how we did it. You remember when Steel broke to ——"

"You didn't do that!" exclaimed E. H. Merriwether.

"Oh, yes, we did; and I'll tell you how." And the man briefly outlined the case for him.

E. H. Merriwether listened with much interest. When the man made an end of speaking the financier shook his head skeptically, which made the man ask:

"You don't believe it?"

"No!" answered Mr. Merriwether.

"Nevertheless it is so. We also might have engineered in your case some deal such as that by which we compelled Ashton Welles to disgorge some of the money he had no business to have." And he proceeded to enlighten the financier.

"Very clever!" said Mr. Merriwether.

"Rather neat!" modestly acquiesced the man. "Suppose we had decided to kidnap you? The first thing to do is to get you here. Well, you are here."

"How will you make money by that?" asked the financier, smiling.

"We don't expect to. We have not planned to make money by kidnaping you. Nevertheless you must admit it can be made a very expensive matter for you. But please let me kidnap you without interruption!"

"I beg your pardon!" said Mr. Merriwether gravely.

It struck him that the possession of a sense of humor makes a crook ten times more dangerous. It was what made the reporter Tully really formidable.

"We assume that you foresaw the danger to yourself in coming alone to this house. You'd employ private detectives to watch it at ten dollars a day a man, exactly as you have had your son watched the moment we decided it was time for you to begin the watching. McWayne, your efficient private secretary, is ready to move to your rescue. I don't see what else you could have done to protect yourself that we have not provided for."

"The police!" mildly suggested Mr. Merriwether.

"And the reporters!" mocked the man. "Psnaw! We know what we are doing. Why, we have rehearsed your kidnaping and even your death. Our ablest members have in turn impersonated you—put themselves in your place

"I Now Ask You to Give Me One Million Dollars"

and fought us, on the principle of the German army maneuvers. I will not bore you with more details and I admit that the human mind cannot foresee accidents; but we have studied how your mind would work. Suppose you assume that you are kidnaped and beyond the possibility of help from your friends. Shall I tell you what we have done to make Tom marry one of our eight desirable candidates?"

"If you still wish that million."

"Having decided to attack through Tom we studied him and his ancestry on both sides. We easily learned that he had never had a serious love affair, and that he was imaginative and adventurous like yourself. There were many young women who would have liked to become your daughter-in-law—too many. That was Tom's trouble. But our problem was really made easier by that. We simply had to turn his thoughts to love and to one girl. We therefore did."

"How?"

"We got him here. I piqued his curiosity and made the affair an extraordinary one by saying all we wished him to do was to answer one question. As we had rather expected, he would not come; but, of course, we had foreseen that, and so we got him here in one of our own taxicabs."

"How?"

"We telephoned him the doctor said he should come instantly and that you were not really in danger. We don't believe in lies; but we took pains that no other cab was in front of the club when we telephoned him from the corner drug store. Attention to details, my dear sir, always brings home the bacon. Having roused the spirit of adventure in a remarkable way I then asked him the great question. What do you think it was?"

Tom's father shook his head.

"It was this: Where did you spend your summer at the end of your Freshman year? He told me. Then I gave him a box made to order for me by a French expert, which would deceive other experts so long as we did not try to sell it. Anybody can imitate the gold work of any period. In all the museums of the world you will find fakes. Attention to details! I was prepared to have him show that box to local experts. I assumed he would do so, being a Merriwether and, therefore, intelligently curious."

"Box with what?" asked Mr. Merriwether, also intelligently curious.

"Wait! When your son told me where he spent his summer at the end of his Freshman year I knew he was then about nineteen—too young to think of marriage but old enough to think of love. He had for the first time in his life been free from home influences and direct parental supervision. He was bound to regard himself as a man of the world and think of innocent flirtations as a manly art. Being in that frame of mind, and at the same time being a nice, rich, good-looking chap, all the girls would naturally make a dead set for him. Their numbers would keep him from having one love affair.

"All love affairs at twenty are much the same. A boy always begins by being in love with love. Indeed I believe twenty-year love to be exclusively a literary passion—that is, boys get it from reading about it. Of course I studied time, period, locality and manifold probabilities; and, therefore, I sent him on a mission that suggested love—love for the one girl that Fate intended him to love and to marry. In order to fix, accentuate and accelerate his love-thinking I used the perfume of sweet peas."

"How does that work?"

"I picked out sweet peas because they are found everywhere. Their odor is strong and characteristic. He must have inhaled that odor thousands of times when he was flirting with pretty girls the summer he spent at Oleander Point with Doctor Bonner."

"Yes; but about suggesting ——"

"I advise you to read up on the psychology of odor associations. You will learn that there is a very close relation between the olfactory sense and the desire to love. Oliver Wendell Holmes declared that memory, imagination, old sentiments and associations are more readily reached through the sense of smell than by almost any other channel; and, also, that 'olfactory impressions tend to be associated with a sum-total of feeling-tone.' This has been known for thousands of years.

"A very interesting paper was written by Mackenzie, of Johns Hopkins. If you read it you will know more than I can now take the time to tell you. The Orient understands the value of perfumes in love-making, and I could tell you amazing things; but I will refer you to Cabanis, Dadisett, Hobbes, Jaworski, Iwanicki, Schiff, Wolff and Zwaardemaker. If you wish, my secretary will prepare an exhaustive bibliography of the subject for you."

"No, thanks," said Mr. Merriwether. "But I still don't understand ——"

The man sighed. Then he said:

"I'll tell you, of course." He then told Tom's father about the message in the dark that Tom had carried.

"But he couldn't possibly believe it!" exclaimed Mr. Merriwether.

"No; he couldn't—but he did. Of course I have taken you behind the scenes—that is, I have opened your eyes and turned your head in the proper direction and held it firmly there and shouted Look! And of course you see the machinery standing still and you can't imagine it in motion. You are not so imaginative as I thought you were."

"Huh!" said E. H. Merriwether thoughtfully. Then after a brief pause he said: "I see the wheels revolving. Ingenious!"

"More than that—practical! My object in having Tom fall in love with love, suggesting that there was one girl born to be his bride, accentuated by my use of the sweet-peas odor as a *leitmotif*, was to have something to offer you which would be cheap at a million. The next step was to make Tom do foolish things—for effect on you. First, to make you fear Tom was crazy. I had a girl who knew young Waters talk to him about Tom's new and alarming queerness and suggest that he telephone to Mr. E. H. Merriwether.

"Of course Waters wouldn't telephone—and of course I did. And, of course, if you had disbelieved or suspected you would have sent for young Mr. Waters and he would have denied the telephone but admitted the queer actions of Tom and the fact that people were talking about them. That would have allayed any suspicion you might have entertained. So I stage-managed the opera scene and the Boston trip to make you fear the worst. In that frame of mind you could be induced to come here voluntarily. I sent Tully to you. You had to come!"

"Very clever!" said Mr. Merriwether with a thoughtful absence of enthusiasm.

"Therefore," continued the man as if he had not heard the other's interpolation, "your son, being full of the thought of love and, even worse, of marrying the mate that Fate selected for him five million years ago, is now ready to marry any girl that smells of sweet peas. We thought that, instead of vulgarly extracting the million from you by torture or threats, we would place you in our debt by perpetuating the Merriwether dynasty. Hence the preparation of eight very nice girls—three of them in your own set, three others children of people you know, and the remaining two equally desirable but less historical, as it were."

"Who are they?" If Mr. Merriwether was to pay a million he might as well see the label.

"Cynthia, Agnes and Isabel, daughters respectively of Gordon Hammersly, William Murray and Vanderpoel Woodford. Any objections?"

"No; but you can't ——"

"Yes, I can. Also, Louise Emlen, daughter of Marbury Emlen, the lawyer ——"

"He's a crook!" interrupted Mr. Merriwether.

"He doubtless interfered with one of your deals; I see you respect him. He's a crank, but she is a brick. And a Miss Lythgoe, daughter of Professor Lythgoe, of Columbia—the most beautiful girl in New York. Ramona Ogden; her father is Doctor Ogden, the lung specialist; her mother was a Jewess. The remaining two are of humble birth. But all of them are healthy and beautiful, of good ancestry, plenty of honesty, brains, and, above all, imaginative. Any one of them will not only make Tom happy but will make him a worthy successor of a great man. And such grandchildren as they will give you! I envy you!"

The man spoke with such fervent sincerity that E. H. Merriwether merely said:

"It is a risky business, even though the chances appear to be ——"

"That's why we ask one million dollars—because we have eliminated the risk. Very cheap. Are you ready?"

"Yes," said Mr. Merriwether grimly.

"Then, will you kindly ——"

"Yes; I will kindly tell you that you are a damned fool! You've wasted my time. I'm going to my office, and if I don't have you put in jail it will be because I don't want the publicity. But don't push me too far or I'll do it anyhow!" And Mr. E. H. Merriwether rose.

"Sit down!" said the man, with a pleasant smile.

"Go to hell!" snarled the czar of the Pacific and Southwestern, and looked at the man with the eyes that Sam Sharpe once said reminded him of a mink's when it kills for the sheer love of killing.

For all reply the man clapped his hands sharply twice. Four men—the overintelligent-looking footmen—came from behind the heavy plush portières. Also, the ascetic-looking man who had held the glass of acid in the taxicab and had brought Tom into the house the first time. The ascetic-looking man held a cornet to his lips, and his lungs were filled with still unblown blasts.

"Three weeks ago, Mr. Merriwether," explained the mysterious master of the house, "this worthy artist began to practice on his beautiful instrument at exactly this time every morning. This was in anticipation of the morning when you should be here—the idea being to drown your cries. The neighbors have complained and I have promised to play pianissimo; but a few loud blasts, which will do the trick, will be forgiven. Attention to details, Mr. Merriwether! Ready!"

The cornetist inflated his lungs and held the cornet to his lips. The footmen seized Mr. Merriwether by the arms and legs, one man to each limb.

"Doctor!" called the master.

A sixth man came from behind the portières. He had some tin cans in his hand—plainly labeled ether—and also a cylinder of compressed laughing gas and an inhaler.

"Expert! Anesthetics!" said the man curtly to Mr. Merriwether. "We propose to take you out of this house if we kidnap you. If we decide to kill you we have arranged to do it right here at home. I think we'll kidnap you. A week or two will make you amenable to reason. We realize, of course, that every day you spend under our hospitable roof will make it a little bit more difficult to get the million into our clutches. Would you like to know how we can kidnap you and get away with it?"

"Yes," replied Mr. E. H. Merriwether with a pleasant smile.

"Tell our Mr. E. H. Merriwether to come in," said the man to the cornetist, who thereupon disappeared and presently returned, followed by a man made up to resemble the great financier.

The task was rendered easy by the famous flat-brimmed hat, with the crown like a truncated cone, so familiar to newspaper readers through the cartoonists' efforts. The resemblance was not striking enough to deceive at close range, but it probably would work at a distance.

"Walk like him!" commanded the master.

The fake Mr. Merriwether walked up and down the room with the curious swaggering, jockeylike jauntiness of the little railroad man. From time to time he snapped his fingers impatiently in the same characteristic way Mr. E. H. Merriwether almost always used when giving an order to subordinates.

"That will do!" said the man, with a broad grin at the impersonator of the little financial giant. The double left the room—still walking *à la* E. H. M.

"I have had that man—an actor of about your build with a gift of mimicry—coached for weeks to imitate you. We told him it was a joke and guaranteed him an appearance before the most select audience in New York at one of Mrs. Garrettson's world-famous functions. We pledged him to a secrecy so natural, under the circumstances, as to rouse no suspicions. A few minutes ago we sent a footman to tell your chauffeur to go away and return at one. He wouldn't do it. The footman said the boss said so. Your man retorted that he took orders from only the boss himself—especially when countermanding previous orders.

"So our Mr. Merriwether went out to the front door, yelled 'One!' in your voice and snapped his finger at the intelligent chauffeur, who thereupon beat it. But the sleuth remains. It makes us laugh! But, after all, since we have provided for him, it would be a pity not to go through the entire program. Does this bore you?"

"Must I tell the truth?" asked Mr. Merriwether.

"Yes."

"I can stand more." In point of fact Mr. Merriwether was sure the situation was serious for him. That is why he joked about it.

"Over six months ago we opened an antique shop on Fourth Avenue. We had the usual truck. Also we have had this antique dealer—who is your humble servant—go from house to house on the Avenue offering to buy or exchange those antiques of which people have grown tired. We even asked you. We have offered such good prices and such excellent swaps that we have taken antiques from some of the wealthiest houses on the Avenue. Also we have made a practice of importing antiques from Europe, which we auction off every two weeks. The money we get we deposit in various banks, and then we buy bills on Paris. The banks now know us. Remember that—it is important.

"Well, we also have an exact copy of your motor, even to the initials in the door panels. Pretty soon we send for our Merriwether motor and our E. H. Merriwether emerges from this house and gets into his car and off he goes—and the sleuth with him."

"But if there should be two, and one stay?"

"Then Number Two will see not long afterward an elaborately carved Gothic chest taken from here into the antique dealer's wagon—a wagon now known to the traffic squad. We carry you away and lock you in a small soundproof room, to get to which people would have to move out of the way a lot of heavy pieces of furniture. There is no question of our ability to kidnap you and to keep you a prisoner. I tell you we have paid attention to details persistently and intelligently. Meantime what does Sam Sharpe do to the stock market? And Northrup Ashe? How much will a month's absence from your office cost you?"

"Not half as much as it will cost you when I get out."

"And if you don't get out?"

For reply Mr. E. H. Merriwether grinned broadly.

"My dear Mr. Merriwether," the man spoke very seriously now, "we had not really expected such unintelligent skepticism from you; but, as we prepared for everything, we, of course, prepared for even crass stupidity on your part. In demonstrating our power to do what I say some painful moments will be your portion. This I regret more than I can say. Just now our problem is to prove our complete physical control of you and also our utter indifference to your feelings.

"I am going to do what will make you hate me to the murder point. In deliberately making a violent enemy of a man like you we pay ourselves the compliment of thinking ourselves absolutely fearless. I propose to have you spanked—to whip you as if you were a bad little boy. We shall at first use a shingle on you—undraped. You may begin when ready, James."

"Sir," said one of the footmen very respectfully to Mr. E. H. Merriwether, "will you kindly take off your coat and waistcoat, preliminary to the removal of your trousers?"

Mr. E. H. Merriwether tried to smile, but desisted when he saw that the men's faces had taken on a grim look.

"We know," said the master solemnly, "that for every blister we raise you will gladly spend a million to clap us into jail. Do you really wish to be spanked and to hate us for it for the rest of your life?"

"No."

"The alternative is the million—or death."

"You can't kill me and get away with it."

"Oh, yes—even easier than kidnaping. Will you please assume the fact of your death?"

"I'll do that much to please you," said Mr. Merriwether. He still believed that murder would not be profitable to these men and hence did not believe they would go that far.

"Would you like to know how we propose to dispose of the body?"

"I might as well see everything," he answered in a resigned tone of voice. The man looked at him admiringly and said: "Come on!"

They led the great E. H. Merriwether to the cellar. There he saw that the furnace coal had been taken out of its bin and put in the adjoining compartment. The plank floor had been taken up, and what looked like a short trench had been dug. Outside stood a pile of crushed stone, some bags of cement, some bundles of steel rods, a section of five-inch iron soil-pipe with a mushroom-head trap at one end, and concrete-workers' tools.

"After we make absolutely sure that you are dead we throw a lot of soft mortar into the grave, deposit the corpse, and then pour in more cement—so that you will be completely surrounded by it. It will make it very difficult indeed to recognize you when they try to chip away the hard cement—if they ever try! Then we fill the grave up to the top with concrete, using plenty of steel rods—not to reenforce the concrete at all, but to make it very hard digging with a pick.

"We also stick the soil pipe into the—er—cavity in order to account for the disturbed pavement. Intelligent searchers—your son and his detectives—will assume it is plumbing, and seek no further.

"We replace the plank flooring in the bin and fill it up with coal, thereby further obliterating all traces of your grave.

"We have provided for that part, you see. Why, my dear Mr. Merriwether, what we really do to you is confer immortality on you. We elevate you to the rank of one of the mysteries. Charlie Ross and E. H. Merriwether! Just assume that we'll

(Continued on Page 52)

"If You Had Been a Really Conscienceless Financier We'd Have Made It Five Millions"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1 50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1 75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1 50) Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3 12. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 23, 1914

Feeling the Tariff

AMONG business men nowadays we often hear it remarked that from this time forth, for at least a twelvemonth, the country will feel the effect of the new tariff law as it has not felt it hitherto. Probably this is true. Obviously a tariff change the effects of which were entirely imperceptible would have been entirely useless. There is no reasonable doubt that a majority of the people of this country had reached a firm conviction that the tariff was too high and should be radically revised. Certainly they did not expect the revision to go no further than to change some figures on the statute book. They expected it to have some effect on prices. Probably that effect is now beginning to be felt.

Oddly enough the loudest complaints we have encountered come from the South, where steel men declare that English, German and Belgian bars and billets are coming in at prices they cannot meet. The Democratic answer is that, possessing such natural advantages as we do, if we cannot compete with English, German and Belgian manufacturers, after they have paid the freight, we had better shut up shop and buy our steel abroad.

More is made of the importations of corn from Argentina into the Mississippi Valley, resulting in a considerable depression of the price of the cereal at Chicago. Our corn crop in 1913 was twenty per cent smaller than in the year before. As compared with the average of the three preceding years, it fell short about twelve per cent, and the average of the three preceding years was only about equal to consumption. With a deficit in home production the price of corn might have gone somewhat higher than it has. A greater number of immature food animals might have been rushed to market because the owners would not buy the higher-priced corn with which to feed them, which would have resulted in a greater shortage of beef and mutton in the future and still higher prices for meat; but certainly all that would have been no economic gain to the country. Importing some of Argentina's surplus corn is a more rational and profitable arrangement. And at this writing corn at Chicago is fifteen per cent higher than it was a year ago.

Probably in the next twelvemonth we shall feel some effects of the new tariff; but that is no condemnation of the act. On the contrary it was for precisely that it was passed.

Opportunity

WE HAVE often wondered whether it would be humanly possible to devise equality of opportunity for children, and are quite inclined to believe that it would not be. Certainly matters might be arranged so that the overwhelming majority of poor children would not have to leave school about the time they get into the grammar grade. By free tuition, free maintenance and compensation to the parents for the youths' earning capacity it would even be possible to give bright children from the poorest homes as fair a chance at higher education as the millionaire's son has.

However, even that would not produce real equality of opportunity between the children of successful and unsuccessful men. On the whole, children derive as much from their parents and the environment their parents create as from school. A domestic environment flavored with alcohol, bickering and unpaid grocers' bills must be quite as great a handicap to a child as ignorance of syntax. Moreover, a successful parent is in the way of success. His acquaintanceship is among successful men—those who can say the right word and open the right door for a youth.

Opportunity, so to speak, belongs to his club. Whether in art, a profession or trade, the best education a young man can have comes through the personal, friendly interest of a master of the art, profession or trade—who, very likely, is his father's friend. This is something no school can give.

The parent who abuses his own opportunities squanders opportunity for his children. We do not believe it is humanly possible to get away from that; but it is certainly possible to give children greater equality of opportunity than they now have.

Scientific Exploitation

NOBODY will deny that capital lives by exploiting labor. That is its function. To exploit, says Webster, is "to utilize; to get the value or usefulness out of." Certainly, by and large, capital would not pay a dollar for labor unless it expected the produce of the labor to be worth a dollar plus. Capital calls the plus profit; Socialists call it surplus value and various other more or less hard names, which mean exactly what capital means by profit—that for a dollar outgo in wages there must be something more than a dollar income.

Scientific management is simply scientific exploitation of labor. It means making the labor more efficient; getting a greater value out of it. And, so far as it is really scientific, it means better living and working conditions, better pay, reasonable hours, protection from accidents, better schools; for there is no longer any question that all those things heighten the efficiency of labor.

It is true that a good deal of the progressiveness of our day involves a more scientific exploitation of labor. Sanitation, factory inspection, child-labor laws, wider educational opportunities, compensation for industrial accidents—all those things and many more involve conserving the labor resources of the country and making them more productive.

Capital will get part of the increased product; but we cannot understand why anybody who assumes to speak for labor should, on that account, wish these things undone. Yet quite a number of persons in that position speak as though they did.

Capital has not a tenth part of the stake in heightening the efficiency of labor that labor itself has. With labor of the lowest efficiency, capital has got along very comfortably. A man produces two dollars and a half, of which he gets the two while capital gets the half. If his product is raised to five dollars, of which he gets four—or only three dollars and fifty cents—our poor arithmetic cannot figure him worse off.

Squandering Public Money

THE National Monetary Commission, by authority of Congress and at public expense, visited Europe and investigated all phases of banking, including agricultural credits. The last of the thirty-odd volumes of its report had hardly been printed before Congress sent another commission to Europe to investigate agricultural credits.

Under the new banking law it was necessary to divide the country into reserve districts. All the information that any one needed to determine the number and boundaries of those districts was already available in print within fifteen minutes' walk of the Capitol; but a committee traveled all over the country, listening to oratory and discovering at first hand that the Mississippi River flows past St. Louis in a southerly direction.

Of course there was dissatisfaction with the committee's findings; so recently the House, as a matter of course, passed a resolution calling on the committee for all the material it had gathered. This would involve the editing, arranging and printing of huge tomes of utterly worthless stuff setting forth the roseate claims of rival cities.

This is typical of what goes on at Washington all the time. When it comes to investigating, Uncle Sam is a veritable Coal Oil Johnny. All the information needed may be obtained in the Congressional Library, just across the Capitol grounds; but Congress must send a committee through the whole country and have it gathered all over again.

What Congress really wishes to know might be contained in three pages of a report, but it must have the whole ten volumes printed again. For a quarter of the money Congress could have had a report of the physical value of railroads that would be exactly as good as the vast detailed inventory of railroad property it has ordered

The Public Defender

ON ONE side of the American criminal court stands the public prosecutor. On the other side stand a horde of private practitioners, some of them most honorable men, some of them men who would disgrace any calling. And in the middle ground stand a large number of others, who are even as you and I—not surprisingly good or surprisingly bad, but regardful, first of all, of their personal interest in the case, which dictates that they shall win it if possible without doing too great violence to their consciences.

A defendant is free to employ any of these practitioners or as many of them as he can pay. Out of the conflict between them and the public prosecutor come the delays, quibbles, exceptions, appeals, hired experts and manifold other scandals that were indelibly exemplified, for example, in the Thaw trials.

Long ago a public defender was suggested, and the idea has found favor among many broad-minded lawyers. The public defender should be appointed and paid by the public, exactly as the public prosecutor is. The defense in every criminal action should be in his hands, just as the prosecution is now in the hands of a public officer. The desire of society is simply to know as surely and expeditiously as possible whether an accused man is guilty. The present system of private defense tends to prove, rather, how smart his lawyers are.

We hope the legal profession will thresh out this question of a public defender. That criminal procedure in this country urgently needs some radical reform is not denied by anybody worth considering.

A Suggestion for Censors

SHELLEY wrote: "The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama is teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, knowledge of itself; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant and kind."

We wish all men and women whose mental limitations take the form of an itch to censor other adult persons' plays and books would cut that out and ponder it until its meaning has, perhaps, illuminated their cloudy minds.

The Meat Bill

THERE is a popular idea, especially among people who pay butchers' bills, that meat is a vanishing article of diet in the United States. We hear a good deal of the enormous decrease in our stock of meat animals in the face of a steadily rising population; and from the experience of the last fifteen years it would be easy to construct a curve the declining arc of which would touch the last Irish stew before the end of this century. In fourteen years, in fact, the production of meat has fallen off by three billion pounds, though population has risen by twenty-two millions.

However, even this cloud has a bright side. Some recent figures by the Department of Agriculture—for which only approximate accuracy is claimed—give the consumption of dressed meat as one hundred seventy-nine pounds a head in 1900 and only one hundred fifty-two pounds in 1913; but in the latter year seventeen pounds of heart, liver and tongue a head must be added. And, as more than one-tenth of the population is under five years of age, the average inhabitant above that age is eating something more than half a pound of meat a day.

Half a pound of meat a day is enough for a prize fighter in training if the rest of his diet is properly arranged; and we still have meat enough for all rational needs of a population twice the present size. Half the meat now eaten in the United States had better be exported—not so much because health does not require it as because at least half the meat eaten is of poor quality and badly cooked.

An Amendment

SECTION SIX of the newest antitrust bill reads as follows: "That nothing contained in the antitrust laws shall be construed to forbid the existence and operation of fraternal, labor, consumers', agricultural and horticultural associations . . . or to forbid or restrain individual members of such orders and associations from carrying out the legitimate objects of such associations."

To avoid ambiguity, we move to amend this section as follows:

"We stand between the devil and the deep sea. We have declared there shall be no restraint of competition and have made that the corner stone of our popular trust-busting policy; but any logical application of that dictum would ban every labor union in the country and every coöperative marketing association of farmers and fruit growers. We dare not put these labor and agricultural associations squarely inside our trust policy, for that would cost too many votes. We dare not put them squarely outside, for that would give commercial combinations too great a handle against us. The best we can do is to tip the labor and agricultural associations the wink and whisper behind our hands that they may slip out the back door, which is not locked at all—at the same time preserving a stony and forbidding face toward all coöperation among manufacturers and merchants."

That is what the apparently meaningless section really means.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Senate's Only Claude

THE science of names is an exact and fascinating science, as we are informed by a lady who scientifically makes her living by expounding the same; and few parents, when labeling their offspring, take adequate heed of its requirements. As we understand this science one's success in life depends largely on whether one is named Mike or Montague. One must have a name that vibrates in harmony with one's vibrations in order to achieve the best that is within one.

It is plain enough, the lady who devotes her life to this subject says, that if Fate has scheduled a person to perform under the name of Percival it is a rude shock to his prospects to have a crass father tag him for life as Patsy. The name Patsy, of course, has few if any harmonious vibrations; whereas Percival may almost be played on a flute. Now then, if Percival is called Patrick he is out of harmony and not in tune with his innermost and better self, and he is likely to get the inharmonious worst of it; but if Percival, as decreed by Fate and as set forth by this lady at five dollars a throw, is rightly percivaled at the beginning there is no telling how far he may go.

Practically none of us has the right handle. I knew a man whose first name was Hank. He gave up his five and learned that he should call himself Gwenn, which he did, with the result that he lost his credit at the bank; but, of course, that gets outside the realms of scientific nomenclature and enters the grosser regions of finance, to which the exponents of this science pay no heed further than demanding each five dollars in advance.

I am moved to these reflective statements by the contemplation of the first name of the junior Senator from Virginia. Said first name is Claude. This, by the way, is the only Claude at present on the roll of the greatest deliberative body in the world. We have Jims and Johns and Williams in profusion, but no other Claude. In the House of Representatives we have three Claudes and one Claudius. As will be seen, this is a correct ratio, or nearly so. If there is one Claude in the Senate, with its ninety-six members when it is running full force, three Claudes and a Claudius is a fair representation for the House, with its four hundred thirty-five members—not exactly proportionate, but fairly good, everything considered.

The question resolves itself to this: Is the particular Claude to whom I have reference—Senator Claude Augustus Swanson, of Virginia—named in harmony with his vibrations? It seems not, after contemplating both names and vibrations. Dissecting Claude, we learn that it means, in its original sense, lame. Also, we discover that Augustus means venerable. Wherefore the parents of this statesman started him out as Lame Venerable Swanson, and that makes us laugh, scientists though we may be.

I have not at hand a compendium that shows what the senator should have been named, but I have access to a rather complete record of his performances; and it can be said that any person who conceives the senator to be either lame or venerable is not much of a conceiver.

Lameness, I take it, predicates a slow and halting progress, and the quality of being venerable is usually coincidental with a full quantity of years. Casting a rapid glance backward over the career of Claude Augustus, it must be affirmed that the only time in the past twenty years when the senator, with any justice at all, could have been called lame was between February 1, 1910, and August first of the same year, a period of six months.

He was a bit lame then, for he was not on the payroll. He held no office. He was merely a private citizen. Still, he recovered his old, graceful, elegant and unimpeded manner of progress on the date last mentioned and has displayed no signs of hobbling since. Lame? Not so one might notice it! He has walked—not to say skipped—from one job to another with all the agility of a gazelle and all the dexterity of a diplomatist.

A Quick Cure for Lameness

WE FIND him first practicing law in Chatham, Virginia, after a varied school experience, and exhibiting no signs of impediment either in his walk or his speech, a gallant figure of a young Virginian, true to the historic principles of the statesmen of the Mother of Presidents—which, in short, are to get a job and cling to it. He had no job, but he daily oiled and otherwise kept in good running order his clinging apparatus, with such result as shall be shown. As a clinger Claude is a wonder. He has clung for twenty years and bids fair to cling for twenty more.

It is probably true that if Claude had been named scientifically and harmoniously he would have begun clinging at an earlier date; but he did fairly well. Handicapped as he was, it took him a few years after he left school to grab a congressional nomination, which, no doubt, would have been his instantly if the vibrations had been accurately vibratory. He did the best he could, however, and went to Congress in the fifty-third session of that body, which began operations in 1893, the election having occurred in 1892, which, also, as will be remembered, was Mr. Cleveland's year.

Once in, Claude, not realizing how handicapped he was by his name, found Washington life to his liking and determined to continue as a participant in it. A stalwart and handsome person, he presented himself for the suffrages of his constituents a second time and was reëlected. This continued with pleasurable regularity until the Fifty-ninth Congress, when he determined to add another star to his shoulder straps and entered the primary contest for Governor of Virginia. It is a great thing to be Governor of Virginia—greater perhaps in Virginia than elsewhere, but great. All governors of Virginia admit and have admitted that. Besides, it frequently leads to something.

Our hero entered the primary, prudently retaining his seat in Congress the while, pointed with pride to his record at Washington, and was nominated and elected. He served four years, retiring on February 1, 1910. Then came those eventful six months when he was lame. Apparently there was a period of repose at hand; but Senator Daniel died and the lameness disappeared.

Governor Mann appointed Claude Augustus to fill the vacancy and presently the legislature did its part; and thus we observe the senator wearing his toga in a dignified manner and assured of it until March 3, 1917, at any rate. However, there need be no fears as to the loss of it, for the probabilities are that Claude will be one of our niftiest togaists—not tangoists—for years to come. You see, he has the habit and so have his constituents, and this forms a practically unbeatable combination.

You will never find Swanson going up in an aëroplane when he can just as well take the elevator. You will never see him jumping off the roof when he can come decorously down a stairway. You will never discover him yelling fire until he sees what makes the smoke. He puts on few shows, and those he does put on are along the regular, legitimate lines. When he speaks a piece he speaks a regular piece, according to the rules and regulations for speaking pieces. When he does a thing he does it in the usual way. There is nothing sensational about him and nothing frivolous. His record shows that.

When a man can start in life in any state—much more Virginia—and go to Congress for fourteen years, then get to be governor, and then take a senatorship, it argues that he knows his people and that his people know him. Also, it argues that he uses little new stuff. The old, accepted, regular lines of procedure—politics, progress and propaganda—have been his support and guide.

Swanson is a typical product of our politics. He is never far ahead of his constituents, but is ahead of them just far enough when it is time to be in that position. If it is his turn to be radical he is radical in a becoming manner. Likewise he is never behind them. His usual position is right along with the main body of the voting troops; so it is in the Senate, and so it was in the House of Representatives.

When conservatism is seemly, conservatism is his cue. He is, as I said, a politician and he has made a success of it. At that, he is a most useful legislator and has an uncanny skill for discovering the lines of least resistance. He will never be much of a senatorial soloist, but he always will bring a good, serviceable, well-trained voice to the chorus and will be effective in the close harmony needed now and then.

And, as the lady who makes her living at it might say, what a pity he does not vibrate with his name!—albeit he has done right well in present circumstances. Otho might be right, or Claf. And we have just elected a Virginian President, too!

10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is now put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.

Serve Quaker In Big Dishes

If You Would Know Its Vim-Producing Power

Quaker Oats is the utmost in energy food. It should multiply vim, create bubbling vitality, make one "feel his oats."

But a little dish, once daily, doesn't go far enough. Active, growing children need three times what most children get.

Serve Quaker in big dishes. Make it the morning meal. Then you will know the fullness of its vim-producing power.

And millions of grown-ups need a month of such breakfasts—to put them at their best. Nobody doubts the energy that's there, but few folks get enough.

Quaker Oats

The Luscious Energy Food

Quaker Oats forms a luscious dish because it is made of just the rich, plump grains. It is made to tempt children to eat an abundance. And they will if you put it before them.

We pick out for Quaker just the cream of the oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet Quaker Oats, with all this flavor and aroma, costs no extra price.

Bear this in mind—you who want children to get the full benefit. Get them the luscious flakes which have won the world to Quaker.

A hundred nations send here now to get delicious Quaker Oats. All because of this flavor, which has taught millions of children to love this food of foods.

It is always there, and always will be, when you order Quaker.

Serve Quaker Oats in large dishes. Small servings are not sufficient to show in full its vim-producing power.

10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South

The large 25-cent package gives ten per cent more for the money

The Quaker Oats Company

OUT-OF-DOORS

Hints for the Amateur Vacation Camper

THERE is no purchaser on earth whose needs and notions are better studied or better supplied than are those of the American sportsman. Many firms annually put out catalogues of two or three hundred pages illustrating and describing hundreds and thousands of articles of interest or use to the sportsman. These big mail-order catalogues are best sellers in the best sense of the word. A man may send back a spring bonnet or a piano he has bought by mail, but he is pretty sure to keep any article of sporting gear he has purchased in the same way.

Some of these myriad articles are useful and some are not. You cannot possibly take along with you into the country all the things you see advertised; but perhaps, like others who go vagabonding, you are fond of talking about your outfit. This latter is a most elastic term. A sportsman's outfit is like the dictionary—the editors never get through with the compilation.

Take, for instance, the subject of packbags. Even if you are not going on a tramping trip you will have some kind of warbag or packsack in which to carry your clothing and odds and ends. The more experienced you are, the less apt you are to take along a trunk—or even a valise. As the small boy said in his composition: "There are many kinds of packbags—too numerous to mention."

Guides in the Adirondacks and Maine still use the pack-basket, which is practically unknown in the West. The professional woodsman of the Western pine country uses a capacious bag nearly square in shape, with a flap that buckles over with three straps. This bag has shoulder straps and usually a tumpstrap as well. A professional cruiser will get eighty pounds of flour, bacon and odds and ends into one.

The sportsman who has a larger number of knickknacks will find that such a bag, though holding them all, will make a jumble of them all; and the thing you want is always at the bottom of the bag. Moreover, this is a shapeless, disreputable sort of package. If you wish something more formal you can buy a smaller and nattier packbag, better shaped to your eye if not to your back. It will not really be any better than the professional packbag of the woodsman. It is a good thing to watch the professional's outfit when you make up your own.

The Tumpline Man

If you travel much in Canada you are apt to get the idea that the tumpline is the only way to pack. The aborigine packs with a band passing over his forehead, and does not use shoulder straps. The heaviest loads of the wilderness are carried in this way, and this is how the heavy portaging is done on all the long Northern trails. The tumpstrap man does not use any packbag at all. He spreads his square of canvas on the ground, arranges his loose articles on it, folds in the ends and sides of the package cover, and either fastens his tumpline to the end-straps of the package, or else makes up his package with the tumpline passing through the middle of it. It is more trouble to make up such a pack than it is to throw everything into a packsack. The tumpline man is simply a beast of burden; and as he carries with his neck he cannot look up or look round very much, or pay any attention to the use of the rifle or camera.

After all, each country has its own customs. The tumpline is simply a means of getting heavy loads across the portage. It is useless in mountain country. You will find the hunters and prospectors of the Rockies making up their packages in some such fashion as above described, but they carry their loads by means of shoulder straps and not tumplines. Sometimes they have pads of sheepskin or felt, which are fitted on the shoulder straps to lessen the cutting. They carry heavy loads in the mountain country in that way—and could not carry them in any other way.

The general lines of the packbag are adapted to the purpose and the country you have in mind. Anything will do to carry flour and bacon. If you have things you want to keep separate you need pockets. If you are going on short journeys you can carry a large bag. If you are doing mountain climbing you need a small one—and one that sits tight. In general you will bear in mind that you should carry your load well up on your shoulders and not on your hips—any packer will tell you that.

The European rucksack is a light and handy bag, not yet in general use in this country, but worth studying. It is broad at the base and small at the top. Its mouth fastens with a puckering string, and sometimes it has a cover flap. It sits high and snug on the shoulders, and allows perfect freedom of the head and arms.

I presume that our old friend Nessmuk, the original go-light artist in American camping matters, never saw a rucksack, but he invented a sort of packbag on about the same lines. Sometimes also he would just make a turkey, as the lumberman calls it—a grainsack, with a string tied from one corner to the top and thrown over the shoulder as soldiers sometimes carry their blanket rolls. You can buy a so-called Nessmuk bag today if you like. Or you can make an excellent turkey of your own by means of a grainsack and a pair of overalls. That is the use for which overalls really were designed. Tie the waist of the overalls to the top of your pack, and a leg to each lower corner, and you have as easy-carrying a set of packstraps as you could ask. I have often seen this device used by hunters in British Columbia.

The Norwegian Rucksack

We Americans are apt to think that we can make our own sporting equipment, and certainly we have been prolific and ingenious enough in that regard. Ordinarily we sniff at European sporting gear. Not long ago, however, I wanted a European rucksack—a light packbag—and a Norwegian friend sent me one. It was a good deal like the duck that was hatched out among the chickens. I never saw anything like it, and joined my friends in the general laughter that greeted its first appearance. Yet I thought enough of this bag to try it. It made good, and now I shall use it whenever I want a packbag in the woods. It is worth a description, for some thought has been put into its construction. It is, in fact, the knapsack of the Norwegian mountain army—men who often have to carry loads while they are traveling on skees. It would be hard to devise a better mountain packsack than this one.

In general description this is a large rucksack, broad at the base, narrow at the top—but it is not built limp. Running from the bottom corners to the top there is a frame of brass rods roughly triangular in shape, hollow and not very heavy—but rigid. This frame keeps the pack away from the back, yet does not touch the back itself. The shoulder straps run from the lower corners to the upper corners of the frame, where there are short adjusting straps. The lower part of the triangular frame is not straight, but semicircular, to fit above the hips. It does not, however, touch the hips at all, because a broad leather band runs from end to end of it. The weight of the pack is distributed between this broad band below, the crossed shoulder straps between the frame and the body, and the straps as they pass over the shoulders. Still another strap runs from the corners of the pack round the body, buckling in front.

When you get this pack on you look something like a cross between a Jewish peddler and a Constantinople *hamal;* but it is there to stay. You could roll over in it if you liked. There is an air space between the pack and the back, and the weight is beautifully distributed. It will pack from twenty-five to fifty pounds, according to the contents. So little does it distress the wearer that I find I can walk along for an hour or two carrying twenty-five to thirty pounds, and hardly know the bag is there.

The general theory of this bag, however, is not its only excellence. It is a perfect trunk, handbag and packbag combined. Inside the body of the bag you can put your soft stuff or your heavy stuff. Between this and the back of the bag there is a deep pocket all the way from top to bottom,

excellent for clean shirts or handkerchiefs, or what you like. Then you fasten the bag with a drawcord like a rucksack—I run a light chain through the grommets on top of mine and fasten it with a padlock, so that I can ship it as a trunk. Over the open top there is a protecting flap which buckles down. The inside of this flap has still another pocket in it, excellent for toilet articles.

On the front of this omnium gatherum there is a deep, wide pocket, about half the entire length of the bag. You can put a sweater in that, or any other soft stuff. Nor is even that all. On each side of the bag from top to bottom runs a narrow pocket, also with a protecting flap and buckles, as have all the others. You can put ammunition or camera films, or the like, in these side pockets. Lastly, underneath the bag are rigged two little straps to hold your slicker or extra coat, or your rod case. Instead of having one big bag into which to dump everything, you thus have seven different receptacles, all made out of a light waterproof material, and all hung to the easiest carrying device I personally ever saw.

With this kind of rucksack you can find your camera, your fishing tackle, your cleaning rod, your camp ax, your combs, brushes, towels, handkerchiefs, clean clothes, old clothes and articles of food, and so on, without any trouble. You could dispense with a dittybag if you wished; but the dittybag, or "possible bag"—made of canvas or buckskin, or what you like, and holding your needles and thread, buttons, fishhooks, matches, whetstone, medicine case, and all your little odds and ends—is something no real woodsgoer would care to abandon.

I drop my possible bag inside my rucksack. This gives me eight pockets. With this arrangement you can keep house with neatness and dispatch.

My Norwegian military rucksack lies before me now, packed for its next journey—which will be, this summer, to the mouth of the Mackenzie River and over the Rat Portage to the Yukon. It has in it everything I am going to take on that trip outside of my bedroll and my mosquito tent. It carries three articles without which I should feel lost in the woods—my personal idea of a good hand-ax; a blue graniteware washpan, which has always seemed to me cleaner than the canvas washpan; and a certain quart cup, made of block tin, with U. S. branded on the handle. This tin cup is blackened now by many campfires. I got it of the sutler in the Yellowstone Park in 1895, and it has been my mascot ever since.

One winter, ten years ago, I conceived it to be an excellent thing to walk across New Brunswick on snowshoes in the wintertime. In some way my mascot got lost from my pack in the middle of that forest country. I mourned it for months, but the next spring a trapper found it by sheerest accident; and so by devious processes it got back to me the following summer. I began to think then that it belonged to me and ought to be a part of my outfit, since it came back in this miraculous fashion. Any woodsgoer will understand this attachment to some particular article of an outfit. The sportsman without a whim has not yet been discovered.

Systematic Packing of Camp Gear

Some men are neater by instinct than others -the others call them old maids in camp. I confess I like to know where I can put my hand on a spoonhook without feeling loosely for the barbs; where I can find a fresh roll of film, or another box of cartridges, or the spare matchbox, or the extra bar of soap. Moreover, there are little things you want to keep handy when you are shooting or fishing—a small pair of scissors; a pair of cutting pliers; not to mention fly-hooks, leader box, reels, and the like.

Once we used to carry all these things in the pockets of our coats when we went angling. Lately it has become rather the correct thing for the angler or camper to have a little bag, with two pockets and flaps, either of waterproof canvas or pigskin, after the English fashion. When you begin to use one of these you find it very handy—in short, it is the old possible bag of the early Kentucky hunters. Sometimes they carried in it their parched corn or extra gunflints. Sometimes it was of buckskin, tucked under the belt in Indian fashion. We carry it with a strap over the shoulder now.

There are all sorts of ideas and uses in bags. For instance, you can carry food in small, round bags, which nest in a larger bag. These are waterproof, and excellent for salt, sugar, tea, coffee, dried fruit, or the like. Such a bag is better for back or boat. The chuck-wagon on the range carried these things in a box and left a trail of tin cans across the range.

One beauty of the packbag, or portable carryall bag, is its freedom from injury in shipment. You can arrange locks for any one of many kinds of handy canvas packages, containing your bedroll or sleeping-bag, your tent, your clothing, or your nested cooking outfit; and you can ship it by rail as your personal baggage. Of late there has come into use the canvas cylinder, like the sailor bag, fitted, as are most rucksacks, with a row of grommets on the top, so that the bag can be shut by means of a gathering string—or, better, fastened with a chain and padlock. One of these big round bags will hold a world of stuff. It is waterproof and if tied tightly will even float for a while in case of a capsize if it has your bed inside. It goes nicely into a boat or canoe, or even into a wagon; and if you have in your outfit a pair of packstraps you can put your trunk on your back at the end of the wagontrail and march off very happily.

If you are camping light two or three of these sailor bags will hold all your outfit. In one you can carry your tent and groundcloth; in another your personal outfit and bed; in yet another the cooking outfit and food. It is just as well to have a little system in your camp work. What are you going to need first when you pitch camp? Hand-ax, floorcloth and tent? Then put these things in last when you break camp, so that you can get at them first when you pitch camp.

Meantime your chum is perhaps making the fire while you are laying out the tent. He wants, first, his cooking outfit—the frying-pan and coffee-pot, and the little folding griddle with legs which serves as a stove. These should go in his bag last when you break camp. Your bedroll and personal duffel, being needed later in the game, can wait in the other bag until you are ready for them.

Camp Beds and Bedding

Continually you must qualify all these matters by the factor of transportation. In a very long and hard journey you may not wish to ship your personal outfit in so perishable a case as a canvas covering. I have a friend who swears by the fiber telescope cases, provided with heavy straps and locks. He has sent his sporting outfits almost all over the world in these cases, and they have come back practically as good as new. They are not so heavy as trunks, are provided with good metal corners, and will hold an indefinite amount of stuff and stand indefinite grief—camelback, horseback or manback.

You cannot, however, use one of these as a packbag yourself at the end of the wagontrail. If you have wagon transport or even a packtrain these cases are good to take for rough use. You can pack your sleeping-bag or blankets in one and the rest of your outfit in another. The two will make a good pair of sidepacks on a horse; and when you get back to the railroad you can check them just like trunks.

A manly and workmanlike efficiency ought to characterize any sportsman's outfit; and, for the most part, he should beware of fads and fashions that come and go. It is the business of the professional outfitter to make you think you want a lot of things the most descriptive adjective regarding which would be "cute." You ought not, however, to despise too much the modern tendency toward lightness and compactness. The main thing is to be sincere and simple, and to beware of affectation, whether that shall mean overmodernity or a blind clinging to the old-fashioned past.

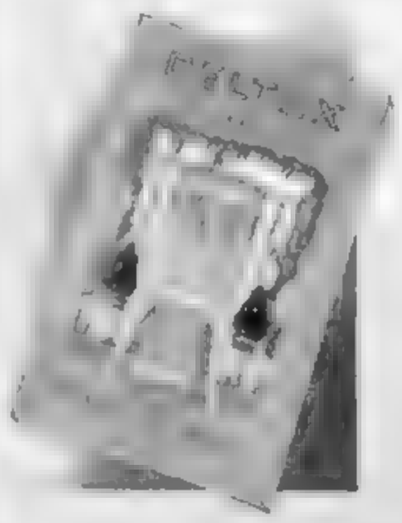
An old-time plainsman would not listen to any talk about a bed other than a blanket-and-quilt roll done up in a big tarpaulin. He would point out that a thin waterproof drilling cover might get a hole punched in it. Yet it might be pounds lighter and holeproof enough. Even yet sleeping-bags are made with very heavy canvas covers, and a very practical bag will run about fifteen pounds.

Some like sleeping-bags. I certainly do not. Yet they have the virtue of cleanliness and compactness. It is hard to get a good camp bed down as low as ten pounds

IS there any floor covering you could use on your porch that could be cooler, more beautiful, more cleanly than these sanitary, finely woven, Deltox Grass Rugs? Colored so daintily, patterned so pleasingly—durable, too.

The fabric of Deltox Rugs, nature's own product, is impervious to dust and moisture, and because the dust sifts through to the floor these rugs are always fresh looking. They save labor, too; simply roll up the rug, sweep the floor, unroll the rug and the work is done. Once over with a vacuum cleaner makes a Deltox Rug look like new.

On the porch—in the kitchen—bed room—library—nursery—on the office floor—anywhere, Deltox Rugs brighten and beautify every environment because their keynote is harmony. And they are inexpensive, a 9x12 Deltox Rug costs but a fraction of the price of a woolen or worsted rug of the same size.



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HIRES Un-Natural History Book

The Pelgator

THIS is a little book of animal pictures so arranged that by folding the pages in different ways you can make the funniest animals you ever saw.

The Elecan

This book will amuse any child up to 75 years of age. The little folks will be tickled to death.

But the question is:—How many different animals can be made? It isn't easy to tell at a glance, but it's worth while puzzling it out.

Go to your grocer, or if he doesn't sell

The Lurch

Hires HOUSEHOLD EXTRACT

for making rootbeer at home, go to a grocer who does, and ask for a copy of Hires Un-Natural History. The book will set the whole family in a roar and it will keep you all guessing to see how many different animals can be conjured out of the pages of Hires Un-Natural History.

The Hippori

Maybe you haven't been making rootbeer at home because you couldn't get patent-stopper bottles. Don't deny your family and friends this wonderfully healthful drink any longer. We have supplied grocers who sell *Hires Household Extract* with a cork fastener that securely holds the string over the cork without tying and can be used on any bottle.

The Monaffe

The Alligo

Chas. E. Hires Company
210 N. Broad St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

in weight—fifteen is much better. One blanket is not enough for a good camp bed. It should be remembered also that writers who talk about beds of pine boughs are describing only a very limited part of this continent, all of which is open to sporting travel today.

I am a great believer in a good bed. The nearest approach to it I have made, taking in all the compromises, is the thin mattress of deerhair, with blankets above it, the whole in a light waterproof cover of canvas or balloon silk. I even indulge myself in a pillow—a very small one—of goosehair. It is only large enough to be of service when used on top of a folded sweater or coat. You can throw this bed down anywhere as soon as you break camp and it does not need much softening.

When you come to the matter of beds in your outfit you open up another wide field of practice and conjecture.

If you are in the hands of a Mombasa outfitter, who will always send out a *safari* based on the English ideas of camp life, you will very likely have broad camp cots, folding canvas chairs, a folding table—also made of canvas—and a lot of other things that will take an army of darkies to carry. This is all right for those who like it. I certainly see no use for it—at least in this country. Yet I recall very pleasantly a certain camp cot and a folding canvas chair with a high back that my father enjoyed for many years when we used to camp together. Maybe I shall enjoy them some time.

After your packbag and your tent and your bed comes your campfire or your camp stove. Elsewhere something has been said about the general idea of a camp stove inside of a tent. Do not use it unless the weather is very cold. In that case some one will have to sit up to tend fire. Most of us, however, do not camp in extreme weather during our vacations, and usually we cook over an open fire out-of-doors. A very practical range, familiar to every one, is made of a pair of green logs, a few inches in diameter, laid side by side. It is not always convenient to get these logs and they have a way of burning out and spilling the coffee. If you can get hold of a couple of steel bars to put across your logs they will help a great deal. Any of the little griddles with folding legs will make a practical camp stove. Better have two, as they are not large enough to hold all your cooking utensils at once. They weigh very little.

Stoves for Camp Use

One of the best camp stoves I ever used was made of an old gunbarrel, plugged and sharpened like a spike so it could be driven into the ground. The breech was also plugged, and bored to admit the ends of two or three wire hoops which would swing round as though on pivots. These steel hoops were strong enough not to melt in the fire, and they would hold a frying-pan very comfortably. Another bent bit of steel supported the coffee-pot. We would drive this spike down into the ground and build a fire round it. If a frying-pan got too hot, or if the coffee boiled over, it was easy to swing the vessel to one side on its hinge. This spike, however, was clumsy to pack, as it was a couple of feet long.

Elsewhere mention has been made of the importance of the camp stove in certain countries. Up in Alaska I have seen prospectors and hunters traveling with packs on their backs, and carrying a sheet-iron stove called a Yukon stove. In the coast country of the Alaskan peninsula the only firewood is crooked alder of no great size. You can't do much with it without a stove—and, besides, it always rains up there. The man who hunts bear on Kadiak Island, for instance, must either have a Yukon stove under a canvas shelter or else he must live in a native barrabara, where he can cook down on the ground and let the smoke go out at the top, tepee fashion.

There are other kinds of stoves that you can invent for yourself. I have seen a very practical little stove in the tiny shanty of a fisherman on Lake Erie who was fishing through the ice. It was a baseburner, using coal, and was made out of a powder can not much more than a foot in height.

Camp clothing is, of course, something to be selected with reference to the place and season where you intend to use it. For walking or mountain climbing, nothing beats knickerbockers, but they are not good in mosquito country and not good on horseback. The usual advice is just to wear your old clothes on a camping trip, but this is not always good advice. When you are in the woods or the mountains in cold weather you are very likely wearing an inch or two more of shirts and underwear than you would at home, and very likely your trousers will not meet comfortably.

I recall a friend of mine who went on a winter camp in the Rockies once with us, with the pleasant anticipation of wearing out an old pair of trousers, once nicely fitted by a good tailor. When it came to putting on his flannel shirt he had to wear it outside his trousers. It was picturesque in a way, but hard to witness with gravity. The best clothes really are those made for camp life.

For cold weather it is hard to beat mackinaw. Some of this is loose and shoddy. Ask for the kind of pants the iceman wears—a close-woven dark mackinaw, not quite so soft and spongy as the average mackinaw coat. Get them at least two inches bigger in the waist than your street clothes. Have the legs long enough to go comfortably into your shoetops. Then you can stoop or sit down comfortably, or step over a log without any knee-strain. Overalls or khaki pants will do for warm weather—corduroy not!

The only place for corduroy clothes is in a moving-picture show.

In some climates and countries you do not much need a coat if you have a good shirt and sweater, but the average man will do well to take his coat along. It is nearly always cool in the evening—and sometimes, if you are riding, you will feel chilled. Don't listen too attentively to the man who tells you that if you get cold, either by day or by night, all you have to do is to put on your other suit of underwear. Sometimes that is not convenient. I prefer to put on a coat. The sort of coat, like the sort of trousers, depends on the country and climate into which you are going. It may be mackinaw or khaki.

Raincoats and Gloves

About the only place where you can wear a buckskin shirt is in the heart of the wilderness, where you are entirely alone and where it does not rain. There is nothing softer, lighter or warmer for its weight than a good Indian-made buckskin shirt—no one but an Indian can make one worth while; but buckskin has strictly gone out of fashion. It is not good for trousers, and it is hard to find a place where a shirt will not attract attention. Go simply. Dress the way the professional woodsmen do, or the outdoor people of the country where you are spending your vacation. I have a perfectly beautiful pair of buckskin riding breeches, and I long so much to find a place sometime where I may wear them! Perhaps that will never be—certainly not on the cow-range, in the Far North, the Far South, in the Rockies or in any city I ever saw.

Everything goes well in camp and on the trail so long as it does not rain—rain is far worse than snow. What shall one do if it rains? Some say you should slip on the rubber poncho which goes under your bed at night. That is all very well if you have plenty of transportation. A rubber poncho is about as heavy and cold a thing as you can get. The hole in the middle lets dampness up from the ground at night. Usually it is just big enough to get you good and wet if you wear it as a raincoat. The man who devised the poncho for the use of the cavalryman must have had some grudge against the cavalryman. If you are riding horseback the best raincoat is the cowpuncher's pommel slicker, but it is too bulky and heavy to consider for other use. The best thing I have ever found is a light, pure-rubber garment gathered in with rubber bands at the neck and wrist, cut long and very full. This is perfect for use in an automobile or wagon, in a canoe or in a boat—or while you are working about camp. It is very light and portable—but also puncturable.

Gloves make for comfort in outdoor life. Some men like to go barehanded, and others always wear gloves—even while fishing. The best glove I have found is the officer's glove of buckskin, made for army use. The regulations now prescribe that it shall not have a gauntlet—it is the private who wears gauntlets on his gloves. Old kid or dogskin or castor gloves, if large and loose, are nice to wear. You can also get sheepskin gloves with deep cuffs and with the ends of the fingers cut out—very nice for fishing in mosquito country. Up in Labrador you will find it necessary to have sleeves of

WHIRLPOOL
SANITARY
DISHWASHER

Thoroughly washes china, glassware, silver and kitchenware in a few minutes of easy operation.

Dries and sterilizes china.

Hands never touch water.

Large numbers are being sold in the

JOHN WANAMAKER STORE
Philadelphia

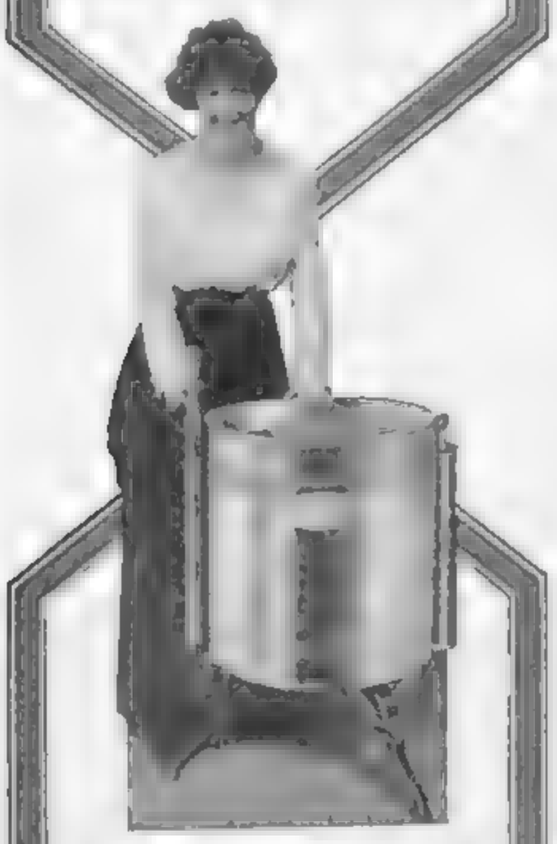
and the Wanamaker circular says of it:

"At last—a successful dishwashing machine for the home."

"It makes dishwashing a pleasant task."

"The well-known objections to previous types have all been overcome in this machine."

The Whirlpool is self-cleansing and absolutely sanitary. Washes finest china and glassware with no danger of breakage, using a dishpan full of water for washing and another for rinsing. Durably built of stamped metal; no pump; small in size, and especially adaptable to limited space. Beautifully finished in baked enamel. Refined and ornamental.



Average family size **$15.00**

Information furnished regarding larger sizes. All machines strictly guaranteed.

If not obtainable in your locality, The Whirlpool will be sent prepaid upon receipt of price.

Appeals strongly to high class dealers and agents. Will be shipped to responsible agents, prepaid, upon receipt of price. Returnable at our expense, after ten days' examination. Regular discount allowed thereon when agency is established. Shipped in cartons 18x22 inches, weight 23 pounds

HERSHEY-SEXTON COMPANY
Manufacturers
1223 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

drilling, or the like, fastened to your gloves, like a clerk's office sleeves, and fitted with a band of rubber to hold them on the arm. Nor should you despise the havelock or neck cape, which will be serviceable if the midges are bad. You can wear it also as a nightcap.

Some like khaki for outdoor wear. It is useful, but not so warm as it might be. The main trouble with most trousers is that they do not give enough room in the knee and hip. Really, a well-cut pair of English Bedford-cord riding breeches ought to be of general all-round utility for riding or footwork. They would, however, come in for the same restrictions that lie against the use of the buckskin shirt—one does not want to look too "stunty."

The subject of footwear in camp is an old and an endless one. In general the fashion is now against the old high-top heavy hunting boots. If you are going on slippery rocks you will need nails, otherwise you will not often need them. You can get an easy shoepack, without any heel, and with a sole of what is called elk leather, probably horsehide, soft and pliable, which will do you very well for walking or boatwork. It is not really waterproof or snowproof—and it is not suitable for riding, of course; nor will you find it above reproach in mountain climbing. Cut the tops down so that your trousers will just go into the tops of the shoes. Usually it is the high-top boot that causes the agony of the chafed Achilles' tendon at the heel. If you are troubled with that take your tall boots off, take out your trusty hunting knife, cut them down to street-shoe height—and go on your way happy.

In the Far North moccasins are worn as regular footwear by red men, halfbreeds and white men; but for the average American sportsman they are an affectation except when used round the camp; then they are most comfortable. You cannot get without trouble real moccasins anywhere except in Northwestern Canada, in the fur country. When you get them you can't walk in them with much comfort if there is any gravel or other hard going. I have a pair to which I have sewed soles of soft elk leather. They now go very nicely, but are, of course, rather slippery on wet rocks. In certain kinds of straightaway walking, where the going is good, the moccasin is comfortable footwear for a white man, but it takes an education for most persons to enjoy it. However, nothing is better to have in your packbag when you come in tired at night. They are good in cold, dry snow—horrible and worthless in wet weather.

Watches and Handkerchiefs

Good socks are hard to get in this country. They should be thick, but soft and of good wool—not full of knobs and gobs. Ah, what a comfort there is in a pair of moccasins and a soft, dry pair of socks at night! Have your boots big enough for two pairs of socks, one of light soft wool and one of heavy soft wool. Your feet will look large, but they will feel good!

Always wear a waistcoat, whether you keep it buttoned or not. It is full of pockets for matches; your compass—or your two compasses—your eyeglasses; matchsafe, and such odds and ends. Some men wear wrist watches—Englishmen very generally in many parts of the world. Do so if you feel that you are obliged to, but please do not come round to my camp, especially if you have a handkerchief tucked up your sleeve at the same time, for I might not ask you to supper. I see no reason why you should not wear your watch in camp as you do at home. If you are afraid of losing it get a cheap one in a gunmetal case. Tie the watch to your person with a thong as you do your compass, your dog whistle—or perhaps your hunting knife.

Do not forget a good, big soft-silk handkerchief. It is good to keep off the sun or the cold or the mosquitoes. Wear it sensibly, and do not tie it as though you were posing for a picture. It was made for use, not for show; in fact, that is a very good test to apply to yourself as you turn out in your camp outfit—let it all be for use and not for show.

In one pocket of your waistcoat you will have your matchbox—waterproof of course—and in your possible bag, which goes inside of your main warbag, you will have your extra box or bottle of matches. As all sportsmen know, you can make a fairly good small matchbox out of two brass shotgun-shells, ten and twelve gauge, by telescoping them. I traded one such for

211 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 264

In Philadelphia are made 211 of the 264 products that are manufactured in the United States. Of these 211 she makes 15 in greater quantity and of greater value than any other city in the country

This industrial activity naturally produces steady incomes. These incomes swell bank balances, fill savings banks, buy homes, feed, clothe and educate families, and make of Philadelphia one of the greatest buying centers in the world.

You can place advertising before the eyes of open-minded and financially able buyers in Philadelphia in the columns of the

PUBLIC LEDGER

One of the Burley Tobacco Company's City Club Farms

Smoke The King Leaf

from the Premier Soil

There's an earth in Kentucky, called the Bluegrass sod, which is famous for its Burley tobacco. It grows the Burley known as "Precious White."

Its peculiar soil-quality is due to rich deposits of limestone brought down by clear streams from Kentucky's hillside slopes.

Any of its tobacco, without any selection whatever, would satisfy most smokers.

Yet see what we do in producing City Club tobacco—to make it the *Premier Quality Smoke.*

Our Way

We are the only manufacturers that own the land, grow and cultivate genuine Bluegrass Kentucky Burley from the Premier Burley Soil. We pick the "King Leaf" which we use exclusively in this famous 10c brand, "City Club."

Such fragrance, mildness, and perfect flavor could come from no other leaf.

And such leaf is produced on no other soil.

Nature's Finest Burley

Don't fail to try it.

Don't miss this tobacco that so many smokers say is the finest 10c smoke today.

5c and 10c tins. Pound and half-pound Humidors.

FREE—We will mail you a trial tin of City Club free upon request, provided you will send us your dealer's name and address

TO DEALERS: Let your customers know that you carry this quality brand.

Burley Tobacco Company, Inc.

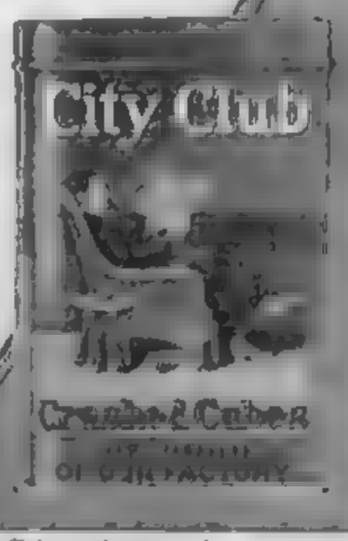
Growers & Manufacturers of City Club
Louisville Kentucky

Largest Independent Tobacco Organization in the World

We own the land. We grow the tobacco. We have the finest Kentucky Bluegrass Burley to select from. Nothing but the King Leaf goes into City Club. The King Leaf has no bite. Quality is the reason.

The Premier Quality Smoke

City Club



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another similar with a forest ranger up on the Peace River once. The primers had started on his matchsafe and let in the water. As mine was still waterproof I gave it to him; and I have his today. Also I have a large-mouthed bottle full of matches which has been in my camp outfit, corked and unopened, for some twenty years, in many parts of the country and under many conditions of transportation.

You can break a glass bottle, of course; but until you do it makes a very practical matchsafe.

Your hunting knife—or perhaps you should rather call it your camp knife—is something by which you may be judged among professionals. The fashion in knife-blades, as in boot-tops, is for smaller longitudinal dimensions. A four-inch blade is long enough to cut up anything. Such a knife, with any kind of handle that has no guard, will fit tight in a sheath. You can bore the handle, if you like, and fasten the knife to your belt or scabbard with a thong, so that it will not be lost should it slip out of its scabbard.

Another item of personal equipment is the camp ax. Personal habit comes into play here also. When hunting alone in strange country I always like to have a light ax at my belt, as well as a knife and some matches. The best handle is not straight, but has a knob on the end so that it will not slip. About a pound's weight for the head is effective. The steel cannot be too good and it should be kept sharp. Such a tool will do for camp work, but is not heavy enough for a trapper or a regular woodsman, of course.

The half ax used by the New Brunswick trapper is a mighty efficient tool. If you are going on a long trip with a wagon or a packtrain it is best to have one man-size ax along. You cannot do much in getting fuel for the whole night with one of the little axes, though it is very handy in camp or bivouac work, or general tinkering. Perhaps it is partly habit that makes a man feel so uncomfortable unless he has some such little friend along with him. Let the weight of your ax go into the head and not into the handle. The camp ax ought not to be a toy but a tool. Somewhere in your outfit there should be a file and a whetstone—carborundum is keen cutting. The steel in your ax and your hunting knife ought not to be too brittle and not too soft. When you get hold of a really good piece of steel in either it is apt to be by accident. Cherish it then.

Things That Come in Handy

Your camp light is something of a problem. Usually it will be your campfire. The little electric lights that work with a push-button are convenient, but are apt to wear out on a long trip where you cannot renew the batteries. Candles get crushed and kerosene lanterns frequently are impossible. Perhaps you will have to do your best with the campfire. If you want to sit up all night you can build a fire, and if you want to go to sleep you do not need much light.

Keep your fishing rods and your guns dry at night by putting them under the edges of your blankets. If you have a smallbore, high-power rifle you cannot keep it clean with water and vaseline. You should have along a bottle or a screw-top tin of one of the thin modern cutting oils. Not even this will really clean the grooves of a high-power rifle. When you get home take some high-power ammonia and moisten your cleaning rags. They will come through dirty for a much longer time than you would expect. Ammonia is hard to take into camp, though it is very useful to soothe mosquito bites. Castor oil is something disliked by mosquitoes very much.

Many other items will occur to other men as useful or even indispensable, and some readers will perhaps mark off the list some of the suggestions above noted. The beauty of the sportsman's catalogue is that it provokes discussion. There is no better reading than can be found in its handsomely illustrated pages.

Following even in most rudimentary fashion its wide range of suggestions, you may thus transport your own hand-picked, wholly delectable outfit by train, by wagon, by horse, or by your own back, to your chosen spot—may unpack it there, from tent to bed and campfire equipment. You may walk all day with comfort or fish all day with delight; or you may come into camp wet and tired, and soon be dry and comfortable.

60 Million Corns

Have Been Ended in This Simple Blue-jay Way

Please mark this—you who suffer corns.

About half the corns that develop today are being removed by **Blue-jay.** And yours can be ended any time in this easy, pleasant way.

Corns are not as common as they used to be. But that fact is not due to any difference in shoes.

It is due to the chemist who invented **Blue-jay,** after working for years on this corn problem.

A Million a Month

Now about one million corns monthly are being removed—completely removed—by **Blue-jay.** And this is the method:

Folks apply **Blue-jay** at night—it is done in a jiffy. Pain ceases from that instant and the corn is forgotten.

Then slowly and gently **Blue-jay** loosens the corn. In two days it comes out—root, callus and all—without any pain or trouble. Nine times in ten this happens. One corn in ten—the stubborn corn—needs a second application.

That removed corn is ended. New corns may come if you pinch the feet, but the old corn is gone completely.

That seems too good to be true. But remember, **Blue-jay** has actually done this with sixty million corns. It is doing it daily all around you. Your very neighbors know that **Blue-jay** means freedom from all corns.

Look for the Blue-jay Girl in the Drug Store Window

Then Why are Corns?

Then why are there any corns? It is simply because some don't know **Blue-jay,** and some can't believe what we say.

Some of those people merely pare corns—coddle them—keep them year after year. One-tenth the time of a single paring would end the corn with **Blue-jay.**

Some have used old-time methods until they feel that nothing really ends a corn.

Yet corns by the millions are ended forever for people who use **Blue-jay.** And all those people know that corns are needless.

5 Cents and 5 Seconds

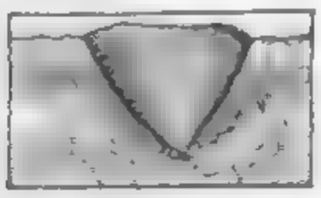
It costs five cents, on the average, to remove a corn with **Blue-jay.** And five seconds will apply it.

That is all there is. No after treatment, no pain, no trouble, no inconvenience. Just let **Blue-jay** undermine the corn.

If you doubt this, ask for samples. Let us take out one corn free. Or go to your druggist today and get **Blue-jay.** Apply it tonight and watch results in two days. It will not take long to convince you.

But don't take some ancient, ineffective treatment. There is nothing else like **Blue-jay.** Its invention has made obsolete the petty, unscientific ways which were used for treating corns.

Insist on the modern way.

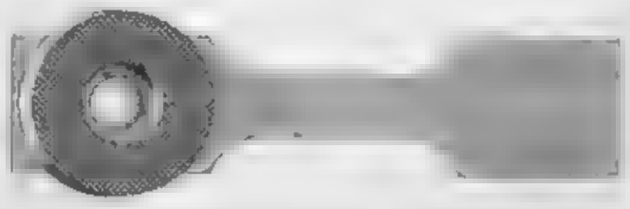


This is a corn. **Blue-jay** removes this entire cone-shaped callus. Paring simply removes the top, and the corn remains and grows

Blue-jay

Ends Corns

Stops the Pain Instantly. Removes Corns in Two Days.
15 and 25 Cents—at Druggists.
Samples Free on Request.



This is a **Blue-jay** plaster. The bit of B & B wax within the felt pad is the secret of its power. The rest assures you comfort and protection.

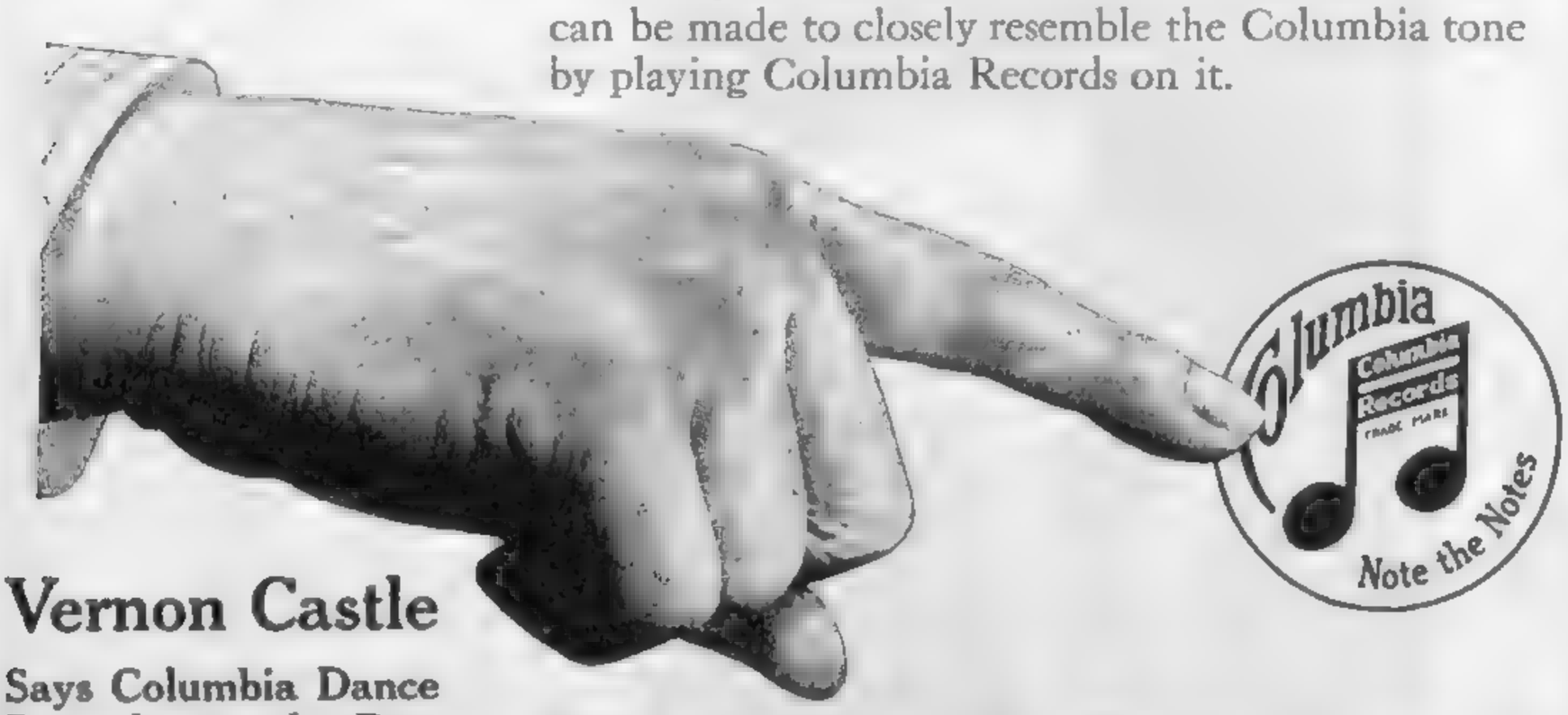
Bauer & Black Makers of Surgical Dressings and Physicians' Supplies Chicago and New York

Your talking machine will play Columbia Records even though it may not be a

Columbia Grafonola

THOSE who have made *comparisons* know that the reproducing tone of the Columbia Grafonola, playing either Columbia Records or other records, is so much richer and more musical, so completely natural and so much more satisfying, that nothing heard before, no matter how good, can approach it in tonal beauty and artistic merit.

But if your instrument is not a Columbia, its tone can be made to closely resemble the Columbia tone by playing Columbia Records on it.



Vernon Castle

Says Columbia Dance Records are the Best he has heard:

"I want to congratulate you on the [illegible] dance records [illegible] are the best I have heard. I am using a Columbia Grand Cabinet and [illegible] the records are played in perfect [illegible] and are frequently [illegible]

VERNON CASTLE

Here are six double-disc records that are typical of the full thousand 65 cent records listed in the Columbia catalog — among them are two of the latest Columbia double-disc modern dance records:

1458 65c.	Trés Chic. One step He'd Have to Get Under, Get Out and Get Under. One step	
1467 65c.	[illegible] Tango [illegible] Tango	
1496 65c.	Camp Meeting Band. Vocal Duet Buffalo Baby Rag. Peerless Quartette	
1387 65c.	Endearment. Prince's Orchestra Cupid's First Love. Prince's Orchestra.	
1494 65c.	While The Rivers of Love Flow On. Tenor Solo As Long as the World Goes Round. Tenor Solo.	
A1281 65c.	Omena. Banjo Solo. Dream of the Rarebit Fiend. Accordion Solo	

"How to Dance the Modern Dances"

is a booklet written and illustrated by G. Hepburn Wilson, M. B., the greatest teacher of the modern dances, who supervises the recording of Columbia dance records. This booklet is issued by the Columbia Graphophone Company and is *free*. You can get a copy from any Columbia dealer or by mail direct from us. It will actually teach you, in your own home, how to dance the modern dances.

The Columbia series of dance records *alone* is enough to give you an entirely new idea of the sort of dance music your instrument is capable of. They are not only among the most remarkable orchestral records ever produced in tone quality, volume and balance—but they are so absolutely perfect in rhythm and tempo that probably not one orchestra in fifty would be capable of providing you and your friends with music for dancing that would be so satisfactory in every way.

Pavlowa writes: "Your dance records truly represent the very spirit of the dance. Their tempo, rhythm, clarity and musical qualities simply charm me."

Send us 25 cents in coin or stamps and we will send you our special sample Columbia Record which will play on your disc machine, no matter what make it is.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

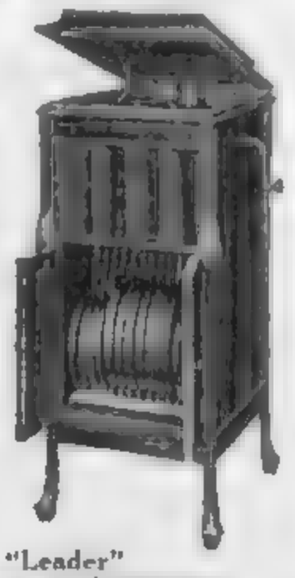
Box 441 Woolworth Building, New York
Toronto: 365-367 Sorauren Avenue

Dealers wanted where we are not actively represented. Write for particulars

"Favorite"

The best known and most successful instrument of its type. Equipped with Columbia tone-control "leaves" which have taken the place of the old double-door idea

$50
Easy Terms of any dealer



"Leader"

A [illegible] Upright Columbia Grafonola. Equipped with Columbia tone-control "leaves" which have taken the place of the [illegible]

$75
Easy Terms of any dealer

"Mignonette"

The highest type of upright Grafonola at its price. Equipped with Columbia tone-control "leaves" which have taken the place of the old double-door idea.

$100
Easy Terms of any dealer.

Cut the Work Out of Sport With a "CAILLE"

Don't tug and pull at oars and paddles—that's not recreation—it's hard labor. It kills your outing. It overbalances the pleasure every time. Make up your mind now to stop being an engine and buy a sturdy little

Portable CAILLE Boat Motor

It can be instantly attached to any private or rented row boat by simply turning two thumb screws. Generates 2 h. p. and drives row boats 7 to 9 miles an hour or slow enough to troll. It is steered by a rudder, like any launch—not by the propeller. This gives you steering control even after motor is submerged. The rudder and outfolding stock [illegible] Motor is equipped with battery ignition or waterproof, reversible, high-tension magneto. Our

Underwater Exhaust

makes the motor run as silent as the "p" in Caille. Furnished instead of the muffler, if desired, without extra charge.

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giving the details and prices. It's chuck full of interest for lovers of boating. Sold by leading sporting goods and hardware dealers.

We Also Build

marine motors from 2 to 30 h. p., in one to four cylinder designs—standard and heavy duty types—for work, pleasure or speed boats. Tell us the length, width and depth of your boat and we will [illegible] When writing be sure to state whether you are interested in our Portable or Larger Engines

The Caille Perfection Motor Co.

World's Largest Builders of Two Cycle Marine Motors

1401 Caille St., Detroit, Michigan

8 H.P. $150

Caille Unit Power Plant—Complete with Reversing Gear, Shaft, Propeller, etc.

The Letters of William Green

The Mutations of the Bishop's Butter

DEAR AUNT: Hennry Begg and me are in a little more trubble at home witch is ushual but not seryus.

Hennry said it would not do enny harm to rite to you about it and see who is to blaim witch is genrelly us becaws we are the smallust witch is verry offen the case.

Hennry said we otto tell you about it and if we otto be scoalded to go ahead and scoald us witch would be the last straw but we could prouly stand it.

Hennry said he had grate confydunce in you becaws you seam to understand a boy on account of not haven too menny of them yourself witch a grate menny do and are afrade thay will get spoilt frum too mutch kindness.

And Hennry said when he thinks of his bloo off tham and the serkus and the Forth of July and how kind you always would be he would not be afrade to go to you for ennything eaven a scoalden witch is quite a big complymunt to you don't you think so?

If you are not afrade to go to sumbuddy eaven for a scoalden it is a sine thay are your best frend and a boy needs more places ware he can go for a talken to and not feel bad about it afterwurd and makes up his mind he will not do it agen whatever it was.

But sum scoaldens are wurse than if you did not get enny at all and would never make you a better man.

Sum of our fathers scoaldens are with the best intenshuns but do not seem to do us mutch good probily becaws of him beein too bizzey to lurn how to scoald the rite way witch makes you sorry you did it and you will not do it agen until the neckst time and maybe not then.

Hennry said it is a grate feelen to be scoalded the rite way and go out hangen your head and full of shaim back of the barn ware you will stay for sevrel hours wanten to do rite in the fewchure and not go fishen on Sunday witch broke your mother's hart and she will never hold up her hedd before the minnistur agen.

But a harebrush or a strap or a shingul will not help you to sit down and think it over but onley make you wunder if thay are your reel parunts out in the shed ware one of them did it.

Sumtimes Hennry said his father tells him to go in the shed and wate till I come and Hennry is offle mad at furst but by the time his father comes Hennry is all out of the noshun of it but his father is not but he would be if he would wate a cupple hours.

Hennry said a boy's father always otto wate a cupple hours before he goes in the shed and then it would be quite diffrunt becaws a shingul is appto brake a boy's hart becaws he is too prowd and hates to turn over.

Hennry said to tell it all to you and not spare us at all and so Hennry's muther sent him to the grosserey store at fore o'clock and get sum butter for the bishup who was commen to dinner and it was not enuf in the ice box for him becaws a bishup is appto eat more butter than ushual when he is away frum home for dinner and Hennry's muther told him to hurry back becaws she mite want him to borro sum table things for the bishup's dinner when he came home with the butter.

So Hennry's muther gave him a tin pale with a tite lid on it soze the butter would be purfeckly safe becaws a boy is dangerus to carry butter with onley a paper on frum beein so soft in the hot wether.

So Hennry and me started for the grosserey store and got the too pounds of butter witch was all nice and cool and little drops of wotter on it and a big flour on top of the both of them frum the butter mold.

Furst Hennry would carry the pale and then I would carry it a wile and then Hennry would swing it round his head in the pale and then I would swing it round and it was lots of fun and not like wurk at all to carry it.

After a [illegible] we were possun the Grosserey [illegible] and Hennry swung the pale round and the handle came off sum beein bent by too mutch swingen and the pale went about twenty feet becaws of haven sutch a good start frum swingen.

P. A. sure does set the clip

for men who want to know the joys of a jimmy pipe or a makin's cigarette—*and "dasn't."* There's no soft pedal action needed by you or any other man. You can go at Prince Albert hammer and tongs and it won't bite your tongue. *The bite's cut out by a patented process!* Thousands upon thousands of pipe and cigarette smokers never would have known the glories of real tobacco if it hadn't been for

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

You'll get that fact jolted into your system the first tin of P. A. you smoke. You paste it in your hat that if all we claim for this brand wasn't *hard facts*, Prince Albert sure never would be "the national joy smoke" today!

You know as well as we do that you can't four-flush and get away with it very long. You present yourself with a tidy red 10c tin of P. A. and you'll pretty quickly know where you get off on the pipe question.

Toppy red bags, 5c (handy for cigarette smokers); tidy tins, 10c; also, handsome pound and half-pound humidors—everywhere!

The original and genuine Verithin model.

The thinnest watch made in America and Europe is a Gruen.

Your son has a new watch standard

Take note of your boy's ideals when you choose a watch for him. The things he is proud to own are those he knows are accepted as "right" by men of discrimination.

He no more wants a watch of yesterday than he would an old style motor car. And he knows that today the

GRUEN
Veri Thin Watch

—is the timepiece that it is a mark of distinction to own

The Gruen Verithin is a *genuine* thin model watch. Its thinness is in the movement—not attained by such methods as sacrificing the inside dust protection cap in the back case, nor by patching a ladies' size movement in the center of a *thin-edged* man's case.

In the Gruen Verithin the unique arrangement of wheels shown below saves half the space yet retains full size and strength of parts. Thus is made possible the watch that "fits your pocket like a silver dollar," yet maintains the highest standards of time-keeping.

Thousands have written for the interesting "Story of the Gruen Verithin"—you should have one, too. With it we will tell you how you can obtain a Gruen Verithin—as not every jeweler can sell you one of these beautiful precision watches.

Prices: Adjusted models, $25 to $60. Precision models (highest timekeeping perfection attainable) $50 to $250. The Dietrich Gruen, the world's finest pocket timepiece, $285 to $650. Lady Verithin, $45 up. Other Gruens in a wide variety of models and prices.

THE GRUEN WATCH MFG. CO.

"Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1876"

31 Fountain Square, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch: C P R Bldg Toronto — European Factory: Madre Biel, Switzerland — American Factory

Duplicate parts to be had through Gruen dealers everywhere, insuring prompt repairs in case of accident.

How the thinness is secured without sacrifice of parts.

altered without

MUSIC LOVERS! Great Songs —Successful Dancing Numbers

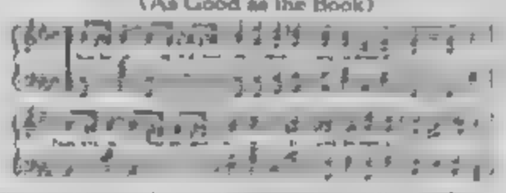
Try These Big Successes on Your Piano:

TWO WONDERFUL BALLADS:

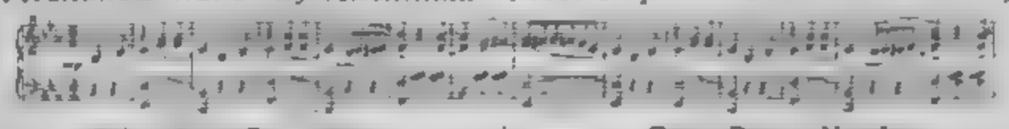
Alice of Old Vincennes
(I Love You)

"Hesitation Waltz" by Khckman.

My Diane of the Green Van
(As Good as the Book)



Most Popular "Hesitation" Today.



Other Song Successes

"Just Like The Rose You Gave."
"Sing Me The Rosary."
"If I Could Only Call You Mine."

Great Dance Numbers

"Dream Waltz" introducing Barcarole from "Tales of Hoffman"
"Thanks for the Memory" Tango
"One Wonderful Night" Waltz (Hesitation)
"In Search of A Husband" Tango.

Any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory, or any 10 cent store, or any department store or music dealer can supply above "hits". If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 12 cents for any one piece, 55 cents for any 5 pieces, $1.00 for the 10 pieces on this list

Chicago: 1501-1513 E. 55th St. **McKinley Music Co.** New York: 80 Fifth Avenue

Then it struck the rode in frunt of the livvurey stable ware it was verry dusstey frum so menny horses trampen all the time and the lid floo off and both of the butters fell out and rolled quite a ways before Hennry and me could get them.

Hennry and me could hardly beleave our eyes when the butter was rollen in the dusst becaws it was all so quick we hardly knew what happened.

But Hennry and me hurried up and caught it almost before it got through rollen but a grate deel of dammidge was done already becaws you would never beleave how mutch dusst you can get on a cupple pounds of butter just by rollen a little wile in the rode.

It was a grate supprize to Hennry and me but we both got out our jaknives and scraped off as mutch as we could get and then we washed both of the butters off in the wotteren troff witch did sum good but it did not seem to look like the same butter but probily just as good to taste Hennry said verry hopeful witch is the kind of a boy Hennry is.

So Hennry filled the pale with wotter and we put the butters in and put the lid on tite and Hennry and me started agen quite seryus sloshen the butter up and down in the pale to wash off a little more dusst but not sure how it would come out but hopen it would be nice and cleen and we would emty the wotter out before Hennry got home and probily nobuddy would know the difrunce.

After wile we took the lid off to see how it was commen out and it was mutch wurse and a verry dark brown culler all over. But it was onley dark brown for a little ways in becaws Hennry scraped sum off with his fingernale and it was all brite and yellow underneeth.

Hennry and me took it out of the pale and looked at it but it was verry mornfle and we could not see mutch hope for it.

So Hennry and me lade it on the grass under a tree ware it was shadey and we pored the wotter out of the pale and then we both lade down to think it over. We had to think quite fast for it was nearly time to be home.

Then Hennry turned round quick ware the butter was on the grass behind us and a purfeckly strange dog was licken it witch by this time was quite brite and cleen but a little ruff on the outside frum the dog licken them witch seemed verry hungry for butter when Hennry chased him away and we put them in the pale agen and started home walken offle slow.

On the way home there was sum boys batten up flies and Hennry and me stopped with the butter and batted up a few flies with the tin pale under Hennry's straw hat to kepe it frum getten too warm in the hot sun.

After we batted up sum flies Hennry looked in the pale under his hat and it was quite soft and runnen a little on the outside edge.

It was mutch cleener though frum the dog axsduntly licken it witch was forchunate for us Hennry said and it mite be we would still bring home sum fare butter for the bishup after all.

By this time Hennry and me started home agen and in a little wile Hennry had a good skeem just as we went by the pump a little ways frum Hennry's house and we both washed our hands purfeckly cleen witch is better for a boy handlen raw butter.

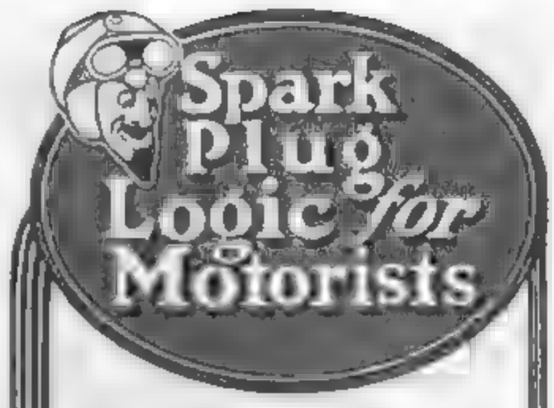
Then Hennry pumped a lot of cold wotter on the butter one at a time in the pale and then we took turns squeezen it with our hands and wurken them into a purfeckly round shape witch was sumthing like a baseball but bigger round.

By dooen this way the dusst was wurkt all through and did not show hardly at all and you would hardly known but it was too big balls of butter rite out of the grossery ice bocks if thay made it that way witch Hennry told his muther thay offen did when thay are in a speshul hurrey.

Hennry and me tasted it after we got it fickst over and could not find ennything the matter with it Hennry said.

His muther was a little supprized at the shape of them but Hennry said maybe it was sumthing new as thay offen are. Hennry and me lissened at the dore for dinner becaws Hennry could not ete with the bishup on account of beein onley grone people and Hennry's muther said to eckscuse spex in the butter witch she never saw so menny before but it was a new kind of butter.

After dinner Hennry and me went in the parler to see the bishup witch wus quite a



THE efficiency of a motor can be made or marred by the spark plugs used. Bosch Plugs are the right plugs for every motor. There are scientific reasons why they are right. Here are four of them:

1. The intense heat of ignition sparks ... spark plug ... Bosch Plugs have ... in withstanding the intense heat ... is why the 1914 Grand Prize and Vanderbilt Cup Race winners used Bosch Plugs.

2. ... are not pointed ... make a thin ... sparks and ... away ... For a quick get-away use Bosch Plugs.

3. The exclusive, crescent shaped electrode forms the spark in ... engines not previously ...

4. Bosch Plugs ... without continual ... are not too many nor too few (see illustration). The ... the gap offering the least resistance ... That is why successful long engine tests are those made with Bosch Plugs.

Perhaps your car is not efficient, perhaps it needs new plugs. Try a set of Bosch Plugs; the same as those used by all high grade cars such as the Peerless, Pierce-Arrow, Mercer, Garford, Speedwell, Jeffery, Velie, Marmon, Case, Stutz, Moline-Knight, Lozier, etc.

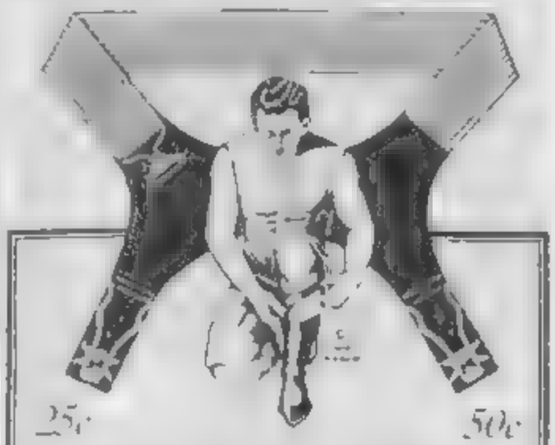
Bosch Plugs can be bought for $1.00 each from your dealer, Bosch Service Stations, or direct.

Write for "Locating the Spark Plug," sent free to any motorist upon request.

Bosch Magneto Company
233 West 46th Street
New York, N. Y.

199 Service Stations to Serve Bosch Users

End View



The man who wears Double Grip

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

has not only the physical comfort of fit and snug, smooth socks. He has the mental satisfaction of knowing that he's wearing the best possible garter. The name PARIS is stamped on the back of the shield

A. Stein & Company
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La Preferencia

The Pioneer Broad Leaf Havana Cigar

No man who loves a really fine cigar should overlook the pleasing qualities of this famous brand.

The pure Havana filler and matured Broad Leaf wrapper harmonize perfectly in producing a deliciously mellow, sweet, full-flavored smoke of distinctive character.

The National Smoke

HAVANA AMERICAN CO N Y

nice man and he yoosto be a boy once he said witch a grate menny minissturs never were Hennry said afterwurd. He said Hennry and me were fine boys witch made us feel offle gilty about the butter.

Then he told us some storeys of how he yoosto do when he was a boy and lots of mischuff and Hennry and me felt verry frendly and so Hennry thought it was all rite to tell him about the butter rollen in the dusst and the wotteren troff and the dog licken it and batten up flies and the pump and how we fickst it soze to be purfeckly good after all the trubble we had with it.

Hennry's muther hurd us laffen and the bishup too and my muther hurd us too becaws she was cumpuny and the bishup lafft a grate deel but Hennry's muther did not and my muther eather becaws it did not seem to be so funney for them.

After wile the bishup went away and Hennry and me thought we would go outside a wile frum the way our muthers looked witch was not verry cumfortable for us and slepe in the barn.

The rest of the butter was not used eaven for cooken but throne out in the garbidge barrel witch was the last of it after goen through a grate deel of expearence.

Hennry and me did not slepe our best and this mornen Hennry said we otto to rite to you and get the butter off of our mind. Thare is a boys' camp in the woods ateen miles frum here and Hennry wundered if it would be all rite to go up there for a few days till our muthers blows over about the butter.

It would be fiffty sense fare for us to go thare and a dollar apeace to stay a week and we mannidged to save up twenty-too sense this summer and we can probily get the rest of the munney sumway.

We could walk back the ateen miles to save the fare cummen home.

We have been quite helthy this summer but not as strong as a boy mite be ruffen it and Hennry is sumtimes quite week eaven after eaten haffa wottermellun and sum pares. He thinks it mite be stummick trubble commen on as thay offen do.

Our muthers would be glad to see us when we came back and they could get the butter off of their minds.

A promt ansur would probily help Hennry and me to make up our minds about goen to camp.

Mutch love to Uncle William and you mite ast him if he ever did sutch a thing and how mutch he was to blaim.

Your affeckshunate nephew,
WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S.—The ateen miles would be quite a walk but probily we could stand it all rite.—W. G. —*J. W. Foley.*

A Poor Family

A VETERAN surgeon of the Civil War, who still practices in the Piedmont section of Fauquier County, Virginia, where his patients include the wealthy horse fancier of the bluegrass and the shiftless, poverty-stricken mountaineer of the Blue Ridge hollows, was recently summoned to the bunkside of a lank, chin-whiskered hill-billy, stricken with a sluggish fever.

Some two months prior a barrel of whisky had been added to the meager possessions of the hill-billy's family—the ethics of the acquisition does not enter into this tale—and of this the good doctor had learned; not, however, through any member of the hill-billy's family.

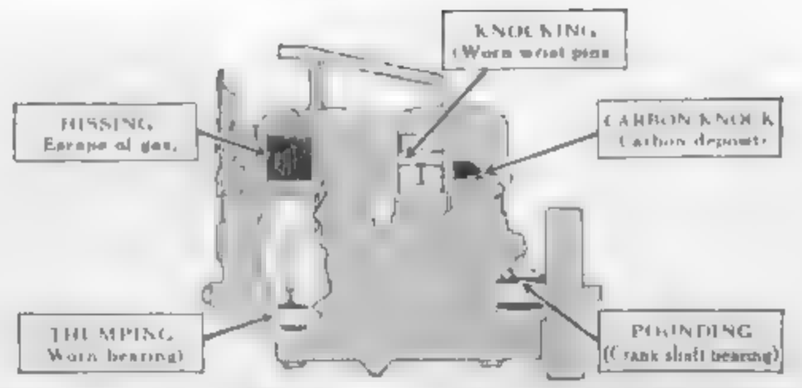
Desiring to tone up the patient with a stimulant, the doctor concluded his instructions thus:

"Now, madam, the best thing for you to do is before each meal to give Jim a good, strong whisky toddy."

"Laws sakes, doctor," replied the woman of the house, "we-all ain' got no whisky an' ain' got no money fer to buy it neither!"

"What, no whisky!" exclaimed the doctor severely. "I know you had a barrel of it here two months ago."

"Y'assir, I know," came the prompt explanation; "but a barrel o' whisky don' las' long in a fambly what can't afford ter keep a cow!"



NOISE

The motor's complaint against incorrect oil

If your motor makes some unusual sound, stop your car. Investigate.

Noise frequently means unnecessary friction—the direct result of incorrect lubrication.

Common noises are:

"Thumping." A dull thump at each revolution of the main shaft indicates worn main or connecting rod bearings. This trouble is hastened by oil of low *quality* or incorrect *body*—will finally result in badly worn bearings and knocking.

"Knocking." This may be due to loose wrist-pins. It may be due to badly worn bearings or bushings which should be refitted or replaced. Incorrect lubrication will cause both of these troubles.

"Carbon Knock." A sharp muffled ring, at ignition, indicating excessive carbon deposit usually caused by oil of low *quality* or incorrect *body*.

"Pounding." Due to engine laboring under overload. Lubrication plays no part in this trouble.

"Hissing." This is frequently due to heavy scoring of cylinder walls. It is most often brought on by inefficient lubrication.

* * * *

There is only one insurance against the results of incorrect lubrication. That is the use of oil of the highest *quality* which is correct in *body* for your type of motor.

You can secure this oil by referring to the Lubricating Chart which is partially shown at the right. For a number of years this Chart has been a standard guide to correct lubrication.

It represents the professional advice of the Vacuum Oil Company—the recognized world leaders in scientific lubrication.

Our complete Chart will be mailed to any motorist on request.

We will also send on request a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

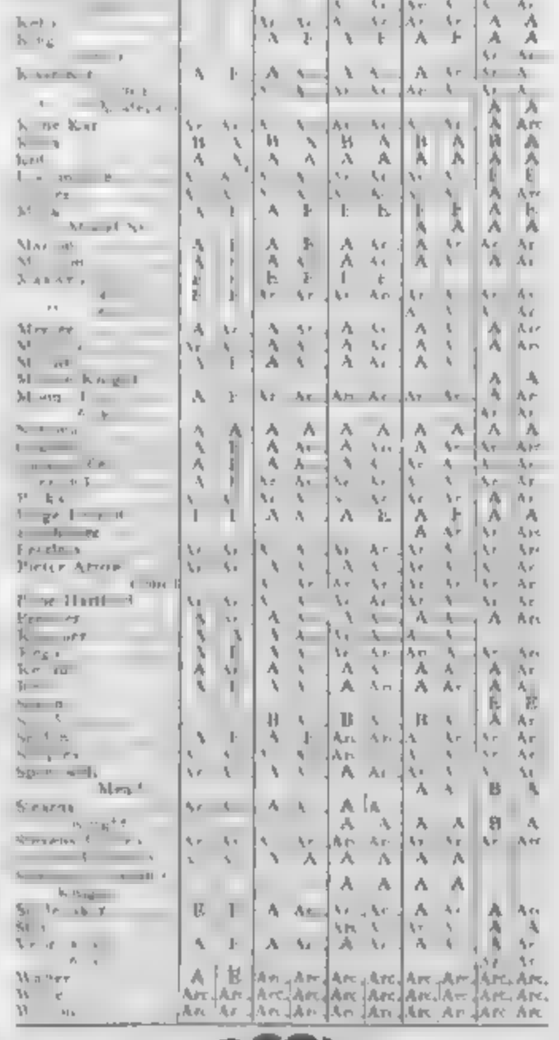
It is safest to buy Gargoyle Mobiloils, in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office. The city address will be sufficient.



GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

DOMESTIC BRANCHES: Detroit, Pittsburgh, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Indianapolis, Chicago, Minneapolis

Punctures 90% Less

Investigations prove that with "Nobby Tread" Tires punctures are 90% less than with the average tire.

The big, thick "nobs" on "Nobby Tread" Tires stand out so far from the shoe that nails, glass, sharp stones, etc., hardly ever reach the shoe.

Study the "nobs," their size, their thickness, and the way they are placed, and you will understand why.

And remember this—you have got to wear out these big, thick, tough "nobs" before you even start to wear out the extra strong tire underneath—that is one reason why experts call "Nobby Treads"

Two Tires in One

Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread" Ti through all seasons, because they are such phenomenal mileage tires and real

DO NOT BE TALKED INTO A SUBSTITUTE. Your own dealer or any reliable them for you at once—or go to another dealer. Note This:—Dealers who sell UNI

"Nobby Tread" Tires

are the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world, and they are REAL anti-skid Tires.

The original wear-resisting quality, the quantity of rubber, the methods of construction—all have been rigidly maintained in "Nobby Tread" Tires, and maintained regardless of cost and regardless of price competition.

Based upon their remarkable mileage records the "Nobby Tread" Tires are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

5,000 Miles

res on their front and rear wheels
anti-skid tires.

United States Tire Company

dealer can supply you with "Nobby Tread" Tires. If he has no stock on hand, insist that he get
TED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

Why the Indian was "light on his feet"

The Indian, before he was "civilized," could walk all day and dance half the night. He hardly seemed to touch the ground; he was tireless; he had no "nerves."

But suppose he had fastened hard leather on those soft, springy heels nature gave him—and then pounded along on flinty pavements?

He would have been exhausted at night—nervous and worn out—just the way you are.

You can go back to nature, so far as walking is concerned, and secure the effect of light, springy turf under your feet by wearing *O'Sullivan's Heels of new live rubber* on your shoes.

Wear them on the shoes you work in, walk in or dance in. They will save you the jar and strain which cause weary muscles and fatigued nerves. They will add to your efficiency, your earning power, your comfort and your pleasure.

O'Sullivan's Heels cost but 50 cents a pair, attached. All shoemakers and shoe dealers will attach them to your shoes, when you buy them, or at any other time. If you prefer, send us 35c and a tracing of your heel, and we will mail you a pair. O'Sullivan Rubber Co., 131 Hudson Street, New York.

O'Sullivan's HEELS of New Live Rubber

For Men, Women and Children

Attached Ready-to-Wear to the Hazzard Shoe

$3.00
$3.50
$4.00

Ask your dealer for HAZZARD SHOES made with **O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS** right on them. If he does not carry them, send us his name and get our catalogue. It shows and describes *Seventeen* newest styles of comfortable, serviceable shoes in stock.

Stock No. 0142 (as illustrated)—made on the newest English Model, low, broad—O'SULLIVAN'S HEEL—Genuine Russian Calf upper.

(Price $3.50)

R. P. HAZZARD COMPANY
GARDINER, MAINE

Shirley President Suspenders 50¢

Leave you free for every motion

"Satisfaction or money back"
Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckles
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg Co., Shirley Mass.

25c SAFE and SANE Toy Pistol

"SCOUT"
Fires cap inside
Automatic Repeating Paper Cap PISTOL

Sold by dealers in Fireworks, Toys, Hardware, Sporting Goods, Stationery and Novelties everywhere at 25 Cents Each.

PHILLIPS & BUTTORFF MFG. CO., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The Guaranteed Flour
OCCIDENT
Your grocer refunds your money without argument if you are not satisfied

OCCIDENT

Costs A Little More Than Others — Worth It

Russell-Miller Milling Co. Minneapolis U.S.A.

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: This is the second war—if this is a war, to say nothing of the Boxer uprising, the Cuban intervention, the Philippine insurrection, with a considerable slant at the Japanese-Russian fuss and some small angles on the Boer imbroglio—this is the second war that has found me at the theater of executive operations; but it is the first war that has left me in a position where I could not express my burning thoughts on the same in the evening and discover them illuminating asbestinized first pages of newspapers on the following morning.

Now, Jim, it is true that I am producing as many burning thoughts on this Mexican question as any thought producer you know and at as high caloric pressure; but, as you may realize, war in addition to being hell is also hurried, and there is grave danger that if I light up my cerebrating apparatus the product thereof would not keep hot during the period of time that must elapse between flame and public formulation. In short, what might be perfectly proper to-day might be in the discard long before it reached you.

Hence, I am confined to the fixed occurrences, the settled propositions, that have seethed their last seethe in our heaving midst and are historical, as mayhap they were originally hysterical. To this end it is my intention to comment on a grave matter of precedent maintained, an affair of state that was put over in the conventional and regular manner. These incidents, whatever you may think to the contrary, are not so common that, incidental as they are, they are not deserving of comment.

Indeed, respect for precedents in our State Department and observance thereof have not been so frequent or so marked that they may pass unnoticed. We make up our own precedents as we go along, or have been doing so; and that makes this matter I have in mind of greater import.

What I have to inform you about relates to Mr. Edward Savoy, of the State Department. Mr. Edward Savoy is a negro and he has been a messenger at the door of our various Secretaries of State for the past forty-four years. Thus it has happened in the past—not now, of course, but in the past—that Mr. Edward Savoy has been in completer possession of knowledge of diplomatic procedure than some of his superiors. He is a most intelligent as well as a most polished messenger, and he has watched the happenings within the door he guards for forty-four years. Small wonder that he is wise!

The Right of the House of Savoy

On the day when Señor Algara, the Mexican chargé, came to the State Department to get his passports or to request them, Mr. Edward Savoy bowed the Mexican chargé into the office of Secretary Bryan and then hastened to his good friend Major J. J. Dickinson, who has a room near that of Mr. Bryan.

"Majah," said Mr. Savoy, "you are a good friend of mine?"

"I trust so, Eddie," the Major responded. "I have felt sure that you have honored me with your friendship."

"I have, Majah—I have."

"That being the case, Eddie, what can I do for you at the present moment?"

"Majah," said Mr. Savoy, moving close to the Dickinsonian desk, "that Mexican chargé is in there with the Secretary."

"So I understand. And what has that to do with me?"

"Nothing, Majah; but it has a lot to do with me. Majah!" And Mr. Savoy's voice became low. "That Mexican chargé is there for only one purpose."

"And that is?"

"He has come for his passports, suh. I have been here for forty-four years, and I know. He has come for his passports. I have knowledge of diplomatic procedure. He is here for no other purpose."

"Well, what of that?"

"Majah"—and Mr. Savoy's voice as well as other portions of Mr. Savoy shook with earnestness—"he won't get them!"

"Won't get them! Of course he will get them."

"Begging your pardon, suh, I don't mean what you mean. What I mean is that he won't take them with him. I have been here forty-four years and I know the precedent, suh. His passports will be delivered to him at his embassy, suh—delivered to him."

"I fear I do not get the drift of your remarks, Eddie."

"Majah, I have been here forty-four years and I know the precedent, suh. The precedent is, suh, that I shall take them to him—that's the precedent, Majah. This is the third time this has happened since I have been here, and on the former two occasions I took the passports to the diplomat who demanded them. I took them, Majah. That is the precedent."

"Well, you probably will take them this time."

"Thank you, Majah; but that is the precedent. I remember when Lord Sackville-West was handed his passports. He came here and the preliminary negotiations ensued.

"Then, suh, he returned to his embassy. I was summoned by the Secretary and given his passports, incased in an official envelope. I took them to the embassy. I brushed by all the clerks and doorkeepers and entered the room where Lord Sackville-West was sitting. I put my heels together and stood up straight; and I said:

"'A communication from the Honorable the Secretary of State, suh.'"

All According to Precedent

"'Let me have it, my good man,' Lord Sackville-West replied; and I handed him the envelope containing his passports. He tore it open and said: 'Very well! Very well! They are in regular form; and I thank you.'

"'But, Lord Sackville-West,' I replied, 'will you be so kind as to give me some receipt so I may show it to the Honorable the Secretary of State on my return to my post of duty, thus satisfying him that I have discharged my trust?'

"Lord Sackville-West looked round and said:

"'What sort of a receipt do you want?'

"'If I may be so bold, Lord Sackville-West,' I replied, with a bow, 'kindly write as follows on the back of the envelope: Received intact the contents of this envelope; and sign your name.' He did so. I returned to the State Department and showed the envelope to the Honorable the Secretary of State; and he glanced at it and said:

"'Very well! Very well!'"

Mr. Savoy lowered his voice again.

"That envelope, Majah, is in the archives of my family and is one of my priceless heirlooms. And it is so with the envelope in which I delivered his passports to the Spanish Minister in the spring of 1898. I have that also in the archives of my family."

"But, Eddie," commented Major Dickinson, "I do not understand what is needed. How can I assist you?"

"In this way, Majah—in this way: That white man who is the messenger Mrs. John Hay put in here, he knows what is going on too, and he's hanging round the Secretary's door. I thought that perhaps, as the Secretary hasn't been here very long, perhaps he wouldn't think of the precedent established and held sacred for forty-four years; and when it becomes necessary to send his passports to Señor Algara he might call in the white man and let him take them.

"It's very important, Majah. The precedent has continued in force for forty-four years. It wouldn't look well or sound well in the public prints to have it spread abroad that a precedent established for forty-four years had been broken. I am sure the Secretary wouldn't do it knowingly; but there are many things, many forms of procedure, with which he may not be entirely familiar, and I feel that in such an important matter as this he would not care to be misled. It's precedent, Majah—precedent; and I shall be obliged if you will call his attention to the far-reaching consequences involved."

"You want me to suggest to the Secretary that you are the proper person to take the passports to the Mexican chargé?"

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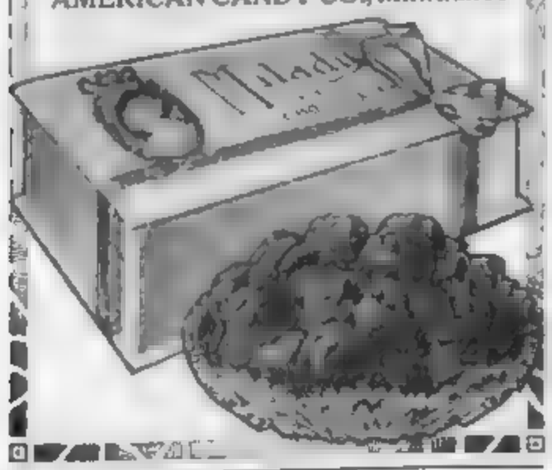

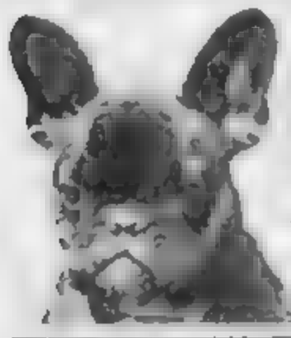

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"Yes, sah—that's it. Yes, sah—diplomatically, Majah, diplomatically; but in such a manner that the proprieties and amenities shall be observed. You are from the South, Majah?"

"I was born in Kentucky."

"Well, Majah, you knows how it is; you-all don't want no white man doing a black man's work—especially in delicate matters like this. Now, if I may be so bold as to say it, Mr. Bryan, the Secretary, he's from Nebraska, and he might not understand that side of it; and he might think nothing at all about the precedent, either."

So Major Dickinson went in to see Secretary Bryan.

"Chief," he said, "Eddie Savoy, who has been a messenger outside this door for forty-four years, is desperately afraid you will let the white messenger take the passports to the Mexican chargé. Eddie claims, if you do, that a diplomatic precedent of forty-four years will be broken. He asked me to suggest to you diplomatically that he is the proper person to carry the passports."

"Major," Mr. Bryan replied, "your presentations are received in the diplomatic spirit with which they are tendered. Mr. Savoy shall take the passports. The precedent shall be observed."

"I thank you, sir," said the Major, bowing and retiring.

And in consequence of this understanding Mr. Edward Savoy took the passports to the Mexican chargé, officiating in this capacity for the third time in forty-four years, or on every occasion when such offices were required in our diplomacy. This, too, is settled, fixed, immutable.

Meantime you should hear the Senate growl over the net results of its justification debate.

The trouble arose in this way: After the President made his war speech and the House passed the justification resolution, that resolution went to the Senate and there they wrangled over it for some time.

Then came the debate. There was criticism, both veiled and open, for the President and his Mexican policy; and it was the duty of the organization members not only to defend the President but to urge the resolution as he wanted it. Also, it was their duty to make it clear to the world that this was a great patriotic movement, and that they—the organization leaders—were great patriotic people; and that the other great patriotic people comprising the residue of the population were with them.

The Screaming Eagle Gagged

Now the only people who can be with the Senate in a public debate, so far as public and immediate manifestations of approval are concerned, are the people in the galleries; and naturally the galleries were full. Thus we have the stage set: The organization leaders ready to be patriotic until they burst the buttons off their vests; the galleries crowded with citizens who were anxious to be patriotic by applauding these senators; and the presiding officer—who was for a time the Vice-President—Thomas Riley Marshall by name.

What happened? Why, Jim, every time a person in the gallery clapped a patriotic hand in approval of some flag-waving, rally-boys-rally, this-is-our-country-and-our-President sentiment, the Vice-President—himself a Democrat—sternly repressed such manifestations, and twice put this entire body of patriotic American citizens out—cleared the galleries, suppressed the applause, and otherwise injected himself into the proceedings.

Then he went away; and he called Senator J. Ham. Lewis to the chair. This position in the chair kept J. Ham. off the floor and out of the debate. He could not fling any polysyllables about; could not wave the flag in unison with his whiskers; could do nothing but preside—that is, nothing but one thing. That one thing was to suppress applause.

Imagine a senator waving his arms about and, in the middle of a grand, golden and gorgeous peroration about the beauties of the flag, being stopped, just as he is preparing to take his final soar into the empyrean, by the rat-tat-tat-tat! of the gavel of the presiding official who says: "The senator will suspend for a moment. The chair desires to admonish the galleries"—and so on.

Talk about funeral baked meats coldly furnishing forth a marriage table! What about such gags for the scream of the eagle! I tell you, Jim, these senators have their troubles. Yours, unvexed, BILL.

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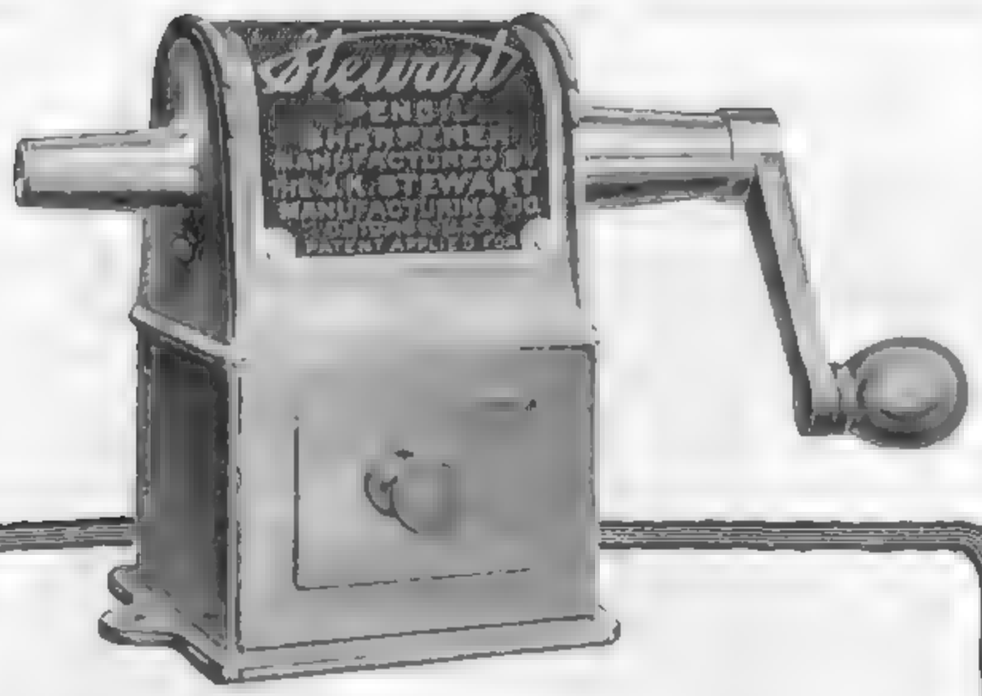

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

THE SPRING SONG

(Continued from Page 9)

in the sun and magnetizing a she-cub with his sleepy eyes.

The tyranny of home has carpet-slippered the world. It has preserved its hearth traditions in the denatured atmosphere of the city apartment and the fireless fireside. The roaring peat logs, with their flame-lit circle of cold-backed squires and dames, are the gas grates and the gilded steam radiators of today; but the tyranny of home is still godfather to the easy chair, and has sponsored the lounging robe, the hartshorn smoking set, and the hand-embroidered cushion-top to the Christmas shopping list of useful gifts for men.

Gentle-fingered, it bound Mr. Heyman to the plush depths of his golden-oak reclining chair, and held him until the seventh tong of the seven-day wedding present on the mantelpiece lost its echo and his wife's voice drifted to him through the fragrant haze of a dream and his morning coffee.

"Hey-man!"

"Yes—yes, petsie."

"Come! Each morning you read your paper longer and get later."

He yawned and stretched his arms backward to their limit.

"I should worry! With a flat completely furnished, from a dumbwaiter to a wife, I ain't in such a hurry to get out in the heat and talk pickled tripe and liverwurst to the trade."

Mrs. Heyman leaned through the frame of the doorway, a blue-aproned Vesta, with the sacred fumes of breakfast bacon hovering in an aura about her and a smear of pancake flour across the flush of her cheek.

"I got a surprise for you, Heyman. You ought to see! Honest, mamma herself could learn from me how to make griddles!"

"Griddles! I could die for joy! But what we got a new parlor for if we can't sit in it a minute? Mamma and papa can save their parlor; but I sit in mine! Come! You ain't give me but two this morning, little canary! Married only two months and she forgets I take three kisses before breakfast—three kisses and a glass of water."

She slipped into the big breadth of his embrace and transferred the flour streak to his coat.

"*Ach*, Heyman, quit! That's four already you've had. Come on out in the kitchen, everything's getting cold. Don't put your cuffs on the table, Heyman, they scratch."

"Already it's too hot to wear cuffs."

"Ain't it so! Look out, will you? The backs of the houses look like summer, don't they? Look over at all them flowers in Feraldini's windows. The paper says the opera closes tonight and she sails next Saturday. Won't I miss her, though, limbering up every morning on the Spring Song and them little arpeggios I copy after her! Won't I miss her?"

"It's like mamma and papa say, we got the cheapest flat in New York, twenty dollars, steam heat and grand opera thrown in."

"And me getting free singing lessons from listening to her!"

"Honest, petsie, last night when I came home you was singing the same things as she sings, and I didn't know which one it was, it sounded so fine. So help me, it did, Ray. She ain't got nothing on you."

"Aw, Heyman!"

"Come, little canary, I'll run you a race to the kitchen."

"Aw, Heyman, quit such nonsense!"

"*Ach*, how pretty she sets the table with the fringe on the napkins turned up!"

"Here, sit on this side, Heyman, so I can reach the griddles hot off the stove."

They drew up before a tiny table spread in the tiny kitchen. May sunlight wandered in and lay on the fresh red-and-white tablecloth, and glanced off the new tin utensils hung like armor round the walls. Mr. Heyman plunged a fork into the topmost four of a stack of steaming griddlecakes, transferred them to his plate and tilted a sluggish stream of golden syrup over them, with the sigh of a man who has drained his cup of happiness only to find it bubbling anew.

"These cakes, with this syrup, Ray! Before we was married, believe me, I sat more than once in the Subway and looked at the advertisement pictures of 'em with a emptiness inside me that made me dizzy."

"When you go downstairs, Heyman, stop in the store with a batch of 'em for papa—ten he can eat and not know it! You should eat your eggs first, Heyman."

"Petsie! Such a care she takes of me! I don't deserve it, Rachel; such a happiness I don't deserve. I wonder sometimes what right I got to it."

His tones were suddenly low and tremolo in his throat.

"*Ach*, Heyman, you should talk so! Only last night I says to mamma and papa it was a lucky day for me when you came in the store and tried to sell us that first order of pickled goods. I only wish all girls should be so lucky."

"*Ach!*"

"I says to Becky Kopf yesterday when I was downstairs in her flat: 'I got it better even than you, Becky. Look at Moe, two weeks a year on the road!' How mad she got!—just like I said something to get mad at! Can I help it that Moe's house sends him on the road?"

"Aw, that reminds me, I forgot to give Moe and Becky last night what I brought home for the baby—a little monkey in a box I seen 'em selling down on Fourteenth Street for six cents. What's the difference, I thought; I get the little shaver one, it can't break me. Always when I come in that kid goes right in my pocket, like I was a five-and-ten-cent store."

"Tonight when we come home from mamma's we'll stop in with it. Always at ten o'clock he wakes up and cries a little."

"Just like a buzz-saw he cries, so cute!"

"Becky called upstairs last night that she's got something for you—a surprise. I should be jealous! Some more griddles, Heyman? *Ach*, if you eat ten you can eat a even dozen too."

"Too much is enough, canary bird. *Himmel!*—half past seven already. If I don't sell Sol Herzog & Company that chowchow and jelly order today don't you and mamma let me in when I come home tonight. Whew! How warm it is already, not?"

"It's grand weather for mamma and papa to be going to the country, not? Yesterday, Heyman, you ought to seen—papa on the sly bought hisself a fishing pole as long as you are. How mad he was when I seen it standing behind the refrigerator—like it was something to be ashamed of that he was going to enjoy himself."

"The old man'll have the time of his life—bait he's got already too."

"Today when I'm done in the flat I'll go over and help 'em pack. For her and papa's two weeks in the country mamma packs like for Europe! A basket yesterday she brought special for their luncheon on the train—like a shoebox wouldn't do! Children they are! I'm glad they spend the money on page fifty-six for pleasure; on poor grandma's money one vacation in their lifes they can afford."

"It's grand! With Aunt Hanna and you, the store can run just as good. We can pickle mamma's tongues for her while she's gone and surprise her—not, Ray?"

"*Ach*, Heyman!" She slid round the table and placed the warmth of her cheek close to his shaved one. "How good you are, Heyman! How I love you!"

"My little canary bird! I—sh-h-h-h! Listen how early in the morning she sings. When I get a thousand dollars each opera so early in the morning I wouldn't get up!"

"Listen, Heyman—sh-h-h-h!"

"Why does she always sing the same songs—always ——"

"Miss Anson says she probably just limbers up on those—light little things like the Spring Song; she don't sing grand opera in the morning. Listen, Heyman! Ain't that swell? Listen to her take that C!"

"What's she singing, petsie—the Spring Song?"

"No, silly! Ain't I been trying to learn you ever since we moved in how to know it when you hear it? The one where she takes the little grace-notes on high C is the Spring Song—like this—Tra-la-la-la! Them's arpeggios she's singing now."

"I should stand and listen to the difference between the Spring Song and grand opera, yet; with Isaacs tryin' to beat me to that chowchow order! Put a napkin over them cakes if you want me to take 'em, Ray. Sixth Avenue don't need to know what we had for breakfast."

"Tell mamma she should fix him some country sausage out of stock with them, and that I'll be over later. Good by, Heyman. Don't come home so late—we eat over at mamma's tonight and she gets mad. Take care, Heyman, the papers are full of street-car accidents!"

"Good by, petsie. Go out for a little enjoyment today. Walk out with Becky and the baby. I come home early. Good by!"

"Heyman?"

"Yes?"

"You only kissed one ear and I feel lopsided."

"Baby! There now, you got more as you can count."

He closed the door lightly after him and his heavy-shod feet clattered down the flights in a rapid avalanche.

Except for the tenuous twitting of sparrows from zigzag wires and the shouts of children playing in a rear courtyard beneath a network of clotheslines, the apartment was suddenly quiet. With a little sigh that died in a smile, Mrs. Heyman turned to her kitchen, plunged the waiting dishes into a shining pan, pushed her sleeves farther off her round elbows, and let the hot torrent from a high-pressure faucet plunge into the sink.

Presently she broke into a little warble gently, like a bird singing in its throat, and with her blue-and-white cup towel polished the face of a plate with a rapid rotary motion. The warble grew to a trill and the trill to a full, joyous crescendo that brought her down the scale again in little silvery staccatos, like a tiny mountain rill trickling through the roof of a cave and suddenly terminating in delicate suspended stalactites. Then upward again, higher, freer, swifter, pat against the back doors of Fifth Avenue, up over the roof of the fifteen-story De-Luxe, down into a cat-infested courtyard—a lark warbling out its joy; a mother cooing her most sacred lullaby; Proserpine crooning over her flowers.

Beneath the kitchen window a voice hallooed twice. Ray paused on the crest of her flight, placed a dry teacup beside its mate and leaned half out of the window.

"Yes, Becky!"

"What you doing up there, Ray? I heard Heyman go long after Moe." A head protruded from the window beneath and a round, olive-skinned face turned upward like a pansy in the sun. "Was that you singing, Ray? Honest, half the time I can't tell which it is, you or the thousand-dollar queen over in the De-Luxe."

"It was me, Becky, trying to copy some of her high notes. I—I could take 'em, too, if I had the training."

"Come on down a while, Ray."

"You come up."

"Can't leave the baby—he's asleep."

"I ain't done my dishes yet."

"What you fixing for supper, Ray?"

"We're going over to mamma's for supper. Next week they go to the country."

"On your way home stop in—I got something for Heyman. We'll be sittin' out in front tonight till you come back."

"I keep my eyes on my hubby; you don't give him no surprises behind my back. How you two carry on together!"

Laughter.

"I'm fixing sweet-sour tongue for supper; Moe is so crazy for it. I got a grand big one off your mother."

"Heyman likes it too."

"Come on down a while, Ray, your housework ain't so heavy."

"When I've done my dishes, all right; that kid I ain't seen for a day. Honest, he's all Heyman talks about. Wait, I must go, Becky; there's my bell."

Mrs. Heyman drew inward and opened her door cautiously, her checked apron flung backward over one hip.

"What is it, please?"

"Ees thees the place where madame——"

"This is Sol Heyman's flat, Number 2."

"Ees thees the place where madame seeng thees morning—and all the morning?"

"Yes." Mrs. Heyman narrowed the open doorway and placed her foot half aggressively in the opening.

"Madame who seeng early thees morning——"

"After seven o'clock the lease says that tenants are allowed to use all musical instruments—ain't the voice a musical instrument?"

The small black-clad figure without, the silk-stockinged variety, which has opened the first act of every society drama whose gold furniture ever required flecking, whose waist is the size of a small-sized embroidery hoop and whose apron is as sheer and small as a cambric handkerchief, ventured one tall-heeled slipper across the threshold.

"Zee note for madame."

Rachel broke the seal of the ciel-blue envelope with fingers that fumbled, and read rapidly and with darting eyes. Then the note fluttered as though it had turned to an aspen leaf in her hand and drifted to the floor.

"Feraldini! She—she wants to see me, girl? My voice—she—she—she wants—me! Feraldini! My apron—I—oh—now?"

"Yes: madame come weeth me now, before madame go to the opera house. Now, please!"

"Yes! Come! We go now—now——"

"Madame's hat?"

"Here on the hatrack—this—my husband's cap will do. Let's hurry, girl!"

With her eyes like phosphorus on black water and senses swimming, Rachel dragged the small black figure along with her out into the gaslit hallway.

In its sulky stream of light she paused for a moment and glanced down the shabby front of her house-crinkled skirt in sudden hesitation—then went down the stairs with her heart beating in her ears, throbbing in her throat, leaping high in her bosom; and clutched in her hand, like a damp ensign, was the blue-edged cup towel.

In the red-velvet-and-walnut parlor, in a circle of light flung by a painted china lamp and in a silence that was as singingly electric as a wire transmitting its message, a tribunal sat on the least uncomfortable chairs of the six-piece velvet-and-walnut set, and two women wept frankly; and an old man rubbed a gnarled hand across his eyes.

"For heaven's sake, mamma, Heyman, papa, say something, one of you! I can't stand no more of this awful stillness!"

Mrs. Hoffheimer rocked herself to and fro.

"Always this room was bad luck to us! In this room poor Grandma Hoffheimer laid on that red sofa when she was dead; in this room, when papa broke his foot with the keg falling on it, we laid him till the doctor came. Always when we don't sit like always in the kitchen and talk it's bad luck."

"Bad luck! Listen to her, Heyman and papa, bad luck she calls it yet! Bad luck!"

"Bad luck I said; and I say it again—bad luck!"

"Bad luck!" repeated Mrs. Heyman, her voice rising in a semi-hysterical crescendo. "Bad luck, Heyman, when Feraldini—think once!—wants me to go to Vienna with her, in two days, on the same boat! When for nothing, with no expenses, she will make out of me a great singer! Bad luck yet!"

"Sh-h-h, petsie!" Mr. Heyman stroked his wife's hand up and down with a razor-strop movement. "The trouble is we all get excited at once. We got to get calm. Remember, when I left home this morning, Ray, you was like always; and when I came home tonight a singer like Feraldini wants to take you to Vienna with her. It don't get in your head all at once."

"Heyman, such rooms as hers you never seen! Honest, for gold I couldn't see a minute—gold halls; gold elevators; gold furniture! And for flowers! You can believe me, mamma, there were more in her rooms than that time we had tickets for the flower show at Madison Square Garden."

"In springtime flowers ain't so expensive and all what glitters ain't always gold neither. With a bottle of gold I gilded three headcheeses for our window last Christmas, didn't I, papa? We got 'em yet. For fifteen cents we got all the gold we wanted. A married woman, Ray, has got her first duty to her husband——"

"But, mamma——"

"In twenty-five years not one hour have I left papa. A woman's place is with her husband; and not even being a biggest singer, like her over there, can go before making him a home. Don't get no new-fangled ideas like that in your head."

"She ain't American, mamma, she's Eye-talian. Oh, Heyman, would you believe it how plain she is? She gave me some grapes as big as walnuts, and asked that I should sing the Spring Song and some scales up and down, like I did this morning over the dishes, and then the Flower Song from Carmen; and——"

"If I say it myself I bet you sang grand!"

"I did, mamma, only I was so scared; and afterward she took me in her arms and cried, and me such a sight, with the dish-towel in my hands! And she asked me such questions about you and papa, and who else in the family was a singer."

Mr. Hoffheimer rubbed his dry fingers together.

"Back in the old country, Rachel, I remember in our family once was a great singer, who went to Nürnberg and——"

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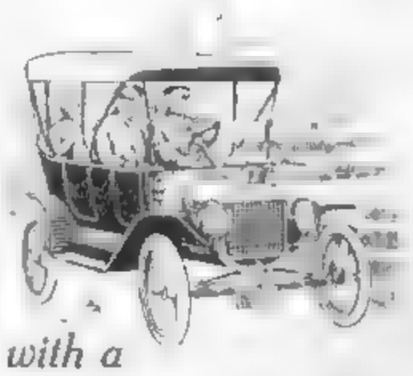

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HIGHLAND Commercial Body

Model F

Full Panel Delivery Body
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INTERCHANGEABLE with the regulation Ford Pleasure Bodies, a Highland Commercial Body gives you practically two Ford Cars for a little more than the price of one.

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Write today, telling us what business you are in and we will send you full details as to the Highland Commercial Body that will exactly meet your requirements.

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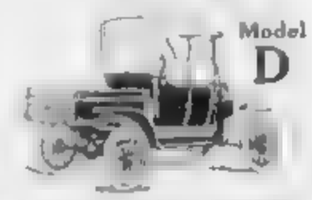

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Demountable Flare Board Body
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And they operate as a safeguard when walking. Prevent slipping. Add to *safety* as well as comfort.

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The rubber is snappy—full of life and action. We do not know of better. Wingfoot Heels are more durable than leather. And with their wonderful Goodyear construction they mark a new era in walking comfort. A six-fold factor of ease and safety at all times.

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Also ask for Wingfoot Rubber Soles—light, durable soles that make for added ease and comfort.

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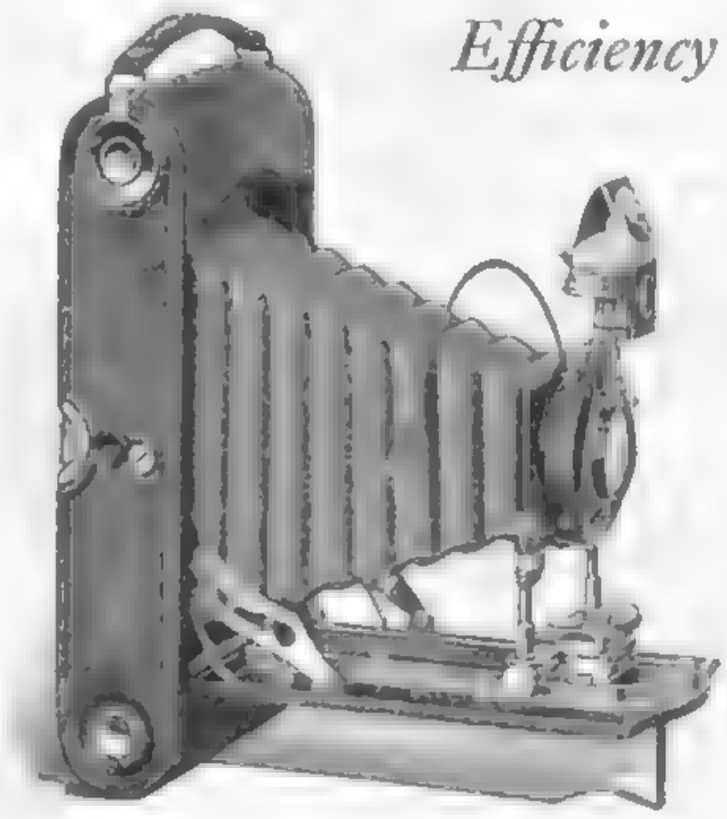

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A horse and wagon, or delivery auto, and small capital are necessary.

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PACKAGE CONFECTIONERY CO., Boston, Mass.

"Always on your side Hoffheimer! In my family I guess we didn't have no voices! I ain't sayin' peddlin' needs a singing voice like yours, Rachel, I know better as that; but when poor grandpa *selig* his tinware used to mend, even when I was a little girl I remember how loud and fine his voice was—two blocks away we could hear him coming home to lunch!"

"*Ach!*" Suddenly Mr. Heyman rose and pushed back his chair until it whined on its casters; his face had lost some of its light, as though dusk had fallen sadly, and his eyes were dark, like windows with the shades drawn. "It ain't what she's got or where she got it, mamma and papa, it's what she's going to do! That's what we got to decide here now—tonight. Rachel, we leave it to you to decide what is best for you to do!"

"Oh, Heyman, what to say I don't know! I—I want to go! I can't sit home and see the greatest singer want to take me to Europe and ——"

Mrs. Hoffheimer trembled to interrupt.

"In my day wifes didn't leave their husbands, voices or no voices!"

"Keep calm, mamma! It's a grand thing, just the same, that you got a daughter and I got a wife with such a voice."

Rachel turned toward her father, with her hand on her bosom as though she would still its heaving.

"A thousand dollars, papa, she told me this morning, she gets every time she sings a rôle. Think of it! Such rooms you never seen! Two maids like the one that came for me, and ——"

"A thousand dollars! Go'way! It don't sound good to me!"

"Ask anybody, papa, what money grand opera singers get! Heyman, you tell him."

Mr. Heyman placed his cold hands on his wife's shoulders and his lips grazed her hair.

"Ray's right, papa. There's big money in the business. I used to sell greengoods to Lispinsky's, down on Green Street, and his daughter gets four hundred a week with a music show called The Queen of Hearts; and in grand opera it's more."

"In two years, papa, Feraldini says of me she'll make a singer like herself—two years in Vienna, with the best!"

Heyman interposed in a voice that verged on acerbity:

"Wait, Ray, three times you've told us all that! Now let's get down to business."

"A wife's place is ——"

"No; let me do the talking, mamma. Three hours we been talking! Where she gets her voice ain't the question. The fact is she's got it! What kind of gold furniture Feraldini's got don't get us nowheres. Two days Ray's got to get ready. Tonight we must decide does she go or stay!"

"*Ach*, Heyman, my husband, I——"

"That don't get us nowhere, Rachel. You can't go and stay here with me and mamma and papa too."

"You decide for me, Heyman; you ——"

"That none of us can do! For yourself you must decide. We don't stand in your way. If we must give you up, then we—we say, if it's for your good, you should go!"

"It is, Heyman! I want to sing! Every night I wake up with something soprano in my throat that wants to sing. A voice like pure gold, she says, I've got."

"*Ach*, listen to her, Hoffheimer, our only baby! Married two months—and listen! Her husband shouldn't be so easy with her; his foot he should put down! For a married woman two years away from her husband—it ain't decent! Heyman, ain't you no man? Papa, ain't you got no foot to put down? Her grand new flat, her grand new furniture, her grand new husband! And now, just because a Eyetalian singer ——"

"Sh-h, mamma, sh-h-h! Heyman's right. Rachel should decide for herself. A woman that ain't happy is a bird in a cage. For her dat she don't need to stay home, they can sublet and make money on it. Heyman can come with us. For herself Rachel must decide."

Mrs. Heyman swayed backward into her husband's arms.

"I—I'll come back and make you all three proud! I'll sing in opera, with all of you in the middle box. I want to go, Heyman, even when it breaks my heart to leave you and mamma and papa, I want to go!"

"You go, then, Rachel. That settles it! Now we're getting somewheres."

"*Ach*, my child—*ach*, that I should live to see the day when she leaves me and her papa to go across the water! Parents like we been; a husband like here; a ——"

"Mamma!" Heyman's voice was like cold iron.

"Heyman's right to be mad at you, mamma!" Mr. Hoffheimer waggled an angry finger before his wife's eyes. "She wants to go and we can't hold her. You want a cooped-up woman in the family? Not me! We ain't got nothin' soprano in our throats, *Gott sei Dank!* Me and Heyman say, Rachel, that you should go, and mamma says it too."

With a moan that was torn out of her breast, Mrs. Hoffheimer folded her daughter within her arms and sobbed through lips that blubbered outward in frank emotion.

"My baby! They don't understand. Nobody can care like a mother for her flesh and blood! *Ach*, my baby, like papa says, I say you should go; but my heart goes too. I ——"

"Mamma! Mamma! I can't stand it! It's only for a little while, mamma—two years and I make you all famous! Think, once, how you hate the store in winter when the bulk olives freeze, mamma! And when I come back we can give up the store, and—think once, mamma!"

"When your heart is being torn out you can't think!"

Ray turned to her husband, with each breath catching on the crest of a sob.

"Heyman, you—you ain't mad at me, are you?"

"For what should I be mad, Rachel? You should do what makes you happy. There ain't many girls got a chance like—like—you."

"Lyric she said I was, Heyman; lyric soprano. It won't be for long. With mamma and papa you won't get lonesome."

"So soon you sail, Rachel! *Ach*, Hoffheimer, day after tomorrow our child goes to Europe, and not even warm clothes for the ship she's got!"

"I don't need nothing, mamma—all expenses she says she pays. Tomorrow ——"

Mr. Hoffheimer batted a remonstrating hand.

"You ain't no beggar that you go without pocket-money. How glad I am to stay home from the country, you should know! All day I fight with mamma—country I got to go yet! How glad I am to get this money here on the table in page fifty-six out of the house you should know! Here, take it, book and all, so I get it out of my sight!"

"No-no-no, papa; no-no-no!"

"Take it or, so help me, I throw it out the window!"

"Papa, for my own wife I can pay her expenses."

"Take it, I say; no monkey business! To the country I almost had to go! Schnapps, next door, went; and like the measles he came home with mosquito bites. Me and mamma say: '*Gott sei Dank!* We don't go to the country,' not, mamma?"

Mr. Hoffheimer cackled in a heady, thin voice, and shoved the book further into his daughter's resisting hands.

"Papa's right, Rachel. What'll old folks like us do in the country? Climb trees? With Aunt Hanna tending store, we lose the clothes off our backs, such overweight she gives. Me and papa can sit in the park sometimes this summer, if papa don't make me ashamed and take off his shoes to put his feet in the grass! We like it just as well and better, not, Hoffheimer?"

"I should say so!"

"Mamma, papa, I can't!"

"Tomorrow, Rachel, I take you out and buy you what you need. For a husband, I got something to say too."

"*Ach*, mamma, papa, I—honest, I feel sick-like inside with happiness! I could cry my eyes out at leaving, but I could holler for happiness because I'm going. She cried when I sang, mamma, and wiped her eyes on the dishtowel and kissed me. *Ach*, it was wonderful!"

"Such dishtowels like those she don't need to be afraid of."

Mr. Heyman reached for his hat.

"We go home now, Rachel; tomorrow we got enough excitement before us."

"I be over at six tomorrow, Rachel, with papa's valise he brought from the old country and them flannels you left here from your trousseau." Tears rose in Mrs. Hoffheimer's voice and she swallowed them gulpingly. "You take my sweater for the boat, too, it's heavier as yours ——"

"Don't worry her with such nonsense tonight, mamma. *Ach*, don't you put the book out of your hands, Rachel—page fifty-six!"

"Papa, I can't take it!"

"Papa, my wife don't need ——"

"Sh-h-h! Good night, children. Good night!"

"*Ach*, mamma, good night!"

"Take her home, Heyman. These wimmin with their cryin'! Where they get so much of it from I don't know. Look at 'em on each other's shoulders, like wilted celery heads! I—I—*ach!*"

"Good night, papa!"

"Sh-h-h! All wet she makes my face with her nonsense! Look at Heyman. Like a ghost he looks so tired! Go home, go, go! You scalawags, you!"

"Come, Ray!"

"C-comin'! G-good night, mamma, papa. Good night!"

The door closed on her sobs; and on the dark stairway without she swayed toward her husband, with the tears streaming from her open eyes.

"Heyman, promise me you ain't mad at me!"

"I ain't mad, baby—for why?"

"It won't be so hard after I get started, Heyman; and when I come back I ——"

"Sh-h-h! All tired out you are, Ray."

They stepped out into a momentary whiff of cool May evening. Children danced in shrill groups under arc lamps; and, beneath the giant network of the Elevated, surface cars clanged at the traffic; and in chairs ranged along the sidewalks, backs to buildings, shopkeepers and their families could glimpse a navy-blue sky between the trellises of the Elevated, except that the arc lamps were so bright they could not see the stars.

"Sh-h-h, Rachel; there's Becky and Moe sittin' out in front! Put that book in your pocket; don't tell them all our business. Till tomorrow, when it's all settled, they don't need to know."

"You're right, Heyman, not a word! Jealous like a cat Becky'll be when she knows it."

The Kopfs tilted their chairs back against the plate-glass window of the plumber's shop and greeted them in reproachful pantomime:

"Hello, night owls! We been waitin' for you. Moe wanted to go up to bed half an hour ago when you didn't come; but I wanted to wait to give Heyman his surprise."

Heyman mopped at his damp brow and rubbed the inside band of his derby.

"All day I been guessing, Becky, what you got for me. One of two things it is, I bet you—a new trick the little shaver's got, or some of that apple *kuchen* it makes my mouth water to think about."

Mr. Kopf rose to his corpulent five feet and closed his campstool.

"You ain't right neither time, Heyman. A surprise she's got for you and Ray that's a real surprise!"

Mrs. Heyman showed her teeth in a remote and nërial-like smile, and closed her hand over her husband's arm.

"How jealous I am of Heyman, Becky, you should know—you and him with your surprises!"

Mrs. Kopf's small, beady eyes danced inquiringly in her head.

"What's the matter, Ray? You ain't sick, are you? You and Heyman look like you've seen ghosts! Nothin' ain't wrong, is it? Huh?"

"Such a headache I've got, Becky. And Heyman, like a rag he gets the minute it gets a little hot."

Mr. Kopf whacked his thigh with the short, fat hand of inspiration.

"I got it, Becky! We'll take 'em upstairs and fix 'em both up with some of our root beer! How's that?"

"For once, Moe, you got a good idea in your head. Come, we go up to our kitchen; it's cool like ice. Here, take my campchair up for me, Heyman. I keep tellin' my old man if he don't stop eating all the good things I make for him we'll soon have to take a ground-floor flat, 'cause he can't climb."

"You hear, Rachel," cried Heyman, stretching the rims of his eyes in mock formidability, "how good some husbands get treated?"

They trooped up the stairs, their gauzy laughter drifting backward and downward.

"Moe, go light up the kitchen, so Ray and Heyman can see, but don't wake the baby! It ain't his time for half an hour yet. Come right in, folks. Feel how cool my kitchen is? Sit down."

"Ray ain't feelin' so well, Becky, and we can't stay. We take a drink of your grand root beer and then go right upstairs."

"Moe, hurry up and bring in from under the sideboard some of that apple *kuchen* for Heyman, but don't wake up the baby!"

Mr. Kopf returned with a well-piled cake plate, which he balanced on his upright fingers with the exaggerated genuflections of a waiter.

"Don't go so soon, folks! In a few minutes the baby wakes up—always he wakes up to be fed at ten o'clock. Me and Becky nearly die laffin'; just like a buzz-saw he yells. You can hear him upstairs, ain't it? You stay and watch him."

"Not tonight, Moe; Ray ain't feelin' so well."

"Look, Heyman! Here's the surprise for you and Ray. Me and Moe had a extra one made. Look!"

"Now what do you think of that? A picture of the little shaver! Say, honest now, look at them little bare feet and all! Honest, Moe, if you like it or not, I'll kiss your wife right here for that! Look, Rachel; see the picture of the little shaver!"

"Aw, ain't he sweet! How grand he got posed! How grand that embroidery took, Becky—look, you can see the pattern! Ain't he sweet?"

Mrs. Heyman bored a kiss into the pasteboard and rose to her feet.

"It was a grand surprise, Becky. We'll have it framed and hang it in the parlor along by mamma and papa. Thanks!"

"Thanks, Becky! It's a grand picture of the little shaver."

"Don't mention it."

"Good night, folks!"

"Good night!"

In their little flat above it was as quiet as the inside of a shell. Heyman raised the bedroom window and tweaked on the electric light. Heyman's face sprang out yellow and at strange variance from its habitual terracotta pink.

"Heyman, you—you look like the dead!"

"Don't begin that, Rachel; I'm all right."

She sat down on the uncrinkled bedcover and regarded him with tear-swelling eyes.

"Promise me you ain't mad at me, Heyman!"

"For what should I be mad, Rachel? Don't begin that again."

"I—sometimes when I think of mamma—mamma and papa, Heyman, and—see how—Becky and Moe are so happy—I—I—feel like I—can't—I ——"

"*Ach* now, Rachel, such talk! Won't we all be here when you get home? The old folks and me won't run away, we ——"

"So easy he gives me up! He don't—don't care; and me—I—I could die for homesickness already—before I'm gone!"

She burrowed into the fluffy pillow-shams.

"I—such a terrible feeling I have ——"

"It—it ain't a question of me, little canary; you got a bigger chance than anything I can ever do for you. It's you I gotta think about! *Ach*, Rachel, quit crying so, baby! When you go on like this I feel myself losing—losing my nerve!"

"Heyman, I—such a husband you are! A girl to have all at once such a husband and such a mother and father!"

"Sh-h-h!"

"What can being the greatest singer give me that I ain't already got? I—promise me, Heyman, I don't have to go. I can't, Heyman! I ——"

"Sh-h-h! Tomorrow, Ray, you feel different."

She flung her arms round his limp collar and clung to him like a rockbound Andromeda.

"No-no-no! Promise me, Heyman promise me I don't have to—promise me!"

He moved his lips to speak; and because the words would not come he leaned over and took her in his arms silently.

"You stay home, then, baby—home!"

"*Ach*, my—my Heyman!"

From below, the Kopf infant raised its voice to the night in a lusty scream that rose to a high-lungpower squall, like a speed-hot buzz-saw biting into hard wood.

"Listen, Hey-Heyman, listen to the little s-shaver! He's singing the song for sure!"

"What song, darlin'?"

"Silly boy! You never know it when you hear it."

"Darlin', you're like me, so upset and happylike that you don't know what you're sayin'. Lie still there, darlin'. That ain't singin', it's only the little shaver yellin'—the ——"

"The Spring Song, silly boy! It's the Spring Song for sure that the little shaver's singin'!"

He took her cheeks between his thumbs and forefingers and looked into her reluctant eyes.

"Rachel, I—don't ——"

She jerked her head away for the refuge on his shoulder, the timid hope under her heart beating against the high hope in his.

"White at Last"

"I certainly am glad to get this house white. What makes this so much whiter than the paint we had before?"

"Well, I asked Henderson who painted his house last spring and what paint he used. He told me that Davis & Son did the work with Carter White Lead and linseed oil, so I told Davis to send his men up."

"Hasn't our house always been painted with white lead?"

"Yes, but Carter seems to be whiter than other white leads. Davis showed me a couple of samples of white lead that he said were pure and they both looked gray alongside of Carter. He says it's Carter that made Henderson's house so white, and this looks as if he were right."

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If you are thinking of having your house painted in colors ask your painter or paint dealer to show you a copy of *"The Paint Beautiful"* portfolio, which shows twelve modern houses painted in up-to-date color combinations.

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Whether your house is to be painted in colors or white you should send today for a free copy of "Pure Paint, a Textbook on House-painting," illustrated with four color plates from "The Paint Beautiful" and containing in small space information of great value to property owners.

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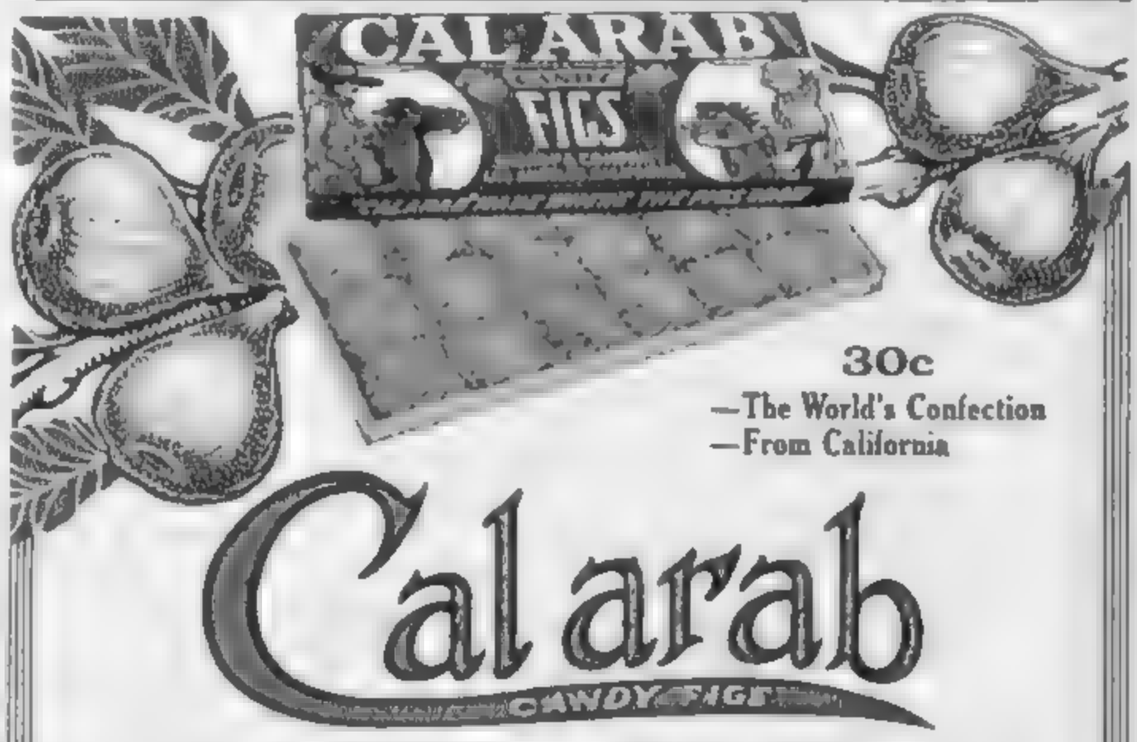

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11 questions answered

No business man can shut his eyes to this new time-saver. It will soon be as standard as the typewriter itself.

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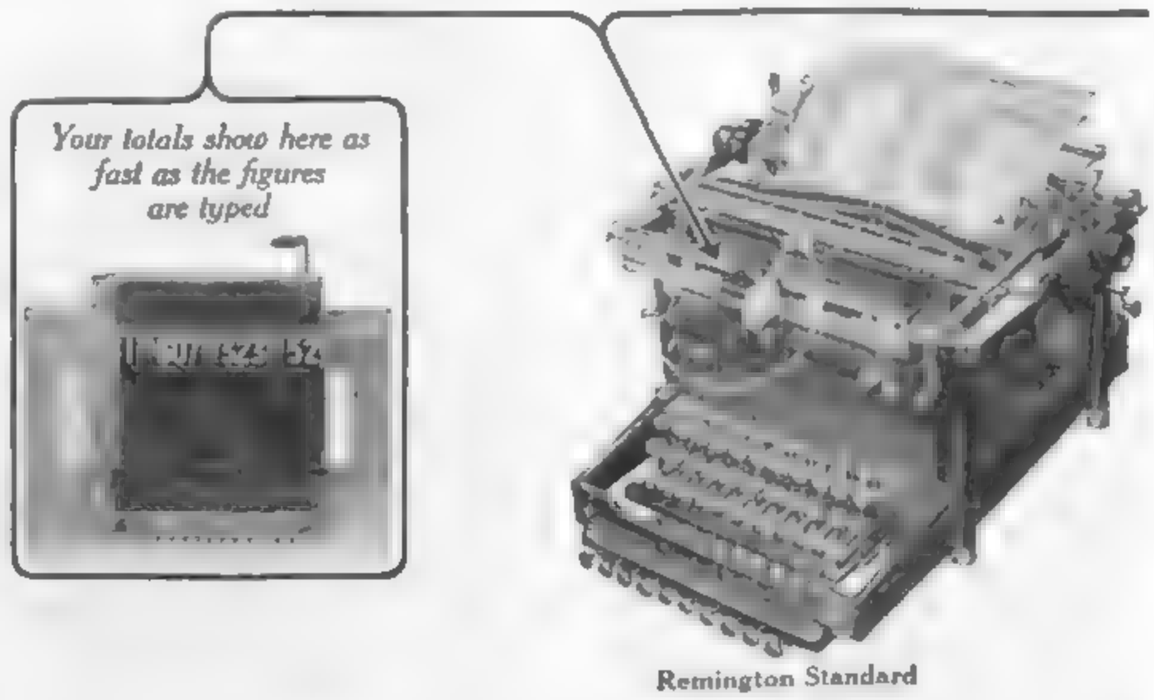

① *"Will it really save time and money?"*

This is effectively answered in many letters we receive from users—large and small. The following is a sample:

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This is one of the more conservative statements.

② *"Why should I bother about bookkeeper's work?"*

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This machine, by totalling and proving bills *while it types them*, saves valuable clerical time. The saved time can be used for collections or other productive purposes.

③ *"Will it fit my present billing system?"*

Yes. It requires absolutely no changes in system. It does your work *your* way. It applies to small billing departments as effectively as it applies to large ones.

④ *"Is it absolutely accurate?"*

The best evidence is this: It is used constantly by the United States Sub-Treasury and by prominent banks throughout the country.

⑤ *"What is the cost?"*

That varies with the carriage-width. It is higher than the cost of a plain typewriter. Compared with the cost of a standard, first-class adding machine it is low. And remember: It is an adding machine *combined with a complete typewriter.*

The initial cost is soon wiped out by the time-saving, to say nothing of the accuracy insurance.

⑥ *"Is it complicated?"*

No. While it totals with cold-steel precision, its actual operation is simplicity itself.

⑦ *"Can my present operator use it?"*

Most assuredly. Within an hour your typist can learn to operate it readily.

⑧

"Can it be used readily on my regular correspondence?"

Yes. It is an absolutely complete Remington Typewriter for correspondence purposes. The simple switch of a lever prepares it for letter writing.

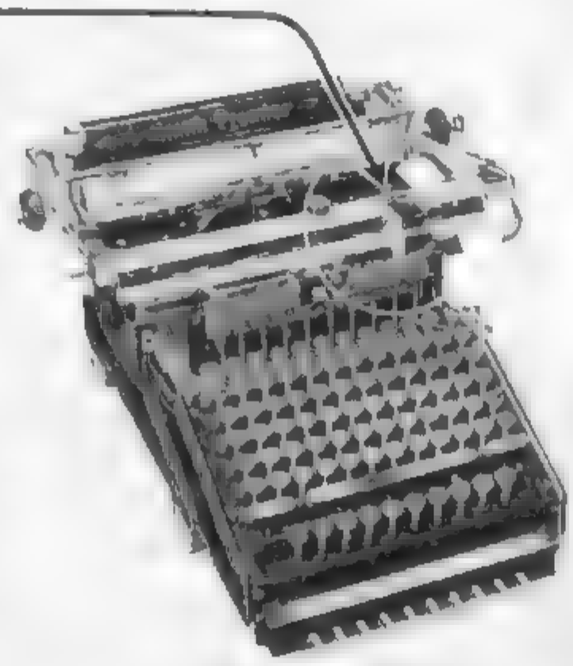
⑩

"Who are using it?"

Thousands of manufacturers and retailers—large and small—insurance companies, banks, city departments, railroads, express companies, steamship lines, telegraph companies, brokers and many in other lines.

If you wish to have the name of a user in your neighborhood we shall be glad to supply it.

Monarch Model



Smith-Premier Model

⑨

"Is the touch light or heavy?"

Light. The keys are not *punched* as with the usual adding machine. They operate with a light typewriter *touch*.

When the adding and subtracting mechanism is connected the touch of the *numeral keys* is slightly different. This prevents adding on correspondence work. On correspondence work, the adding mechanism is detached by touching a lever. The numeral keys then operate as lightly as the letter keys.

⑪

"Is it durable?"

Decidedly. We have testimonial letters from offices which have been using this machine for 5 years. Their machines were the first on the market. How much longer they will keep in first class condition, we do not yet know.

The Remington Adding & Subtracting Typewriter can be had in any of the Remington Models shown on this page. Each is a member of the famous Remington family—each is a complete, easy-running typewriter, plus the adding and subtracting feature—each is designed to insure maximum durability—each has distinctive features designed to meet individual requirements.

Two ways to investigate

Sooner or later the adding and subtracting typewriter will be considered as fundamental in practically every up-to-date business equipment as desks and chairs.

Its use is spreading rapidly.

The chief reason why most offices or stores—where bills and statements are part of the day's work—are not using it now is because the office heads have not yet investigated its time-and-money-saving possibilities.

A new illustrated folder, "The Story of a Day's Work", makes it possible for business men, who are alive to the advantages of relieving human effort with improved mechanical helps, to learn specifically how the Remington Adding & Subtracting Typewriter will save clerk-time—and how it will do away with unnecessary error-risk and expensive calculations on their bills and statements.

We will send a copy of "The Story of a Day's Work" to any employer of clerical or stenographic help—on request. The information in this helpful little folder will probably mean to you the important difference between efficiency and inefficiency in certain departments of your business—the difference between an extra profit and a needless reduction of your "net" for the ensuing twelve months.

A note now dictated to your stenographer will bring you this folder by return mail. Later, if you wish, we will install a machine in your office, where you can demonstrate its usefulness on your bills—without expense to you.

We recommend that you send now for "The Story of a Day's Work".

REMINGTON
Adding and Subtracting TYPEWRITER

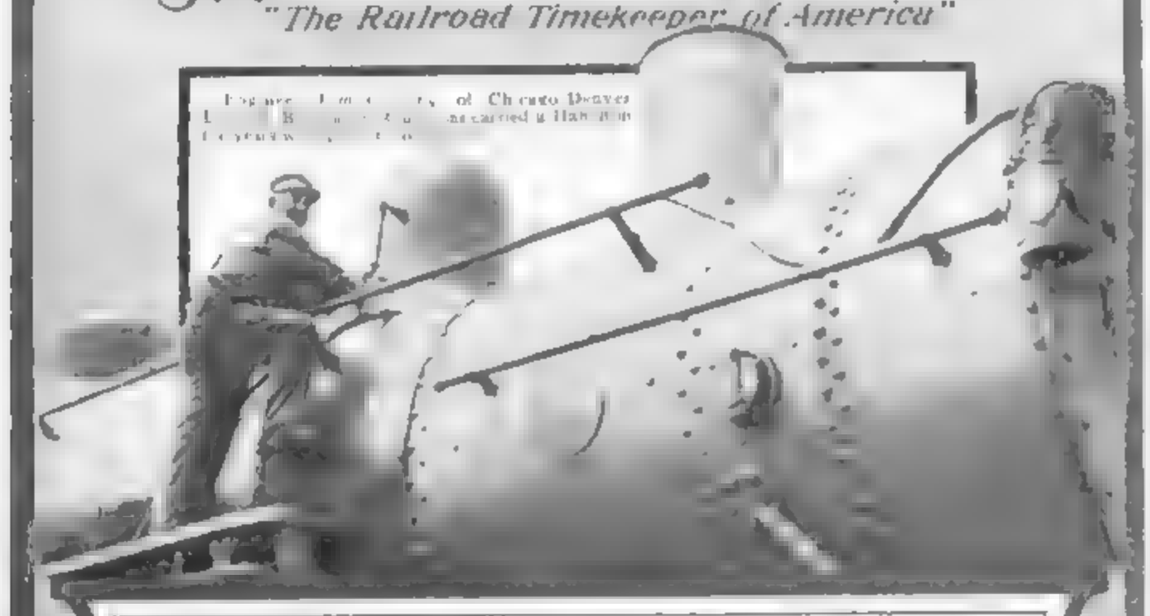
(WAHL MECHANISM)

Remington Typewriter Company, Incorporated, New York City *(Branches Everywhere)*

For clear, clean typewriter results, use Remtico Brand letter paper, carbon paper and ribbons

Hamilton Watch

"The Railroad Timekeeper of America"



The Watch of Proved Accuracy

Accuracy is the fundamental motive that makes anyone buy a watch. Few men, indeed, buy a watch for any other reasons than those that trace back to accuracy.

The Hamilton is a watch of proved accuracy. Wherever men work within fractions of minutes, you will find the Hamilton. As an example of this, note that:

Over one-half (56%) of the railroad men on American railroads where Official Time Inspection is maintained carry the Hamilton Watch.

Your jeweler, if you ask him, will add to these facts about Hamilton accuracy other facts from his own experience with the Hamilton. If you are interested in buying a fine watch

Write for the Hamilton Watch Book—"The Timekeeper"

It pictures and describes the various Hamilton models and gives interesting watch information

There are twenty-five models of the Hamilton Watch. Every one has Hamilton quality and Hamilton accuracy. They range in price from $12.25 for movement only [illegible] the superb Hamilton masterpiece at $150.00. Your [illegible] can show you the Hamilton you want, either in a [illegible] watch or in a movement only, to be fitted to any style case you select, or to your own case if you prefer

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY
Dept. J, Lancaster
Pennsylvania

To San Francisco in 1915

PROBABLY hundreds of men and women will attend the Panama Exposition at our expense. Will you be one of them?

You have two or three spare hours each week, those hours before dinner. We will buy them from you for just what they're worth. You can pay your expenses to San Francisco and leave a balance in bank, with the funds you can earn by employing those late afternoon hours as we suggest.

Join the "Curtis delegates." Learn the details of our offer. Address your inquiry to

Agency Division, Box 512

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 12)

vividly of that which inevitably happens when a millionaire's daughter is being married to a duke in a fashionable Fifth Avenue church—it reminded me of that because it was so different.

Fortunately for us we were so placed that we saw quite distinctly the entrance of the wedding party into the chapel inclosure. Personally I was most concerned with the members of the royal house. As I recollect, they passed in the following order:

His Majesty, King George the Fifth.

Her Majesty, Queen Mary, the remaining Four-Fifths.

Small fractional royalties to the number of a dozen or more.

I got a clear view of the side face of the queen. As one looked on her profile, which was what you might call firm, and saw the mild-looking little king, who seemed quite eclipsed by her presence, one understood—or, anyway, one thought one understood—why an English assemblage, when standing to chant the national anthem these times, always puts such fervor and meaning into the first line of it.

Only one untoward incident occurred—the inevitable militant lady broke through the lines as the imperial carriage passed and threw a Votes for Women handbill into His Majesty's lap. She was removed thence by the police with the skill and dexterity of long practice. The police were competently on the job. They always are—which brings me round to the subject of the London bobby and leads me to venture the assertion that individually and collectively, personally and officially, he is a splendid piece of work.

The finest thing in London is the London policeman and the worst thing is the shamefully small and shabby pay he gets. He is majestic because he represents the majesty of the English law; he is humble and obliging because, as a servant, he serves the people who make the law. And always he knows his business.

In Charing Cross, where all roads meet and snarl up in the bewildering semblance of many fishing worms in a can, I ventured out into the roadway to ask a policeman the best route for reaching a place in a somewhat obscure quarter. He threw up his arm, semaphore fashion, first to this point of the compass and then to that, and traffic halted instantly. As far as the eye might reach it halted; and it stayed halted, too, while he searched his mind and gave me carefully and painstakingly the directions for which I sought. In that packed mass of cabs and taxis and busses and carriages there were probably dukes and archbishops—dukes and archbishops are always fussing about in London—but they waited until he was through directing me. It flattered me so that I went back to the hotel and put on a larger hat.

The Holders of the Balances

Another time we went to Paddington to take a train for somewhere. Following the custom of the country we took along our trunks and traps on top of the taxicab. At the moment of our arrival there were no porters handy, so a policeman on post outside the station jumped forward on the instant and helped our chauffeur to wrestle the luggage down on the bricks. When I, rallying somewhat from the shock of this, thanked him and slipped a coin into his palm, he said in effect that, though he was obliged for the shilling, I must not feel that I had to give him anything—that it was part of his duty to aid the public in these small matters.

I shut my eyes and tried to imagine a New York policeman doing as much for an unknown alien; but the effort gave me a severe headache. It gave me darting pains across the top of the skull—at about the spot where he would probably have belted me with his club had I even dared to ask him to bear a hand with my baggage.

I had a peep into the workings of the system of which the London bobby is a spoke when I went to what is the very hub of the wheel of the common law—a police court. I understood then what gave the policeman in the street his authority and his dignity—and his humility—when I saw how carefully the magistrate on the bench weighed each trifling cause and each petty case; how surely he winnowed out the small grain of truth from the gross and tare of surmise and fiction; how particular he was to give of the abundant store of his patience to any whining ragpicker or street beggar who faced him, whether as defendant at the bar, or accuser, or witness.

It was the very body of the law, though, we saw a few days after this when by invitation we witnessed the procession at the opening of the high courts. Considered from the standpoints of picturesqueness and impressiveness it made one's pulses tingle when those thirty or forty men of the wig and ermine marched in single and double file down the lofty vaulted hall, with the Lord Chancellor in wig and robes of state leading, and Sir Rufus Isaacs, knee-breeched and sword-belted, a pace or two behind him; and then, in turn, the justices; and, going on ahead of them and following on behind them, knight escorts and ushers and clerks and all the other human cogs of the great machine.

What struck into me deepest, however, was the look of nearly every one of the judges. Had they been dressed as longshoremen, one would still have known them for possessors of the judicial temperament—men born to hold the balances and fitted and trained to winnow out the wheat from the chaff. So many eagle-beaked noses, so many hawk-keen eyes, so many smooth-chopped, long-jowled faces, seen here together, made me think of what we are prone to regard as the highwater period of American statesmanship—the Clay-Calhoun-Benton-Webster period.

London's Safety Valve

Just watching these men pass helped me to know better than any reading I had ever done why the English have faith and confidence in their courts. I said to myself that if I wanted justice—exact justice, heaping high in the scales—I should come to this shop, I should bring the trade to this old-established firm; but if I were looking for a little mercy I should take my custom elsewhere.

I cannot tell why I associate it in my mind with this grouped spectacle of the lords of the law, but somehow the scene to be witnessed in Hyde Park just inside the Marble Arch of a Sunday evening seems bound up somehow with the other institution. They call this place London's safety valve. It's all of that. Long ago the ruling powers discovered that if the rabidly discontented were permitted to preach dynamite and destruction unlimited they would not be so apt to practice their cheerful doctrines. So, without let or hindrance, any apostle of any creed, cult or propaganda, however lurid and revolutionary, may come here of a Sunday to meet with his disciples and spout forth the faith that is in him until he has geysered himself into peace—or, what comes to the same thing, into speechlessness.

When I went to Hyde Park on a certain Sunday rain was falling and the crowds were not so large as usual, a bored policeman on duty in this outdoor forum told me; still, at that, there must have been two or three thousand listeners in sight and not less than twelve speakers. These latter balanced themselves on small portable platforms placed in rows, with such short spaces between them that their voices intermingled confusingly. In front of each orator stood his audience; sometimes they applauded what he said in a sluggish British way, and sometimes they asked him questions designed to baffle or perplex him—heckling, I believe this is called—but there was never any suggestion of disorder and never any violent demonstration for or against a statement made by him.

At the end of the line nearest the Arch, under a flary light, stood an old bearded man having the look on his face of a kindly but somewhat irritated moo-cow. At the moment I drew near he was having a long and involved argument with another controversialist touching on the sense of the word tabernacle as employed Scripturally, one holding it to mean the fleshly tenement of the soul and the other an actual place of worship. The old man had two favorite words—behoove and emit—but behoove was evidently his choice. As an emitter he was only fair, but he was the best behoover I ever saw anywhere.

The orator next to him was speaking in a soft, sentimental tone, with gestures gently appropriate. I moved along to him, being

(Continued on Page 49)

Wilson Bro's

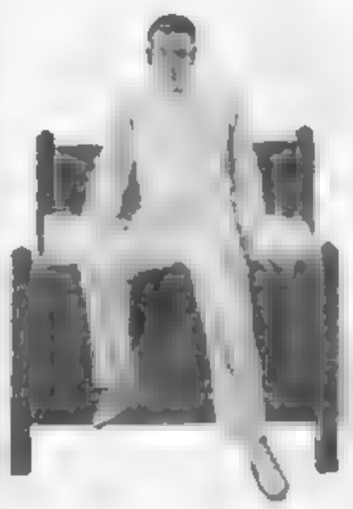
Wilson Bro's Open-Mesh Union Suit

Licensed under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

MADE for men who feel better in open-mesh underwear, but would like the comfort of a well-fitting union suit. Wilson Bro's Open-Mesh Union Suit is the only garment of this kind having the same patented closed crotch as Wilson Bro's Athletic Union Suit, licensed to be made under the Klosed-Krotch patents. Airy and absorbent. Strong and well finished. Long sleeves, half sleeves, sleeveless; ankle, three-quarter or knee lengths. $1.00 a garment and up for men; 50c for boys.

Wilson Bro's Combinette Pajama

Licensed under the Klosed-Krotch Patents



A *one-piece pajama.* No drawstring—no bind at the waist. Roomy all over. Downright comfort. All-round convenience. The newest idea for men when alounge or asleep. Looks even better than the old-style, two-piece pajama. Has the same patented closed crotch as in Wilson Bro's Athletic Union Suit. The only one-piece pajama licensed under the Klosed-Krotch patents. Made up in a wide variety of up-to-date materials in our own big factories. Expertly cut and fashioned with the same care and skill that have made Wilson Bro's Shirts dependable for 50 years. $1.50 and up.

Wilson Bro's Combinette Shirt

Licensed under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

MADE up to give strenuous men neat appearance, free action and all-round comfort. Especially adapted for outdoor sports. No tail to work out of trousers, no matter how strenuous the sport may be. Easy, roomy, good-looking. Fitted with the patented closed crotch, same as Wilson Bro's Athletic Union Suit. The only garment of this style licensed under Klosed-Krotch patents. Convenient and quickly adjusted. With or without attached soft collar. Short or long sleeves. Patterns and fabrics with the freshness of outdoors. $1.50 and up.

Athletic Union Suit

Licensed Under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

Look for this label

THE maximum of comfort in summer underwear. The crotch is permanently closed. No open edges to bind and cut—no buttons to pinch and chafe. Fit and comfort in every pose. Front opening does not connect with seat opening. Single button holds flap across seat—cannot gap open or bunch up into uncomfortable folds. Light and cool—ideal for active men.

Made from imported and domestic woven fabrics, in sleeveless, half sleeves, knee and three-quarter lengths. Men's sizes, $1.00 and up. Boys' sizes, 50 cents and up.

Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bro's mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc.

All Wilson Bro's specialties should be at your furnisher's, or he can get your particular need on short notice.

Wilson Bro's Chicago

TUXEDO—And That Spring-y Feeling

IN comes Spring and that old lazy, yawny feeling. Makes a man get out his old pipe, puff away and start dreaming of good times to come.

Air's mighty sweet in his nostrils—and so is Tuxedo, too. Tuxedo has that "ethereal mildness" that the poet spoke of. A grand old tobacco to dream over.

We keep it mild and aromatic on purpose. Our idea is to make a tobacco that a man can smoke day in and day out and always find it a pleasant, light, easy, gentle smoke.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe or Cigarette

Only ripe, mellow, perfect leaves of the highest grade Kentucky Burley are used in Tuxedo. This superior tobacco is further refined by the famous, original "Tuxedo Process", until every trace of harshness and "bite" disappears. All the exquisite mildness and mellow fragrance of the Burley leaf are developed to perfection.

Tuxedo is recognized as the favorite tobacco of critical American smokers—endorsed by hundreds of prominent men.

Tuxedo will afford *you* wholesome enjoyment and pleasant relaxation—try a pipeful.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, *innerlined* with moisture-proof paper . . . 5c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c *In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c*

THOS. E NEWTON

President of the Michigan State Fair and owner of the Gayety Theatre of Detroit, Mich., says:

"For a long time I wondered why so many of my friends were taking to the pipe. One day I tried it myself, and now I congratulate myself for having started with Tuxedo, for since then life has been very enjoyable."

Thos. E Newton

GEO. C. DANIELS

New England Passenger Agent of Southern Railway Co., Boston, says:

"For heavy smokers, Tuxedo's mildness lets them smoke as much as they want of it. For light smokers, this mildness proves beneficial and healthful."

Geo C Daniels

MILTON OAKMAN

Sheriff of Wayne County, Detroit, Mich., says:

"Tuxedo represents the top notch in tobacco quality. It is the mildest, smoothest, most soothing smoke I have ever enjoyed."

Milton Oakman

JOHN E. NORTHUP

Former Assistant State's Attorney and one of Chicago's leading trial lawyers, says:

"I enjoy a good game of golf, enjoy a good meal, enjoy the society of my friends, but the pleasure of all combined is lost unless I can top it off with an enjoyable smoke of Tuxedo."

J E Northup

GEO. A. KINGSBURY

Manager of the Chicago Opera House, says:

"I've smoked more expensive tobaccos than Tuxedo, but I never smoked a better one—and never hope to."

Geo A Kingsbury

EDW. H. CROSBY

Dramatic Editor of the Boston Post, says:

"I get genuine joy out of a pipeful of Tuxedo. I like its mildness and the fact that it doesn't bite my tongue."

Edward H Crosby

We Give You This Fine Leather Tobacco Pouch

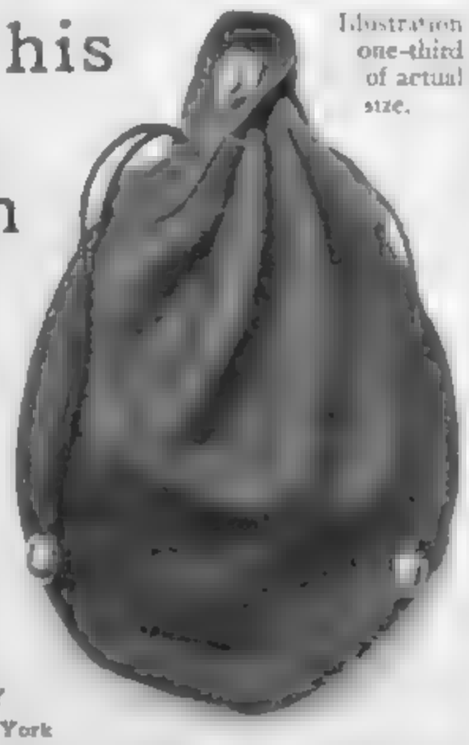


Illustration one-third of actual size.

Every smoker appreciates a leather tobacco pouch. This handy, serviceable, Tuxedo Draw-Pouch is made of fine, soft, flexible tan leather, with a drawstring and snap that close pouch tight and keep the tobacco from spilling.

Send us 10c and your tobacco dealer's name, and we will mail you prepaid, anywhere in U. S., a 10c tin of TUXEDO and this handsome Leather Draw-Pouch. We gladly make this offer to get you to try TUXEDO. Address

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Room 1187 111 Fifth Avenue New York

(Continued from Page 46)

minded to learn what particular brand of brotherly love he might be expounding. In the same tone a good friend might employ in telling you what to do for chapped lips or a fever blister he was saying that clergymen and armaments were useless and expensive burdens on the commonwealth; and, as a remedy, he was advocating that all the priests and all the preachers in the kingdom should be loaded on all the dreadnoughts, and then the dreadnoughts should be steamed to the deepest part of the Atlantic Ocean and there cozily scuttled, with all on board.

There was scattering applause and a voice: "Ow, don't do that! Listen, 'ere! Hi've got a better plan." But the next speaker was blaring away at the top of his voice, making threatening faces and waving his clenched fists aloft and pounding with them on the top of his rostrum.

"Now this," I said to myself, "is going to be worth something worth while. Surely this person would not be content merely with drowning all the parsons and sinking all the warships in the hole at the bottom of the seas. Undoubtedly he will advocate something really radical. I will invest five minutes with him."

I did; but I was sold. He was favoring the immediate adoption of a universal tongue for all the peoples of the earth—that was all. I did not catch the name of his universal language, but I judged the one at which he would excel would be a language with few if any *h's* in it. After this disappointment I lost heart and came away.

Another phase, though a very different one, of the British spirit of fair play and tolerance, was shown to me at the National Sporting Club, which is the British shrine of boxing, where I saw a fight for one of the championship belts that Lord Lonsdale is forever bestowing on this or that worthy and worshipful fisticuffer. Instead of being inside the ring prying the fighters apart by main force as he would have been doing in America, the referee, dressed in evening clothes, was outside the ropes. At a quick word from him the fighters broke apart from clinches on the instant.

The audience—a very mixed one, ranging in garb from broadcloths to shoddies—was as quick to approve a telling blow by the less popular fighter as to hiss any suggestion of trickiness or fouling on the part of the favorite. When a contestant in one of the preliminary goes, having been adjudged a loser on points, objected to the decision and insisted on being heard in his own behalf, the crowd, though plainly not in sympathy with his contention, listened to what he had to say. Nobody jeered him down.

Had he been a foreigner, and especially had he been an American, I am inclined to think the situation might have been different; but, as this man was a Briton himself, these other British hearkened to his sputterings; for England, you know, grants the right of free speech to all Englishmen—and denies it to all Englishwomen.

Much Ado About a Lion

The settled Englishman declines always to be jostled out of his hereditary state of intense calm. They tell of a man who dashed into the reading room of the Savage Club with the announcement that a lion was loose on the Strand—a lion which had broken away from a traveling caravan and was rushing madly to and fro, scaring horses and frightening pedestrians.

"Great excitement! Most terrific, old dears—on my word!" he added, addressing the company.

Over the top of the Pink Un an elderly gentleman of a full habit of life regarded him sourly.

"Is that any reason," he inquired, "why a person should come rushing into a gentleman's club and kick up such a deuced hullabaloo?"

The first man—he must have been a Colonial—gazed at the other man in amazement.

"Well," he asked, "what would you do if you met a savage lion loose on the Strand?"

"Sir, I should take a cab!"

And after meeting an Englishman or so of this type I am quite prepared to say the story might have been a true one. If he met a lion on the Strand today he would take a cab; but if tomorrow, walking in the same place, he met two lions, he would write a letter to the Times complaining of the growing prevalence of lions in the public thoroughfares and placing the blame on the Suffragettes or Lloyd George or the Nonconformists or the increasing discontent of the working classes—that is what he would do.

On the other hand, if he met a squirrel on a street in America it would be a most extraordinary thing! Extraordinary would undoubtedly be the word he would use to describe it. Lions on the Strand would be merely annoying, but chipmunks on Broadway would constitute a striking manifestation of the unsettled conditions existing in a wild and misgoverned land; for, you see, to every right-minded Englishman of the insular variety—and that is the commonest variety in England—whatever happens at home is but a part of an orderly and an ordered scheme of things, whereas whatever happens beyond the British domains must necessarily be highly unusual and exceedingly disorganizing.

An Englishman's newspapers help him to attain this frame of mind; for an English newspaper does not print sensational stories about Englishmen residing in England—it prints them about people resident in other lands. There is a good reason for this—a reason based on prudence. In the first place the private life of a private individual is a most holy thing, with which the papers dare not meddle; besides, the paper that printed a faked-up tale about a private citizen in England would speedily be exposed and also extensively sued.

Sensations to Order

As for public men, they are protected by exceedingly stringent libel laws. As nearly as I might judge, anything true you printed about an English politician would be libelous, and anything libelous you printed about him would be true.

It befalls, therefore, as I was told on most excellent authority, that when the editor of a live London daily finds the local grist to be dull and uninteresting reading he straightway cables to his American correspondent or his Paris correspondent—these two being his main standbys for sensations—asking, if his choice falls on the man in America, for a snappy dispatch, say, about an American train smash-up, or a Nature freak, or a scandal in high society with a rich man mixed up in it. He wires for it, and in reply he gets it. I have been in my time a country correspondent for city papers, and I know that what Mr. Editor wants Mr. Editor gets.

As a result America, to the average provincial Englishman's understanding, is a land where a hunter is always being nibbled to death by sheep; or a prospective mother is being so badly frightened by a chameleon that her child is born with a complexion changeable at will and an ungovernable appetite for flies; or a billionaire is giving a monkey dinner or poisoning his wife—or something. Also, he gets the idea that a through train in this country is so called because it invariably runs through the train ahead of it; and that when a man in Connecticut is expecting a friend on the fast express from Boston, and wants something to remember him by, he goes down to the station at traintime with a bucket.

Under the headlining system of the English newspapers the derailment of a work-train in Arizona, wherein several Mexican tracklayers get mussed up, becomes Another Frightful American Railway Disaster! But a head-on collision, attended by fatalities, in the suburbs of Liverpool or Manchester is a Distressing Suburban Incident! Yet the official Blue Book, issued by the British Board of Trade, showed that in the three months ending March 31, 1913, 284 persons were killed and 2457 were injured on railway lines in the United Kingdom.

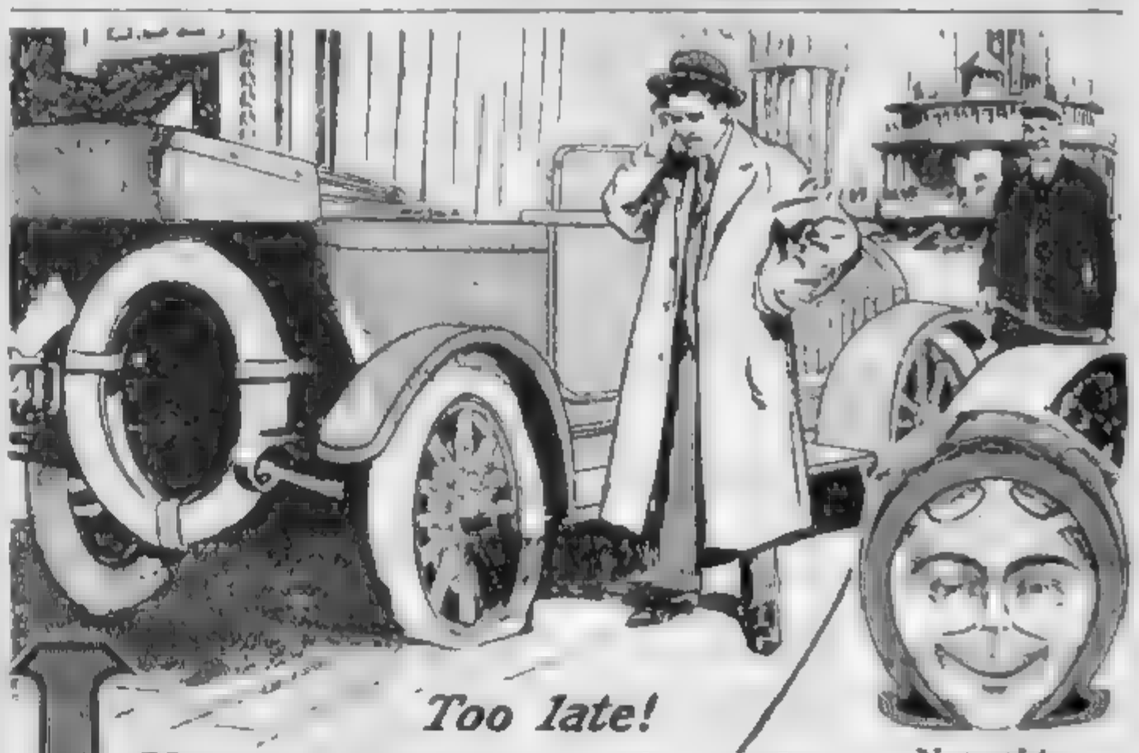
Just as an English gentleman is the most modest person imaginable, and the most backward about offering lip-service in praise of his own achievements or his country's achievements, so, in the same superlative degree, some of his newspapers are the most blatant of boasters. About the time we were leaving England the job of remodeling and beautifying the front elevation of Buckingham Palace reached its conclusion, and a dinner was given to the workingmen who for some months had been engaged on the contract.

It had been expected that the occasion would be graced by the presence of Their Majesties, but the king, as I recall, was pasting stamps in the new album the Czar of Russia sent him on his birthday, and the queen was looking through the files of Godey's Lady's Book for the year 1874, picking out suitable costumes for the ladies

The first timepiece ever made exclusively for automobiles is the Waltham. Two mainsprings render it immune to vibration

Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

Makers of the famous Waltham "Riverside" Watches



Too late!

You are a success, aren't you? Your time is worth money, isn't it?

Can you afford to gamble with punctures—missing important engagements: losing by one such occurrence the cost of puncture-proof insurance for a year? Play safe! Here is a tire that will protect you against punctures and lost time—*against the high expense for inner tubes that punctures invariably cause.*

Lee PUNCTURE-PROOF OR MONEY BACK Pneumatic Tires

must prove absolutely puncture-proof—or you get back every cent you paid for puncture-proof insurance.

Back of that statement stands an absolute guarantee.

Sign and send a copy of this guarantee and [illegible] 10 cents, and we will send you [illegible] Stop taking chances. Write today for this free booklet.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

Read the leading cities. Look up LEE TIRES in your telephone book.

Note this Construction

Not a troublesome outside cover to knit together [illegible] but an inner case to be [illegible]

4200 steel discs in the tread.

Each disc good for a smile—and far more than a mile.

Every disc a guarantee against puncture.

Discs overlap without touching. Imbedded in rubber, with fabric between layers—free from all danger of heating or tearing loose.

Made, like all other Lee tires, of the perfected

"Vanadium" Rubber

[illegible]

"ZIG-ZAG" Non-Skid Tread

"Master of Slippery Situations"

Ask the dealer to show you this study or more still see and note [illegible]

·LA·FRANCE·

LA FRANCE is at home in Country Lanes or City Streets; on the Board Walk or Ball Room floor.

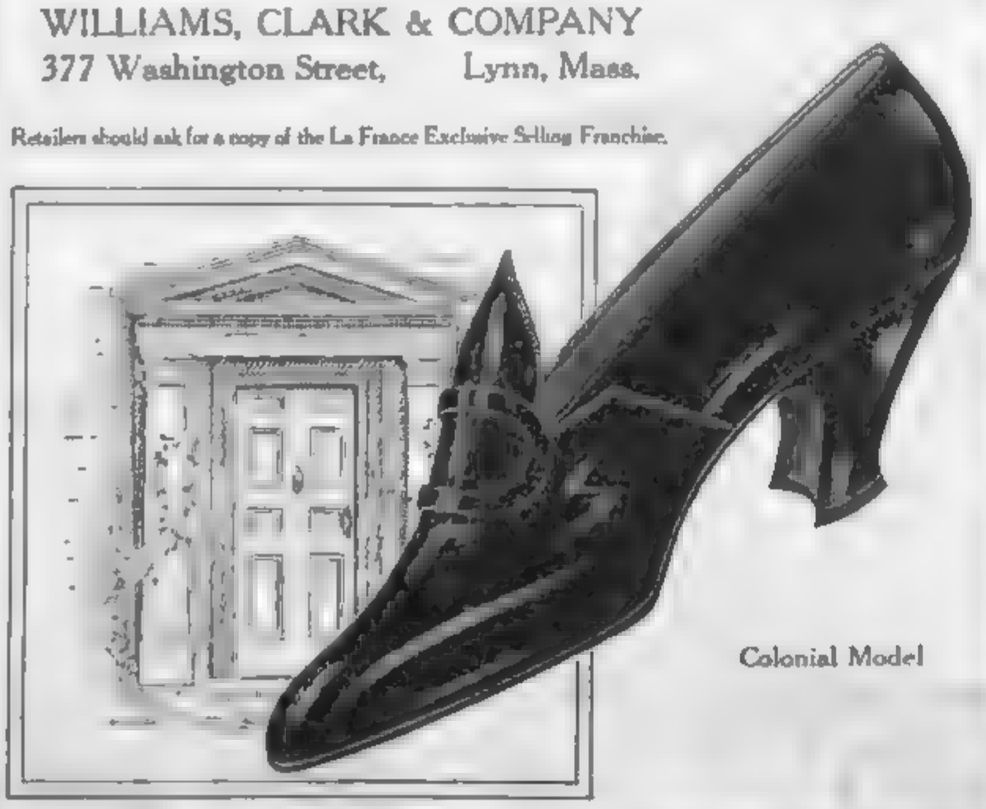
You're comfortable in LA FRANCE because you're shod correctly. *They fit* and they *make you fit*—for every occasion.

Our style book is the last word in footwear. We'll be glad to send it upon request.

No. 826. A Colonial in Sterling Patent Colt, turn sole, with wood Louis Cuban heel. Very chic.

WILLIAMS, CLARK & COMPANY
377 Washington Street, Lynn, Mass.

Retailers should ask for a copy of the La France Exclusive Selling Franchise.



Colonial Model

AGENTS WANTED FOR BLITZ The Polishing Cloth

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of her court to wear. At any rate they could not attend. Otherwise, though, the dinner must have been a success.

Reading the account of it as published next morning in a London paper, I learned that some of the guests, "with rare British pluck," wore their caps and corduroys; that others, "with true British independence," smoked their pipes after dinner; that there was "real British beef" and "genuine British plum pudding" on the menu; and that repeatedly those present uttered "hearty British cheers." From top to bottom the column was studded thick with British thises and British thats.

The editorial writers of that very paper are given to frequent and sneering attacks on the alleged yellowness and the boasting proclivities of the jingo Yankee sheets; also, they are prone to spasmodic attacks on the laxity of our marriage laws. Perhaps what they say of us is true; but for unadulterated nastiness I never saw anything in print to equal the front page of a so-called sporting weekly that circulates freely in London.

In the campaign to give the stay-at-home Englishman a strange conception of his American kinsman the press is ably assisted by the stage. In London I went to see a comedy written by a deservedly successful dramatist, and staged, I think, under his personal direction. The English characters in the play were whimsical and, as nearly as I might judge, true to the classes they purported to represent. There was an American character in this piece too—a multi-millionaire, of course, and a collector of pictures—presumably a dramatically fair and realistic drawing of the wealthy, successful, art-loving American.

I have forgotten now whether he was supposed to be one of our meaty Chicago millionaires, or one of our oily Cleveland millionaires, or one of our steely Pittsburgh millionaires—or just a plain millionaire from the country at large; and I doubt whether the man who wrote the lines had any conception when he did write them of the fashion in which they were afterward read. Be that as it may, the actor who essayed to play the American used an inflection, or an accent, or a dialect, or a jargon—or whatever you might choose to call it—which was partly of the oldtime drawly wild Westerner school of expression and partly of the oldtime nasal Down East school.

A Continent at a Glance

I had thought—and had hoped—that both these actor-created lingoes were happily obsolete; but in their full flower of perfection I now heard them here in London. Also, the actor who played the part interpreted the physical angles of the character in a manner to suggest a pleasing combination of Uncle Joshua Whitcomb, Mike the Bite, Jefferson Brick and Coal-Oil Johnny, with a suggestion of Jesse James interspersed here and there.

True, he spat not on the carpet loudly, and he refrained from saying I vum! and Great Snakes!—quaint conceits that, I am told, every English actor who respected his art formerly employed when wishful to type a stage American for an English audience; but he bragged loudly and emphatically of his money and of how he got it. I do not perceive why it is the English, who themselves so dearly love the dollar after it is translated into terms of pounds, shillings and pence, should insist on regarding us as a nation of dollar-grabbers, when they only see us in the act of freely dispensing the aforesaid dollar.

They do so regard us, though; and, with true British setness, I suppose they always will. Even so I think that, though they may dislike us as a nation, they like us as individuals; and it is certainly true that they seem to value us more highly than they value Colonials, as they call them—particularly Canadian Colonials. It would appear that your true Briton can never excuse another British subject for the shockingly poor taste he displayed in being born away from home. And, though in time he may forgive us for refusing to be licked by him, he can never forgive the Colonials for saving him from being licked in South Africa.

When I started in to write this article I meant to conclude it with an apology for my audacity in undertaking—in any wise—to sum up the local characteristics of a country where I had tarried for so short a time; but I have changed my mind about that. I have merely stolen a page from the book of rules of the British essayists and novelists who come over here to write us up. Bless your soul! I gave nearly eight weeks of time to the task of seeing Europe thoroughly; and of those eight weeks I spent upward of three weeks in and about London—indeed, a most unreasonably long time when measured by the standards of the Englishman of letters who does a book about us.

He has his itinerary all mapped out in advance. He will squander a whole week on us. We are scarcely worth it; but, such as we are, we shall have a whole week of his company! Landing on Monday, he will spend Monday in New York, Tuesday in San Francisco, and Wednesday in New Orleans. Thursday he will divide between Boston and Chicago, devoting the forenoon to one and the afternoon to the other. Friday morning he will range through the Rocky Mountains; and after luncheon, if he is not too fatigued, he will take a carriage and pop in on Yosemite Valley for an hour or so.

But Saturday—all of it—will be given over to the Far Southland. He is going 'way down South—to sunny South Dakota to see the genuine native American darkies, the real Yankee blackamoors. Most interesting beings, the blackamoors! They live exclusively on poultry—fowls, you know—and all their womenfolk are named Honey Gal.

The Northcliffe Playwrights

He will observe them in their hours of leisure, when, attired in their national costume, consisting of white duck breeches, banjos, and striped shirts with high collars, they gather beneath the rays of the silvery Southern moon to sing their tribal melodies on the melon-lined shores of the old Oswego; and by day he will study them at their customary employment as they climb from limb to limb of the cottonwood trees, picking cotton. On Sunday he will arrange and revise his notes, and on Monday morning he will sail for home.

Such is the program of Solomon Grundy, Esquire, the distinguished writing Englishman; but on his arrival he finds the country to be somewhat larger than he expected—larger actually than the Midlands; so he compromises by spending five days at a private hotel in New York, run by a very worthy and deserving Englishwoman of the middle classes, where one may get Yorkshire puddings every day; and two days more at a wealthy tufthunter's million-dollar cottage in Newport, studying the habits and idiosyncrasies of the common people.

And then he rushes back to England and hurriedly embalms his impressions of us in a large volume, stating it to be his deliberate opinion that, though we mean well enough, we won't do—really!

He necessarily has to hurry, because, you see, he has a contract to write a novel or a play—or both a novel and a play—with Lord Northcliffe as the central figure. In these days practically all English novels and most English comedies play up Lord Northcliffe as the central figure. Almost invariably the young English writer chooses him for the axis about which his plot shall revolve.

English journalists who have been discharged from one of Northcliffe's publications make him their villain, and English journalists who hope to secure jobs on one of his publications make him their hero. The literature of a land is in perilous case when it depends on the personality of one man. One shudders to think what the future of English fiction would be should anything happen to His Lordship!

Business of shuddering!

Editor's Note—This is the eighth in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The ninth will appear in an early number.

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The Pretty Suffragette And Billy Waring

Went down to Morton's for a week-end, and there, much to Billy's surprise, the Suffragette did a number of things that no one expected of her—least of all Mrs. Morton. What those things were is the story.

Is Any Woman Easy to Live With?

That is a question that only a man can answer, and a man *has* answered it—for the women's sake no less than for the sake of his brother men.

The Wife's Side of The Liquor Problem

It isn't the sitting up waiting for him to come home, but it's quite another aspect of what liquor means in the house—those little chafing-dish-beer suppers—the bottle of champagne for the prominent guest—a side of the liquor problem that is usually overlooked.

When Henry Was Married

The girl's home was in the East. And not a soul back in Navarre—Ohio—where Henry lived and was to take his bride—sent a single gift. It was rather hard for Henry. And then—but that's the story, too.

Judge Van Doren Went to Europe

It was on business, but just the same he met a girl there that made him forget Loretta, canning fruit and hunting dust back home. Then he returned and made a discovery—which makes another story.

In fact *The Ladies' Home Journal* for June is mostly stories—*The Summer Story Number*, it is called. Of course there are the numerous practical articles as well, and the fashion pages in full color, besides a complete section devoted to vacation suggestions and experiences.

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CHEAP AT A MILLION

(Continued from Page 23)

do what I say. Very well! Now, visualize the search made for you. Endow your people with superhuman ingenuity. Useless!"

The man waved a hand toward Mr. Merriwether; but Mr. Merriwether said:

"You assume that the search will be exclusively for me—but they will also search for you!"

"My dear sir, that is unkind of you!" The man spoke reproachfully. "We know that when we go into crime as a business we must guard against the chief contributory cause of the vast majority of all business failures, according to the statistics of Dun and Bradstreet—to wit, insufficient capital. Murderers are caught when their faces and habits and families are known. Usually their lack of means forces them to betray themselves. But nobody knows how the men who will kill E. H. Merriwether look. And we have enough money to go anywhere. We will become tourists—like thousands of others. Some of us will stay in New York; others will go on round-the-world tours. See this?"

The man pulled from his pocket some packages of well-worn bills, with the bank-wrappers round them, though a finger hid the bank name. Also the man showed to Mr. Merriwether several books of travelers' checks of the fifty-dollar denomination—the specimen signature also being covered by the man's finger.

"Enough for all," said the man. "Kindly oblige me by thinking of what you would do in my place; and in all frankness acknowledge that nothing would be easier than to get away. Ordinary crime is so largely accidental that the average criminal is at the mercy of even the unintelligent police. Professionals do the same thing over and over and acquire telltale mannerisms. Also, they lack culture and find the class attraction too strong to resist—besides always being hard up and therefore defenseless.

"We had gone about this case systematically. We wanted your million—but, more, we wanted the sport of taking it from a man who had no moral right to the particular million we desired. If you had been a really conscienceless financier we'd have made it five millions; in fact it is because we are not sure that even this million is tainted that we ask you to pay it to us for giving you a fine daughter-in-law. Shall we go upstairs?"

The master of the house led the way upstairs and Mr. E. H. Merriwether, escorted by the stalwart footmen with the intelligent faces, followed, his own intelligent face impassive. That he was thinking meant only that he was doing what he always did.

The man sat down in his chair, with his back to the stained-glass window. He asked pleasantly:

"What do you say now, Mr. Merriwether?"

"I say," the little czar answered, with a frown of impatience or anger, or both, "that when you are tired of playing the damned fool I'd like to return to my business."

The man rose to his feet quickly, his face pale with anger. He took a step toward the financier, his fists clenched—and then suddenly controlled himself.

"You jackass!" he said. "You idiot! Have you no brains whatever? Must I lash common sense into you? Take 'em off!" It was a command to the footmen.

"Will you disrobe, sir?" very politely asked the oldest of them.

Mr. Merriwether, six inches shorter than the speaker and a hundred pounds lighter, drew back his fist, but the four men seized him and began to take his clothes off. "Tie him!" commanded the master.

They tied him to the library table, face down.

"Music!" cried the man; whereupon the cornetist began to play the Meditation from Thais softly, but obviously ready to play fortissimo at a signal from the chief.

"I am going to lick you with this whip!" He snapped it viciously and walked round the table until he stood behind Mr. Merriwether. He lifted his arm and then the great Merriwether, autocrat of fifteen thousand miles of railroad, iron nerved, fearless, imaginative and intelligent, yelled:

"Wait!"

"The million?"

"Yes!"

"Help him!" said the man, and the intelligent-looking footmen respectfully served as valets.

"I don't believe you would kill me—but I never liked spankings." Mr. Merriwether spoke jocularly—almost!

The man confronted Mr. Merriwether and said, very seriously:

"Mr. Merriwether, we should certainly have killed you if you had persisted in your stubbornness to the end. We knew we had to convince you."

The man looked inquiringly at the financier to see whether any doubt remained; but Mr. Merriwether asked quizzically:

"Honest, now, would you ——"

"We would!" interrupted the man, looking straight into Mr. Merriwether's eyes. And what Mr. Merriwether saw there made him ask:

"How will you have the million?"

"In cash. I'm glad you will make the payment. But really, sir, I wish to impress on you that Tom is ripe to be taken for better—or for worse."

Mr. E. H. Merriwether looked long and earnestly into the eyes of the mysterious man who was despoiling him of a million dollars. It began to seep into his understanding that if Tom could be married to a nice girl the resulting peace of mind would indeed be cheap at a million.

"Now, if you please," pursued the man pleasantly, "telephone to McWayne that you wish him to come here with certified checks on your different banks, aggregating one million dollars, made payable to Michael P. Mahaffy."

Mr. Merriwether started. The name was that of the world-famous political Boss of New York City. Explanations as to the million might be embarrassing to any political boss; but for a million dollars any political boss would be glad to explain—or even not to explain.

"From this house Mr. McWayne will go to the banks, accompanied by the studious gentleman who had the honor of holding your left leg. You will indorse each check by writing 'Indorsement Correct' and signing your name. McWayne will go with our Mr. Michael P. Mahaffy and get the money in fives, tens and twenties, in handy wads—old bills preferred and so requested from the paying tellers, who will intelligently understand that Mr. Mahaffy is not signing his name in person; so he can swear in any court of justice that he never saw the checks. Asking for old bills is to make them impossible to trace. This will also allay the banks' suspicions. The worst that can happen will be that a few tellers will wonder what Mr. Merriwether has to do with city politics that he needs Mahaffy's aid."

"I see!" said Mr. Merriwether thoughtfully. Then, after a pause: "Where is the telephone?"

"There!"

In plain sight and hearing of the master of the house the master of the Pacific and Southwestern called up his own office. He spoke to McWayne:

"Make out checks on all banks according to my balances in them, so that the checks will aggregate one million dollars; payable to Michael P. Mahaffy.—What? Yes?—Have the checks certified.—Of course if there isn't enough!—We shall want bills that have been used—fives, tens and twenties.—Yes, all cash. Come up to 777 Blank Avenue. You will go to the bank with a man ——"

"With Mr. Mahaffy," prompted the man.

"With Mr. Mahaffy," repeated Mr. Merriwether.

"And tell Tom to have luncheon and wait for me," again prompted the man.

"And tell Tom I can't go to luncheon with him, but to wait for me."

Mr. Merriwether hung up the receiver and turned to the man saying:

"The idea of using Mahaffy's name ——"

"Rather good, isn't it?" smiled the man. "Of course you wondered how we were going to cash the checks, didn't you? Well, that's the way. The bank officials will be surprised to see the checks and they will watch McWayne and my man to the last. They will thus be able to hear my man say loudly to the chauffeur: 'Tammany Hall, Charlie!' Attention to details, my dear sir!"

"I still am not quite convinced that ——"

"My dear Mr. Merriwether, there are so many ways of safely getting money from you Wall Street magnates that the only thing that really protects you is the sad fact that the professional crooks are even more stupid than you. Men like you are

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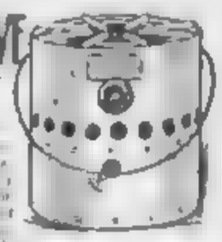

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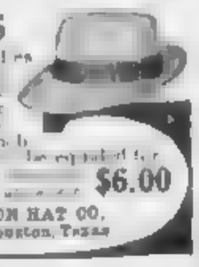

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compelled to bet your entire fortune, your very life, on averages. The average man is both stupid and honest; so you and your like are fairly safe for fairly long periods of time. Of course if we had been obliged to kill you we should have done so and buried you, and we should have been wise enough to utilize your death in as many ways as possible in the stock market—and out of it.

"For instance, I should have instantly telephoned to all the men in your class and told them we had eliminated you—as an example—and to remember that in case we ever had occasion to ask anything from them. We should also give them a countersign, so that they would be able to recognize us when the proper time came. I can kidnap or permanently suppress any millionaire in New York, with neatness, dispatch and safety.

"If Big Tim Sullivan could be killed and lie in the Morgue for days unrecognized, what chance do relatively unknown people like you great millionaires stand to be found, once dead? A dead capitalist, remember, is no more impressive than a dead street-car conductor. If I got you into this house on the strength of Tom, as I got Tom to come in on the strength of you, what millionaire would refuse, for example, to go—in answer to a telephone message that his child had been run over and was now—let us say—at 128 East Seventy-ninth Street? Or that his wife, acting more or less as if she were intoxicated, was scattering money at the corner of Seventh Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street?"

Mr. Merriwether looked at the man a long time. He could not deny that to really desperate men such deeds offered no particular difficulty. The average crook is not dangerous to a millionaire; but a man like this is more than dangerous. He thought quickly and formed his conclusions accurately.

"How are you going to make Tom marry one of the girls whose names you mentioned?" he asked in the tone of voice one uses toward physicians.

The man smiled slightly and said:

"Oh, I am not going to do it. I don't care whether he marries or not. You must do that. But I'll tell you how—if you wish—after McWayne gets here. Just think over the affair. It will put you in a more intelligently receptive frame of mind." And with a pleasant smile the man took a little book bound in green leather and began to read.

Mr. E. H. Merriwether, as was his wont when thinking, began at the beginning and reviewed the entire affair quickly but carefully. He did this again—it did not take him long—and then he began to coördinate his ideas and study the case. Within ten minutes he had forgotten his animosity. In fifteen he felt respect for this man. In twenty he was thinking how helpless any one man is against his ten billion trillion natural foes—microbes, seismic disturbances, floods, and the chemical reaction of hostile brains. This man, whose very name was unknown to him, had vanquished the victor—had looted the tent of the general!

This was incredible when spoken in a conversational tone of voice. Perhaps this same remarkable man might tell how to make Tom choose a desirable wife. It was worth while making the experiment. It was in the nature of a gamble in which E. H. Merriwether stood to win a happiness worth all the money in the world and stood to lose nothing!

A knock at the door roused him from his reverie. One of the footmen arrived from the threshold.

"Mr. McWayne!"

Mr. Merriwether's private secretary entered. E. H. Merriwether held out his right hand.

Mr. McWayne took four slips of paper and gave them to his chief, who quickly looked at them and passed them over to the master of the house. The man looked at them, indorsed them and handed a pen to Mr. Merriwether. The czar of the Pacific and Southwestern wrote on each of the checks:

"Indorsement Correct.
"E. H. MERRIWETHER."

He returned the checks to the man, who thereupon pushed a button a number of times. One of the footmen with the nonmenial faces appeared dressed for the street. He looked Irish. He wore a big solitaire scarfpin. His hat inclined to one side noticeably. He carried a square valise in each hand. They looked as if they had seen service. On each was printed: Treasurer Tammany Hall.

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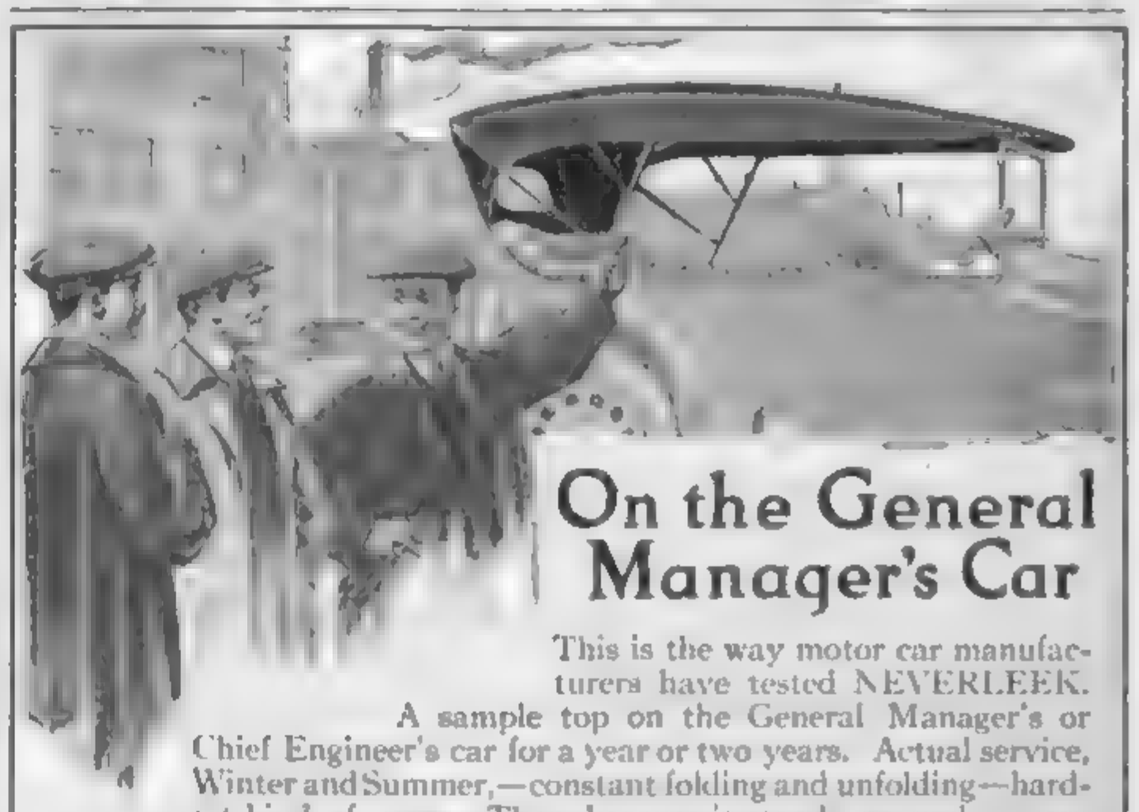

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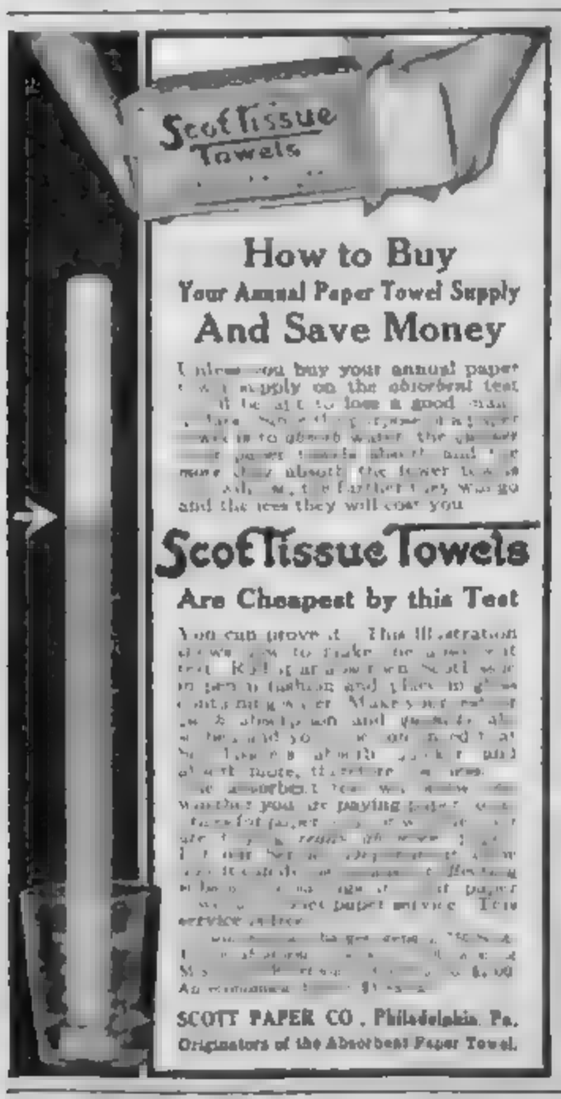

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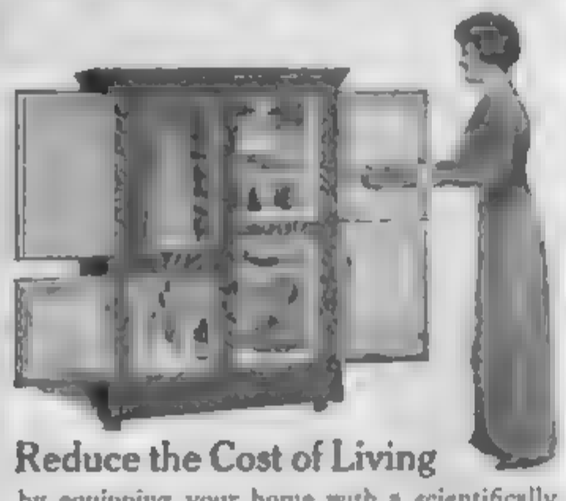
Scot Tissue Towels
Are Cheapest by this Test

You can prove it. This illustration shows how to make the absorbent test. Roll a piece of Scot Tissue on pen to fashion and place in glass containing water. Make your own test & about each and you will find that Scot Tissue absorbs much more water than other towels and at much lower cost, therefore is more economical. Scot Tissue Towels are absorbent, too, because they are made from the finest grade of paper stock. Their softness and fluffiness make them delightful to use. Their strength makes them serviceable. Their purity makes them sanitary. Their low cost makes them economical. Scot Tissue Towels are sold by the roll only. Prices are from $1.00 to $4.00 according to size of roll and number of towels on roll. An economical size is $1.25.

SCOTT PAPER CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
Originators of the Absorbent Paper Towel.



Reduce the Cost of Living

by equipping your home with a scientifically constructed sanitary refrigerator, which prevents waste of food through spoilage, tainting and souring.

McCray
Sanitary Refrigerator

is a perfect circulation of pure cold dry air that keeps foods fresh and sweet for many days. Made in different sizes and styles to meet the requirements of every home, large or small, where ice is used. Also in sectional units for the installation of any number of compartments desired for any purpose.

Send for the Catalog

No. 91—Regular Sizes for Residences
No. 50—For Hotels, Clubs and Institutions
No. [illegible]—Built to Order for Any Requirement
No. [illegible]
No. 60—For Meat Markets

McCray Refrigerator Co.
706 Lake Street, Kendallville, Ind.
Chicago, 158 N. Wabash Ave., New York, McCray Bldg., 7-9 W. 30th St.
For Branch Salesrooms in Your City See Your Telephone Directory

MARBLES Flexible Rear Sight
WILL IMPROVE YOUR RIFLE SHOOTING

A peep sight that has won the approval of thousands of sportsmen [illegible] makes a perfect rear sight for any gun. It is made of spring steel and will not get out of order. It is adjustable for windage and elevation and can be set to suit any load you may use. Made in different heights to fit all guns. Price, postpaid, $1.50. Write for booklet telling how to sight your rifle.

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO. 6005 Dexter Ave. Gladstone, Mich.

"Go with Mr. McWayne to the banks and cash the checks. Mr. McWayne will identify you," said the master of the house.

"Yis, sor!" said the footman. The brogue was unnecessary; but E. H. Merriwether smiled slightly. McWayne and the footman in mufti left together.

"Think some more!" said the man to E. H. Merriwether and resumed his reading of the little green-leather book.

Mr. Merriwether leaned back and thought some more. To him the million-dollar loss was already ancient history. The only virtue that the Wall Street life gives to a professional is the ability to take a loss of money with more or less philosophy. That philosophy is also met on the race-track, among experts in faro—also among real Christians.

McWayne and the man were gone an hour and eighteen minutes. Mr. Merriwether had time to think of Tom and of himself and of the relation that had existed between himself and his son, and of the relations that would exist between them in the future—God willing.

"Mr. McWayne!" announced the servant.

The private secretary entered; also the Irishman with the two valises.

"Tell the others! At five o'clock!" said the master of the house, and the footman left the room—with the valises!

"Mr. McWayne, will you kindly wait in the other room?" The man rose and parted the portières for the secretary to pass through.

"Certainly," said McWayne, frowning politely.

"Now, Mr. Merriwether," said the man, "as I told you, Tom's mind and soul are prepared for love. The romantic vein in him has been worked to the limit. He can be laughed out of it very easily, for he is not entirely convinced; but it is too valuable a frame of mind for a really intelligent father to destroy.

"The young ladies, also, are ripe for the coming of the one man in all the world. They will respond readily—and, I may add, respond with relief if they see he is a man like your son, against whom nothing can be said. It will clinch the affair. My advice is for you to call on the young ladies I have mentioned and judge for yourself, and then you be your own stage manager!"

"Have you any choice yourself?"

"You know Woodford?"

"Very well."

"And his daughter Isabel?"

"No."

"Well, she has the complementary qualities. She will, as it were, complete Tom. She is bright, healthy, very handsome, utterly unspoiled by the knowledge of her good looks—that is, she is highly intelligent. Her mind functionates quickly and is regulated and made to work safely by her keen sense of humor. You will love her for herself, as well as for Tom's sake and for Tom's children's sake.

"Arrange two things and you can do it. One is, prepare her to meet Tom. Tell her you don't know why you want her to know him, but you do. Tell her you wanted this before you ever saw her. And tell her you know she must think you must be going crazy—but will she meet Tom in her father's home?—in some room with the lights turned out? She will ask you why you ask such things. And you will rub your hand across your eyes and say, dazedlike: 'I don't know! Will—will you do it?'

"And when you take Tom to her, take advantage of the dark, and open this little bottle and touch Tom's lapel with this. It is essence of sweet peas. He will associate Isabel with the mysterious girl to whom he took a message in the dark, and by the same token she will know he is the man who destiny decrees shall be her husband.

"Then leave the rest to Nature. They won't struggle. They couldn't if they wished; but they won't wish to fight. My parting words to you are: The man who was smart enough to get a million dollars out of you finds it even easier to make a young man who wants to love fall in love in the spring-time with a handsome, healthy girl who wants to be loved. You and McWayne will now use one of my prisoner-carrying motors. This way, sir!"

He led the way into the next room, picked up McWayne, and escorted the financier and his private secretary to the curb. A neat little motor stood there.

Mr. Merriwether climbed in. McWayne followed. And then the man said:

"You will find that the doors cannot be opened from the inside. The chauffeur was told this queer feature was due to the fact that his master expects to use this car for his two very active and very mischievous children. He will drive you anywhere. You can arrest him if you wish; but it will be useless. We have spent a good many thousands in accessories that will be thrown away." And the man sighed.

"Who do you mean by we?" asked E. H. Merriwether politely.

"The Tainted Wealth Reducing Syndicate, which, having completed its operations, will now dissolve. Good day, sir."

In the issue of the World of June ninth two advertisements appeared. One, under Marriages, read:

"MERRIWETHER–WOODFORD.—On June eighth, at the Church of St. Lawrence, by the Reverend Stephen Vincent Rood, Isabel Woodford to Thomas Thorne Merriwether."

The other, under Personals, read:

"T. W. R. SYNDICATE.—It was cheap at a million! E. H. M."

(THE END)

Recovering Radium

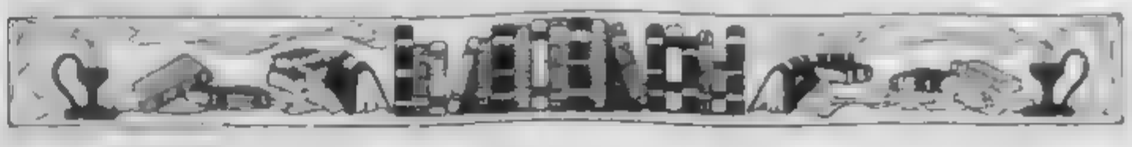
RADIUM is enormously more valuable than diamonds, and one of its advantages is that it cannot be lost easily, as a diamond may be. Wherever a bit of radium is it will vigorously declare its presence. An odd way by which it can be found was recently demonstrated in a Liverpool hospital when a quantity of radium was lost. The hospital had been given five thousand dollars' worth of radium, amounting to about one-five-hundredth part of an ounce, somewhere near the head of a pin in size. This, in a little case, was bound one night on the face of a patient to treat a cancerous growth and in the morning the radium was missing. The staff authorities were immediately notified, and it was agreed that in all likelihood the patient had accidentally swallowed the radium during the night. It was easy to decide that question. The patient was carefully examined by X rays, which would surely disclose the location of the treasure in its case if it was in the patient's body. Not a sign of the missing fortune was discovered, however; so it was agreed that the next most likely explanation was that the radium had fallen out of the bandages and been swept up.

The sweepings were then traced and it was discovered that those for that morning were just then being carried out of the hospital yard in a cart. The cart was stopped; but the problem then was to find out whether the tiny case of radium was somewhere in that cartload of dirt and trash. On the face of it the task seemed like hunting for a needle in a haystack, but actually it was simple enough.

A hurry call was sent to Professor Lionel R. Wilberforce, of Liverpool University, a noted authority on radium. He came as quickly as possible, with an instrument called an electroscope. As soon as he placed the electroscope against the wooden side of the cart he announced that the radium was in the cart.

By this time it was night; so all the doctors and scientists decided to postpone further search until morning. The cart was backed into the yard and guards placed over it for the night. In the morning Professor Wilberforce came again with the electroscope. The dirt was then taken out of the cart, a bucketful at a time. As each bucketful was passed down Professor Wilberforce tested it with the electroscope and announced, "It is not there," until eleven loads had been rejected. The twelfth bucketful caused a jump in the instrument; and when this dirt was spread on a table the case of radium was found.

In another hospital a patient actually swallowed about the same quantity of radium, and its location was quickly discovered in the intestines by X rays. The doctors were afraid that the powerful action of the weird metal would destroy the intestines; so the patient was promptly cut open and the radium recovered.



Introducing—

The new KISSELKAR Two-Door "Six"

The KisselKar offers for the first time in America a single compartment open body two-door touring car.

The Society of Automobile Engineers at a recent meeting in Indianapolis unanimously endorsed the prediction that this type of body will become very popular.

There is no question that they are right and that this KisselKar innovation will be extensively copied—*the signs are unmistakable.*

This unique body has no forward doors. Entrance and exit for both passengers and driver are through large 26-inch doors on either side of the tonneau. There are two individual forward seats with an aisle between, thus allowing easy access to the front seats. The introduction of this new single compartment two-door model is in keeping with KisselKar practice—*foremost in all that is practical in automobile construction.*

Leadership in Car Design

Statistics prove that the KisselKar was the first to use three-quarter elliptic springs,

—first to use an arched frame over the front axle,

—first to use a "one man" top,

—first to use four speed transmission in a medium price car,

—first to use selective type of transmission in a medium price car,

—first to use full floating rear axle in a medium price car.

Others have from year to year recognized in this and other KisselKar improvements correct mechanical principles and advanced construction in the most flattering manner—by imitation.

The KisselKar is a Superior Automobile

In the grace and beauty of its lines, convenience and luxury of its appointments, ease and comfort of its riding qualities, the capability of its motor, completeness of its equipment, the KisselKar is a superior automobile.

The purchaser of a KisselKar will have an unusually easy riding car—the result of liberal design; a strikingly handsome car, an engine of remarkable responsiveness, ample power and flexibility that practically removes all necessity of shifting gears.

Seven Years' Experience in Building Sixes

KisselKar sixes have reached their present stage of efficiency and refinement through a period of seven years of experience in building sixes. The utmost result of this experience is now being passed on to you in the present series of KisselKar sixes, the embodiment of the latest and best ideas in six cylinder construction.

Features that give the KisselKar its individuality

Its distinguished appearance, the long, rakish body, stream lines, distinctive headlights, foreign design axles, crowned fenders, illuminated running board and instruments, gasoline tank and spare tires in the rear.

Its provision for riding comfort—132 inch wheelbase, 36 x 4½ inch tires, 2½ inch rear three-quarter elliptic springs, 11 inches of upholstery, and shock absorbers.

Its mechanical standards—long stroke motor, four speed transmission, extra efficient brakes, full floating rear axle, Mayo (Mercedes type) radiator, "fool proof" force feed oiling system.

A Remarkable Power Plant

Then there is its unit power plant—compact and accessible, 4 inch x 5½ inch motor, smooth running and responsive, powerful and at the same time economical.

Its simple operation, left-hand drive, centre control, electric self-starter operated by foot plunger, ignition and lighting in separate units, cone leather faced non-slipping and non-grabbing clutch with adjustable spring inserts.

Its completeness of equipment—the "one man" top, one piece ventilating wind and rain shield, Klaxon horn, Warner speedometer and every other high grade accessory.

The KisselKar Makes Good in Service

Remember, while comparing the features of this car with others, that it is a manufactured car, built in all its mechanical essentials under one roof. It is a car from which you are rightly led to expect great things and which will exceed expectations.

Enjoy the thrill of a demonstration in this superior "Six." Drive it yourself. Realize the pleasure of genuine riding comfort and an engine over which you have complete mastery. Its price is but $2350, five or seven passenger body, or the new two-door body with individual seats. With wire wheels, $70 additional.

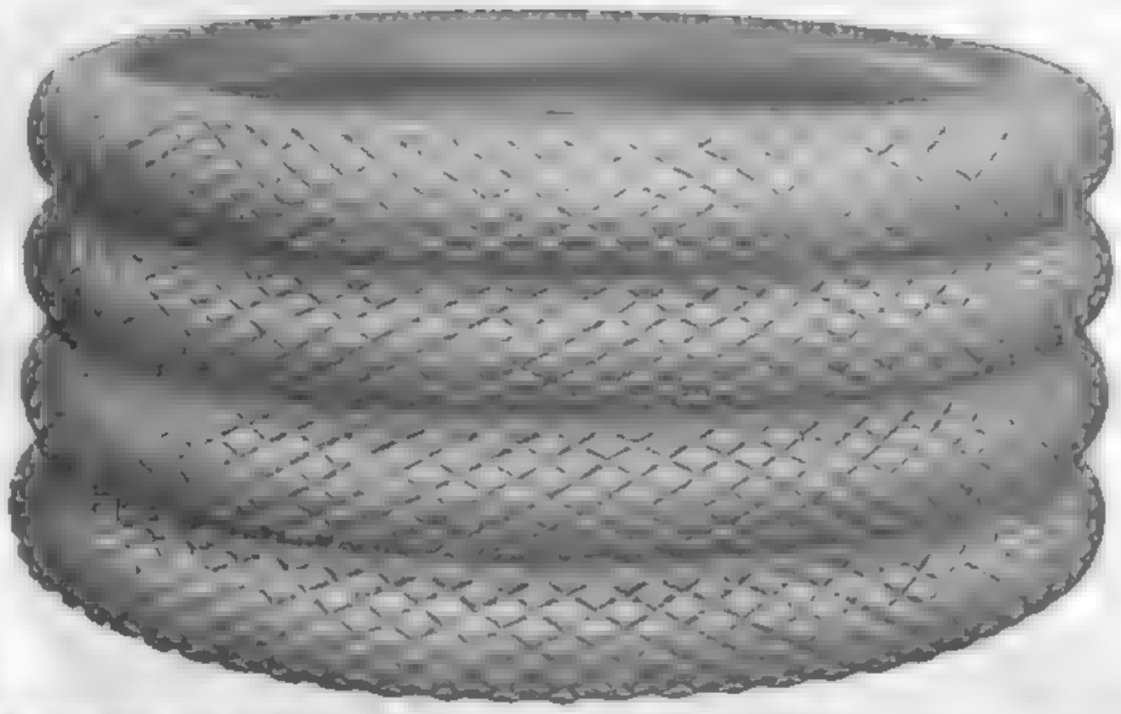
And finally, look to Service after the sale. The KisselKar policy of **Service Defined** is something new—not alone in the liberality of its terms but in the complete understanding which it establishes between buyer and seller.

Write for further information and literature and name of nearest dealer.

7 Passenger KisselKar 48 "Six"
Fully equipped $2350

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO. 400 Kissel Avenue HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

Boston, New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland, Philadelphia, Salt Lake City, Detroit, St. Louis, [illegible], El Paso, New Orleans, Washington, Baltimore, Nashville, Duluth, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Hartford, Conn.; New Haven, Albany, Troy, Rochester, Providence, Marshalltown, Iowa, Omaha, Hastings, Neb., Madison, Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, and 300 other principal points throughout America.



Four
No-Rim-Cut Tires for the Price of
Three
of Some of Goodyear's Rivals

Dropped 28% Last Year

The price has dropped fast in late years on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. The 1913 reductions totaled 28 per cent. Part was due to lower rubber, part to multiplying output, part to new equipment, part to lower profit.

Last year's sales were 11 times larger than in 1909. The first four months of this fiscal year show a further gain of 55 per cent. Making and selling costs have dropped immensely with this multiplied production. And we pared our average profit last year down to 6½ per cent.

Now 16 makes of tires are selling above No-Rim-Cut prices. Some nearly one-half higher. And several makers charge for **three** tires more than we charge for **four.**

Yet No-Rim-Cut tires retain every advantage—every costly feature—which made them once cost one-fifth more than other standard tires.

Why They Cost More

No-Rim-Cut tires were once the high-priced tires because of these four exclusive features. And they are still exclusive. No one else employs them.

The No-Rim-Cut feature, which we control, has ended rim-cutting completely. But it involves in each tire base six flat bands of 126 braided piano wires.

Our "On-Air" cure saves the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. But it compels us to final-cure the tires on air-filled fabric tubes, under actual road conditions. And this adds to our tire cost $450,000 per year.

Our rubber rivets have reduced by 60 per cent the risk of tread separation. Hundreds of these rivets are formed in each tire—before vulcanization—at the point where loose treads occur. The simple right to use this method cost us $50,000.

Our All-Weather tread combines a smooth tread with the best anti-skid. It is flat, smooth and regular. It is double-thick and tough. And in every direction it offers wet roads sharp-edged, resistless grips.

No other tire at any price embodies these costly features. So No-Rim-Cut tires at least excel in these four major savings.

No Greater Mileage

We also give you in No-Rim-Cut tires the present-day limit in low cost per mile. We have long spent $100,000 yearly in our efforts to better these tires. Thousands of tires have been built in our laboratory in thousands of different ways. And all have been put to the mileage test. Many rival tires have been compared with our own. We have proved in these ways that better tires are not made than Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

Get Quantity Price

There are, of course, low prices due to lowered quality. But most men know in these days that skimped tires are not cheap.

Get the utmost in a tire, but get that utmost at the price which quantity makes possible. Get the saving which you help create. You will get that always in the Goodyear—the largest-selling tire.

We don't give exclusive agencies. So any dealer, if you ask him, can supply you Goodyear tires. And the users of three million Goodyears have found that it pays to get them.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

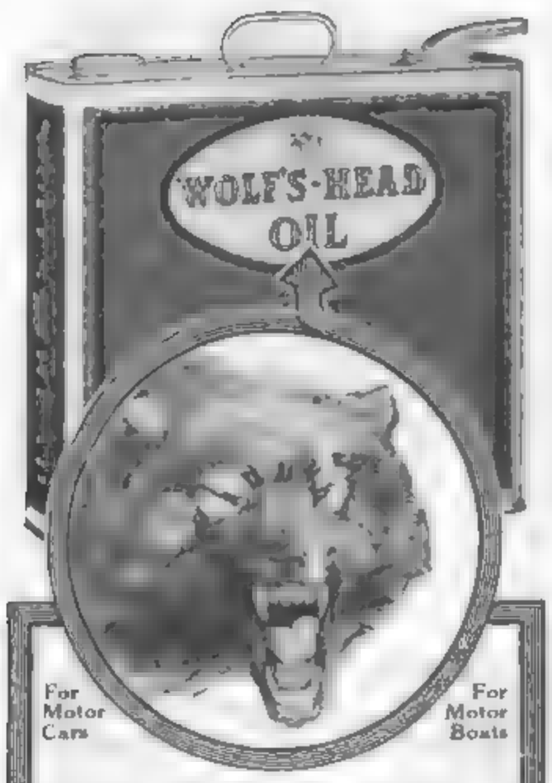
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada — London, England — Mexico City, Mexico

Dealers Everywhere — Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities — Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

(1523)



More Miles per Gallon

Cheap oils, like cheap tires, are not economical

WOLF'S-HEAD OIL

gives greater mileage because it retains its perfect lubricating body at high temperatures. It has been tested and endorsed by the greatest motor manufacturers.

Write for Book on Lubrication

Wolf's-Head Oil is made in bodies to suit every motor.

Wolverine Lubricants Co.
78 Broad Street, New York
Branches Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Utica
Pittsburgh, Detroit, Washington, Jacksonville

Distributors

Buhl Sons Co. Detroit, Mich
Janney, Semple, Hill & Co., Minneapolis, Minn
The Equipment Co
Osburn Auto Supply
Flynn Austell Co., Atlanta
Southern Hardware &

PIPE LOVERS!

Send for this **pound can at our Risk.**

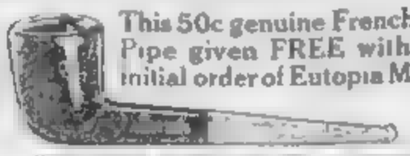
Don't send us any money unless you want to—just say you are willing to be convinced that

Eutopia Mixture

is the richest, sweetest, coolest and best tobacco for pipe or cigarette you ever smoked

We make Eutopia Mixture
formula that has been in the Cameron family many years. Packed in handsome humidor cans.

We sell Eutopia Mixture for $1.50 per full lb. and by mail only. It is the equal of tobaccos that often cost you double that price.



This 50c genuine French Briar Pipe given FREE with each initial order of Eutopia Mixture

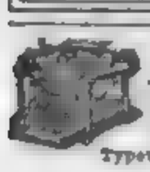
HERE IS OUR OFFER. If we will upon request send you (1) pound of Eutopia Mixture and the French Briar Pipe mentioned above. Smoke ten pipefuls and if you are not pleased, return at our expense. If you DO like it simply send us the price, $1.50.

When order by please use business stationery or give commercial reference.

We also offer at $1.00 for a full pound, our Jefferson Mixture a fully roll cut tobacco for pipe or cigarette, blended from choice Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky Havana and Perique, and give with first order a fine 39c pipe free.

Interesting booklet about choice tobaccos mailed on request.

CAMERON TOBACCO CO.
Semmes and 9th Sts., Richmond, Virginia



TYPEWRITERS

"Visible" [illegible] factory rebuilt and all other [illegible] sold or rented anywhere at ½ to ⅔ rates, [illegible] on price [illegible]

Typewriter Emporium, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

THE INSIDE OF THE PORK BARREL

(Continued from Page 17)

We are all gratified at the commerce on the Great Lakes. It amounted last year to seventy-eight million tons. We have spent something less than fifty million dollars in their improvement and maintenance to date. Four-fifths of the commerce of the Lakes is ore and coal. Expressed in tons of ore this billion dollars of commerce floated on our creeks during the past four years would load fifty-five thousand ore ships of six thousand tons' burden each. If these should set out on the ocean in line, three ships to the mile—and the law will not permit them to travel that close together—we should have a line of loaded ships from Boston through the Panama Canal and across the Pacific Ocean to Hongkong!

If this ore were loaded on cars carrying thirty tons each it would fill eleven million cars and require three hundred and seventy thousand locomotives to pull them. Putting the trains one mile apart—less distance would be dangerous—they would cover every mile of track in the United States and have enough trains left over to encircle the world four times, a double track round the world at the Equator and another double track round the world passing through the North and South Poles on the way.

If one is at all interested in the development of our transportation facilities the next time he meets one of these much-maligned creeks he should take his hat off to it.

This is what the inside of the Pork Barrel looks like.

Senator Burton's criticism was not confined to the items of the bill. No man understands all the phases of waterway improvement better than he. That Congress has invested many dollars in waterway projects which have not returned the service hoped for and expected is most certainly true. That the future will demonstrate we are today no better prophets in such matters than our predecessors may well be granted. No project was ever more ardently advocated both in and out of Congress than the old Hennepin Canal.

How the Money Is Spent

Representatives, and maybe some senators as well, came in on the flow as their predecessors went out on the ebb of the tide of popular clamor for the construction of this once far-famed canal. It was the most paramount of all the paramount issues in a number of districts of the Middle West. It serves today as the horrible example.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

Mr. Burton's criticism went to the method of appropriating rather than to the items for which the appropriations were made. I should say, perhaps, his shafts were better aimed at the method than at the items.

In the days of his chairmanship, Rivers and Harbors bills were passed only every two or three years. A cash appropriation would be made and then authority given the secretary of war to enter into contracts for continuing the improvement for several years ahead, to be paid for by the Committee on Appropriations from time to time as the work progressed.

Great pressure was brought on Congress to have an annual Rivers and Harbors Bill just as we have annual bills for the army, the navy, and so on. This plan became so popular, in fact, and for obvious reasons, that the committee could not resist either the clamor or the arguments in its favor. Mr. Alexander, therefore, determined to try it. Until it could be tested by actual practice and experience no man could foretell with certainty its success or failure as an economic policy. There were no prophets to read the future—none, at any rate, who could show any divine commission; so the policy was looked on as an experiment.

If it was to be attempted, every consideration of wisdom and expediency required that the test be fair and complete. Interpreted in the light of this purpose, the conclusion was irresistible that the annual bill should carry no authorization for continuing contracts. Cash sufficient to carry on

The ARROW SHIRT SUIT (PTD)

IT is a full, easy, comfortable, convenient garment, a perfect *OVER*shirt and a perfect pair of *UNDER*-drawers *UNIFIED*.

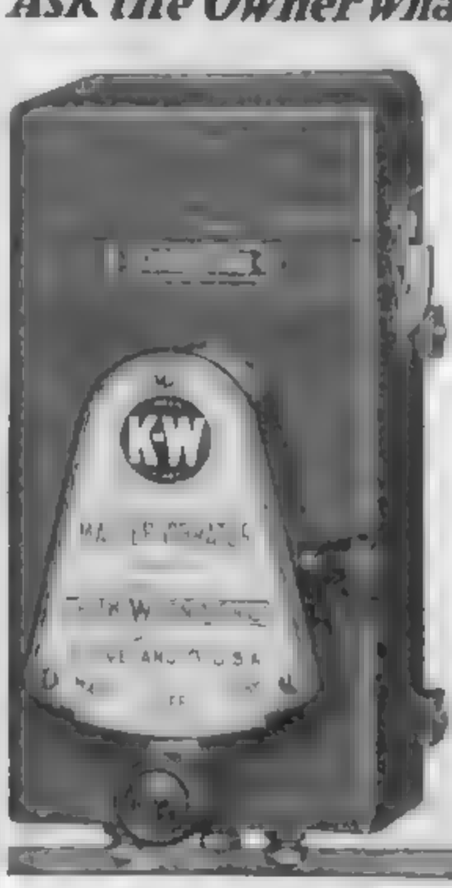
An ideal garment for athletes, travelers, workers.

$2.00 and up

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc.
Makers of ARROW COLLARS *and* SHIRTS TROY, N. Y.

Right in Your Neighborhood You will Find a Ford Car Equipped with a MASTER VIBRATOR

Ask the Owner what it's doing for him every day



YOU will find him enthusiastic about his K-W, and he can tell you better than we of the economy, reliability and efficiency of the K-W Master Vibrator.

The K-W Master Vibrator contains a large, powerful condenser of proper capacity and exceptionally large, solid, platinum iridium contact points—a combination that insures a hot spark.

Over 90,000 Master Vibrator users have learned the value of this hot spark.

K-W Master Vibrators are sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

$15 with regular kick switch
$16 with Yale Autolock switch

You can attach one to your Ford in a few minutes without making any changes in your car.

Be sure you get a K-W. Look for the trade mark and the serial guarantee number. They protect you against imitations. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send one direct, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Write for "That Satisfied Feeling" Folder.

THE K-W IGNITION CO
CHESTER AVE CLEVELAND, OHIO, U S A

The Greatest Song about the Greatest Game in the World

"Our next song," said Al Plantadosi and Joe Goodwin, authors of [illegible] great [illegible] what this rising team of writers [illegible] Play in the Game [illegible] to each heart felt Arcadian simplicity [illegible] latest ballad-hit, "When You Play in the Game of Love."

The "Movie" Sensation becomes the Waltz Sensation

Are you one of the hundreds of thousands who can't help [illegible] for [illegible] Miss W[illegible] Boston [illegible] has the Ritz[illegible] hungry for.

Try these few bars. Nothing but the full score can do justice to the complete pieces.

BOTH ON SALE TODAY—Pacific Coast Cities and Canada, 15c. Everywhere else, 10c

At any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory or any other 10c store, Music or Department store

Everyone is singing these:

Do You Remember [illegible] On the [illegible] My [illegible] Wants to Be Away [illegible] Play in the Game [illegible] Who Paid the Rent? [illegible]

Society is dancing these:

Ecstasi Tango, A Zat Alors, One Step; Isle D'Amour, Hesitation; Flower of the Amazon, Maxixe; The Gobbler's Gambol, Trot; Mad Man, One Step; The Old Wedding Gown, Valse Boston; The Uriel Maxixe

IMPORTANT—If your dealer can't supply you, send us six 2c stamps for one, or a dollar bill for any nine pieces [illegible] Dance Folio containing Marches, Two-Step & Waltz each [illegible]

LEO FEIST, Inc., Feist Bldg., 231 West 40th Street, New York City

Did you get your copy of "Passing of Sam Bone" that new Oriental Hit by Joyce, Composer of the World Famous "Dreaming"? Price 30c postpaid

Governor Mann and The Saturday Evening Post boys of Richmond on the steps of the Capitol

Governor Mann's Testimony

"I am heartily in sympathy with any work that gives boys an uplift, for they are our future citizens," said Governor Mann to our representative.

Virginia's distinguished executive sees in our service for boys an influence that contributes to better citizenship. Are you familiar with the reasons for Governor Mann's indorsement of our solution for your boy problem?

To any parent, or other interested persons, full particulars and a copy of the illustrated booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" will be sent upon request. Write today to

The Sales Division, Box 511

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

the work for one year only made it certain that the next year's bill would pass. In this way alone could a fair trial be had.

Four annual bills have since been passed and the fifth is on the House calendar today ready for action. The policy is now as completely fixed as a part of the legislative program as the policy of any other annual appropriation bill. Several lessons have been learned.

Under the plan universally followed by Congress no river or harbor improvement is ever undertaken until it has first been investigated by the engineers of the army and recommended by them as desirable, cost and commerce both considered. Before the annual-bill policy was adopted it therefore frequently happened that a bill providing for a survey would remain on the committee's calendar for three years; and after the survey was ordered another three years would intervene before the report of the engineers could be acted on.

This country is growing at a very rapid pace. Six years is a long time to wait; so it can be asserted with assurance that the annual bill, in obviating this needless and costly delay, has justified itself.

This, however, is not the whole story. Mr. Burton thought the continuing-contract system was the economical way to do the work, and time and experience have abundantly justified his theory. When a project has been adopted that will require five or even ten years to complete—the nine-foot project for the Ohio River, for illustration—the businesslike course is to ascertain just how rapidly the work can most economically progress, and then authorize the engineers to proceed.

One Congress cannot bind its successor, and there can be no guaranty that funds will be provided next year if the matter be left entirely to the determination of a future Congress. Contractors hesitate to invest in the necessary plant if work for only one year is absolutely assured, and but one method of assurance is possible, and that is to give authority by statute to the Secretary of War to enter into binding contracts.

The Shibboleth of Economy

Experience is the best of all schools, and Congress now has taken the course prescribed. We have learned the lesson and must either return to that system or be convicted of wasteful negligence. The policy of annual bills has been thoroughly justified for the reasons above referred to, though not amplified, and should and will continue; but, if just criticism and even censure are to be avoided, those projects which can be most economically prosecuted under authority to make contracts for work or materials for several years ahead must be so undertaken.

Congress is always sensitive—supersensitive, in fact. Members must return to their constituents every two years for judgment. The cry of economy and the charge of extravagance are always the shibboleths of the opposition.

The temptation, then, is indeed great to adhere to the policy of making allowance only for one year's work, though conscious all the while that by so doing the cost of the completed project will be increased. This is the real measure of the service rendered to the taxpayers of the country by those whose zeal for economy focuses their mental vision on the total, let the items be what they may.

If constituencies can be satisfied by assurance that the year's budget is no larger than its predecessor the election returns will give no cause for complaint, and the professional economist can continue his wasteful practices while the happy taxpayer foots the bills.

Every thoughtful citizen understands and confidently expects that the growing needs of this developing country will be reflected in increasing demands on the public treasury. What it is their right to demand and duty to require is that no project for the improvement of any waterway be undertaken by Congress that cannot reasonably be expected to promote the general welfare. When such a project is adopted it is the part of statesmanship, as it is the duty of patriotism, to provide for its completion in such manner and in such reasonable time as will effect the result at the minimum cost.

If this rule be faithfully followed the criticism of those who speak without knowledge and the censure of those who scold without reason may well be disregarded.

Neckbands that don't tighten up

mean comfort and long service. A shirt may fit when new, but if the neckband shrinks you come to hate that shirt and dodge wearing it.

Emery Shirts

are made with *pre-shrunk* neckbands and remain comfortable. They are accurate in pattern and cut, measure true to size mark, and are worn with same size collar.

Guaranteed *fit, color* and *wear*

At your dealers Emery Pay $1.50 up.

Write us for "Ethics of a Gentleman's Dress" and catalog of Emery shirts.

W.M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, Philadelphia

Offices also: New York [illegible] St. Louis

Only 2 Cylinder Rowboat Motor MORE POWER GREATER SPEED

The only 2 cylinder rowboat motor. The latest, finest thing in detachable rowboat motors—beats anything on the market. *A real* engine. Powerful, fast—quiet and smooth running, *vibrationless*. Starts on the first "Kick" and reverses easily.

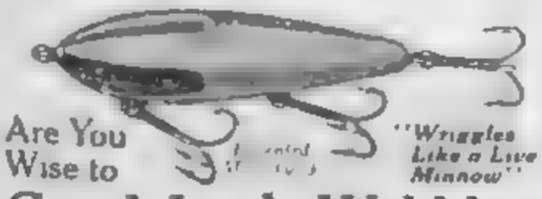
KOBAN ROWBOAT MOTOR

Full 3 H.P. Doesn't make the boat Wrestling Reading

[illegible] propeller. *Cost less per horse power.* [illegible] this is your best bet. Full particulars on request. *Agents wanted.*

KOBAN MFG. CO., 2635 Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FISHERMEN, HO!



Are You Wise to

"Wriggles Like a Live Minnow"

Good Luck Wobblers

(Wilson's Poisons, formerly known as Wilson's Wobblers

[illegible] to show you these baits [illegible] Value Reel and Pure Silk Casting Lines just out this season. Tackle folder with line samples free on request.

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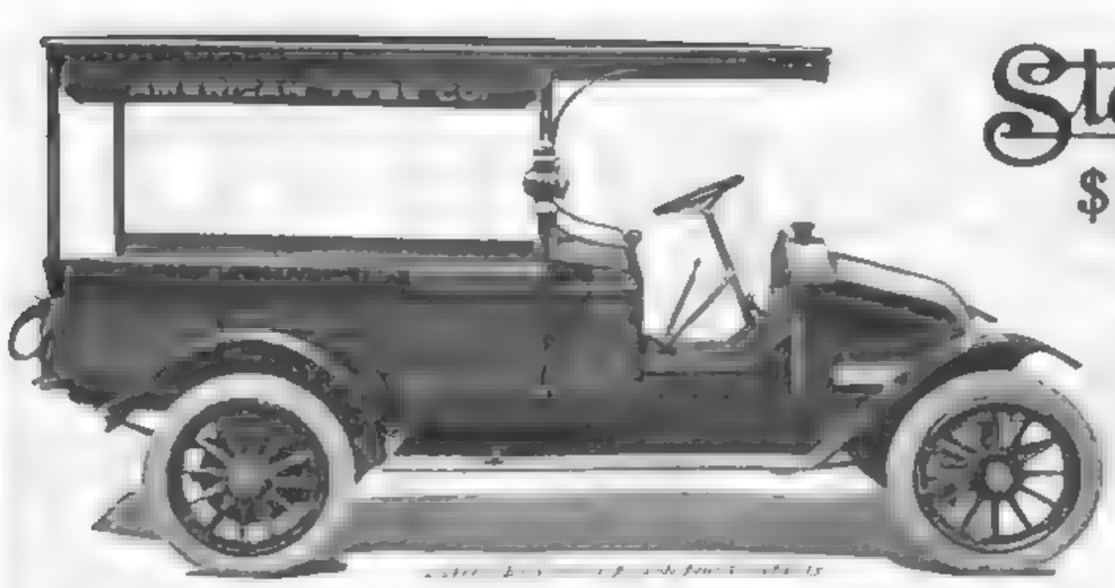
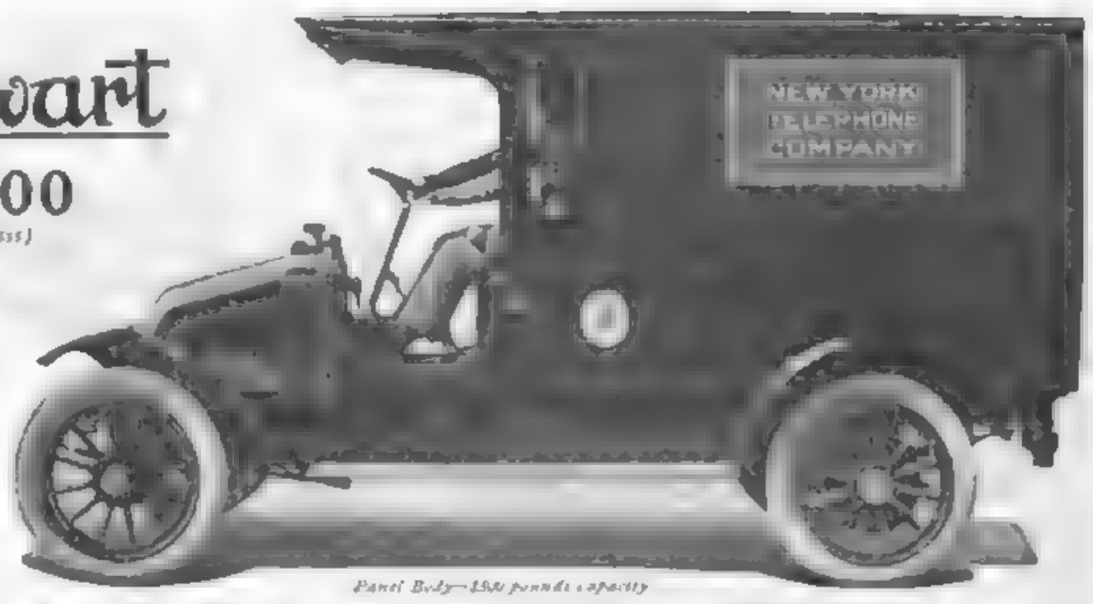


Stewart
$1500
(Chassis)



Panel Body—1500 pounds capacity

Stewart Light Delivery Trucks

The Light Truck is the Sensible Truck for Every Business

Hanscom Transfer Philadelphia

Hotel Benson Portland, Ore.

Hudnut Market Provisions Fall River, Mass.

E. Welch Florist Hartford, Conn

U. S. Mail Washington, D. C.

Wagner Pastry Company Newark, N. J.

Bell Telephone Company Buffalo, N. Y.

Bonwit Teller Millinery and Ladies Wear New York

Leading business houses everywhere are adopting motor delivery. And more *light* delivery trucks were bought last year than all other capacity trucks combined.

The light delivery truck saves time, money and labor; serves a wider territory; brings new business; makes satisfied owners; advertises your concern as progressive. It is as necessary nowadays as the cash register, the telephone, the typewriter.

Which Truck Shall You Choose?

Prosperous concerns in 65 lines of business in more than 100 cities in the United States, Canada, and South America have adopted Stewart delivery trucks.

And every one of them—without exception—is not only a satisfied user, but a Stewart enthusiast. Many have sent in repeat orders, for their second, third and fourth Stewart. The Buffalo News has a fleet of 10 Stewarts; Bell Telephone Co., 11; Wagner Pastry Co., Newark, 8; Peerless Laundry, Los Angeles, 5, etc.

$1.37 Per Truck

The satisfaction of these companies is easy to understand when you consider the fact that our sale of repair parts for the past year averaged only $1.37 for every Stewart truck in service. Perhaps you think this too good to be true. But we can prove it. We can show you records of Stewart owners who haven't spent a cent for repairs and whose trucks have never been laid up a day.

This, we believe, is a record never equaled. For Stewart trucks are now in daily use in all sections of the country and under all conditions of service. They are running on boulevards; on rough country roads; on level streets; on the grades of hilly cities. They are operating under all weather conditions—and always they respond to every demand made upon them.

Some of the largest business houses in the country are using Stewart trucks. We list on this page a few of these.

These merchants have had wide experience in motor delivery. They have tried out many different cars. Now they are buying Stewarts. Among Stewart users you can find business houses with conditions identical with yours. Profit by their experience and save money.

Get the Right Size Truck

Many truck users in the past have had bitter experience through buying trucks of the wrong capacity. A truck too big for your requirements wastes gasoline, oil and tires. Too light a truck means early breakdown and excessive repair cost—as has been the experience of many merchants who have bought admittedly cheap trucks, built to sell at a price.

The 1500-pound Stewart is a truck of the ideal capacity for the greatest number of businesses. It is heavy enough for hard service, carrying its full rated capacity—yet light enough for quick trips, big radius, and economical upkeep.

Result of Five Years' Concentration

The Stewart is a truck built by specialists. All our facilities, all our energy, and the experience of an expert automobile organization have been concentrated for over five years on this type of light delivery truck.

The world's best—in materials and workmanship—is in the Stewart; note specifications below. The biggest ideas in automobile science are built into this truck.

It is simple in construction, easy and economical to operate. A horse driver can quickly learn to drive it.

The Stewart is acknowledged by merchants, dealers, automobile experts and engineers as being the long-looked-for solution of the merchant's delivery problem. Every engineer who has examined the Stewart has praised it highly. Not one has been able to point out a flaw or a feature that should be changed.

Send for Free Book—"How Motor Delivery Pays"

This book will give you facts which every business man should know. It may save you hundreds of dollars. It is not a catalog, but a frank discussion of the motor delivery question. Send for it to-day. It's free.

Chassis (including lamp, horn, tools, etc.)	$1500
Panel Body (Aluminum Panels)	200
Express Body, with top	125
Special Express Body, wire grating	150
Undertakers' Cars, Ambulances, & Hotel Busses.	

Designs and estimates on special bodies on request

A Few Stewart Owners—Write Any of Them

Name	Business	Place
Stern Bros.	Dept. Store	New York City
H C Ness	Pork Dealer	Montreal P Q
Monahan Express Co. (2)	Express	New York City
Maclin Laundry	Laundry	Brooklyn, N Y
Erie County Supervisors	Ambulance	Buffalo, N Y
A. [illegible] Meyer	Conf.	Brooklyn N Y
Schafer's Bakery	White Bak.	Savannah, Ga
Rice & Kelly	Furniture	Pittsfield, Mass
Coopers Ice Cream Co.	Ice Cream	Pittsfield Mass
W D Avery	Grocer	Lenoxdale
Houghton-Dutton Co.	Dept. Store	Boston, Mass
W J Beier	Flour, Feed	Buffalo, N Y
L B Hollender & Co.	[illegible]	[illegible]
Waldorf Lunch	[illegible]	[illegible]
Metropolitan Laundry	[illegible]	[illegible]
C M Parker & Son	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dorchester Parcel Co.	Delivery	[illegible]
Emerson Bros.	Furniture	[illegible]
Coca Cola Co.	Coca Cola	[illegible]
South Park Com. (2)	Supplies	[illegible]
Diamond Laundry (2)	Laundry	Los Ange[illegible]
I Magnin & Co. (2)	Dept. Store	[illegible]
Gerhard Lang (3)	Meat Mkt	[illegible] N Y
Hastings & Brown	Stage Route	Nelson N.
Calgary Furniture Store	Furniture	Calg[illegible]
Revillon Frères	Misc.	Edm[illegible]nta
Wardell Steam Lady (2)	Laundry	Newark, N J
Jos. Argus Shoe Mfg. Co.	Shoe Mfrs.	Buffalo, N Y
Wagner Pastry Co. (8)	Bakery	Newark, N J
Peter Van Roen & Sons	Dry Goods	Paterson N J
Gray's Express	Express	Delmar, N Y
Simpson Co.	Bakery	Yonkers, N Y
Atlantic City Tel. Co.	Telephone	Atlantic City
J T Castles Co.	Ice Cream	Irvington, N J
Aristo Co.	Music Rolls	Belleville, N J
S & Z. Co. (2)	Dyers	Hoboken, N J.
L W Killeen	Cigars	Schenectady
Sibley, Lindsey & Curr	Dept. Store	Rochester
J J Schmuth's Sons	Furniture	Poughkeepsie
C G Graser	Caterer	Troy, N Y
L Saslow	Milk Dealer	Albany, N Y
Wm. J. Connery	Confec.	Cohoes, N Y
J W Goodell	Truck Farm	Springville N Y
Torrey, Torrey & Co.	Furniture	Olean, N Y
F S Fiske	Caterer	Baltimore Md
Gomery Brothers	Com. Mer.	Allentown, Pa
State Institute for Malignant Diseases	Provisions	[illegible] N Y
H Leb & Co.	Dry Goods	[illegible]
Milden & White, Inc.	Furs	[illegible]
E G Feustermacher	Pianos	[illegible]
T C. Borg	Furniture	St. Paul M[illegible]
Meier & Frank Co.	Dept. Store	Portland, O
Buffalo Evening News (10)	Newspaper	Buffalo, N Y
Hotel Benson	Hotel Bus	Portland, Ore
Dauntless Plumbing Co.	Plumbers	Akron, Ohio
Haskell Implement Co.	Implements	Lewiston, Me
Calderwood Bakery	Bakery	Portland, Me
Boston Store	Dept. Store	Portland, Me
T M Reed Co.	Dry Goods	Bridgeport Conn
N[illegible] State Hospital	Hosp. Work	Norwich, Conn
R [illegible] Muntz	Plumber	Galveston, Tex
New Orleans Police	Police Dept	N[illegible] O[illegible]
Auto Delivery Co.	Delivery	Tacoma, Wash
Omaha Police Dept.	Police Dept	O[illegible]
Taylor Ice Cream Co. (2)	Ice Cream	Buffalo, N Y
World Herald	Newspaper	Omaha, Nebr
John Seybold	Bakery	Miami Fla
Langas & Dallas	Butchers	Pittsburgh, Pa
Jennings Oil Co.	Oil	Pittsburgh, Pa
Haytock Silk Co.	Silk Mfrs.	Easton Pa
Providence Gas Co.	Gas	Providence
Mechanical Rubber Co.	R'b'r Goods	Cleveland, O

Montreal News Montreal, Que

Genesee Pure Food Co. Leroy, N Y

San Jacy Laundry Calgary, Alta

Erie County Ambulance Springville, N. Y.

Jennings Oil Co Pittsburgh

American Tobacco Co. New York

W. Rich Brewing Co Buffalo, N. Y.

W. H. Dietsch Painter and Decorator Rochester N. Y.

Stewart Features

Continental Motor
Bosch Magneto
Brown-Lipe Transmission
Timken Axles
Timken Roller Bearings
Dry Plate Clutch
Shaft Drive
Left Drive, Center Control
Every Unit Easily Accessible and Quickly Removable without Disturbing the Load

Wanted: 100 More Stewart Dealers

The field for Stewart delivery trucks is practically unlimited. You can sell them every month of the year; no seasons; little or no trading.

Stewart light delivery trucks are far easier to sell than heavy trucks. They do not involve such a big investment on the part of the merchant or dealer. Where there is a market for one heavy truck you will find a demand for four or five Stewart light delivery trucks.

Although we are represented in many of the leading cities, there is still some territory available for live, progressive dealers. Now is the time to act. Write or wire for our literature and information about this money-making proposition.

Stewart Motor Corporation, Buffalo, N. Y.

Stewart Motor Corporation, Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me free book "How Motor Delivery Pays."

Name

City

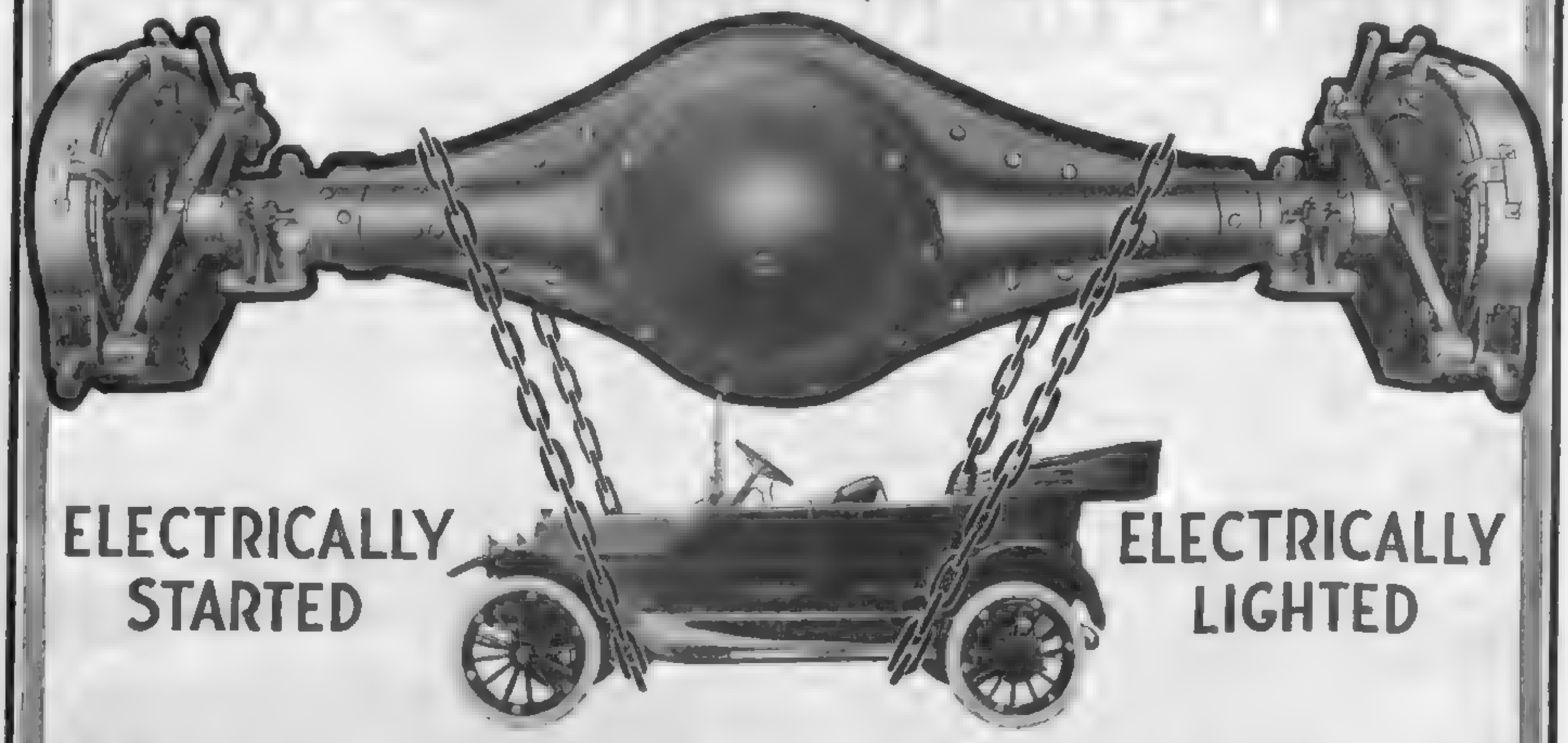
State

If a dealer, please state territory desired and cars you handle.

Studebaker FOUR

$1050

THE FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE



ELECTRICALLY STARTED

ELECTRICALLY LIGHTED

The Axle Carries The Car—The Shaft Only Turns the Wheels

The Studebaker FOUR is the only car in the world at $1050 with a full floating rear axle—equipped even to the hubs with Timken bearings.

This is of vital importance because ordinary axles push downward on the shaft or journal; absolutely friction-less bearings cannot change that condition.

In our Full Floating Rear Axle the shaft turns freely in a steel housing, carrying the last ounce of power directly *to the wheels*.

The wheels, in turn, revolve just as freely at the ends of the housing, because they run on *Timken bearings*.

Be clear upon this vital fact: Upon the efficiency of your axle depends the efficiency of your motor.

It isn't so much a question of power *creation* as it is of power transmission.

That is why, by scientific engineering, we have straightened and cleared the way for the flow of power from motor to wheels.

That is why we have given the question of alignment—of perfect balance and of lubrication the care their tremendous importance warrants.

That is why we carry our laboratory tests and our accuracy of measurements to a degree heretofore unknown in any but the best shop practice.

Our sole aim is to transmit—with maximum dependability—the maximum of power to and *through* the rear axle.

The Studebaker FOUR attains this result as it has never been attained in the past.

You appreciate this result to the full when you learn that it is the only "Four" at $1050 with full Timken equipment—even to the hubs.

STUDEBAKER, Detroit

F. O. B. Detroit

FOUR Touring Car	$1050
SIX Touring Car	1575
SIX [illegible] Roadster	1800
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	1250
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	1550

F. O. B. Walkerville, Ont.

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
SIX [illegible]	2250

Canadian Factories: Walkerville, Ont.

Buy It Because It's a Studebaker

THE BUSHER COMES BACK

(Continued from Page 20)

funny Al? sometime in the week of October twelfth. Old man Cutting's house or that yellow house across from you would be O. K. I would rather have the yellow one so as to be near you. Find out how much rent they want Al and if it is not no more than twelve dollars a month get it for me. We will buy our furniture here in Chi when Hazel comes.

We have a couple of days off now Al and then we play St. Louis two games here. Then Detroit comes to finish the season the third and fourth of October.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 3.

DEAR OLD AL: Thanks Al for getting the house. The one-year lease is O. K. You and Bertha and me and Hazel can have all sorts of good times together. I guess the walk needs repairs but I can fix that up when I come. We can stay at the hotel when we first get there.

I wish you could of came up for the city serious Al but anyway I want you and Bertha to be sure and come up for our wedding. I will let you know the date as soon as Hazel gets here.

The serious starts Tuesday and this town is wild over it. The Cubs finished second in their league and we was fifth in ours but that don't scare me none. We would of finished right on top if I had of been here all season.

Callahan pitched one of the bushers against Detroit this afternoon and they beat him bad. Callahan is saveing up Scott and Allen and Russell and Cicotte and I for the big show. Walsh isn't in no shape and neither is Benz. It looks like I would have a good deal to do because most of them others can't work more than once in four days and Allen ain't no good at all.

We have a day to rest after tomorrow's game with the Tigers and then we go at them Cubs. Your pal, JACK.

P. S. I have got it figured that Hazel is fixing to surprise me by dropping in on me because I haven't heard nothing yet.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 7.

FRIEND AL: Well Al you know by this time that they beat me today and tied up the serious. But I have still got plenty of time Al and I will get them before it is over. My arm wasn't feeling good Al and my fast ball didn't hop like it had ought to. But it was the rotten support I got that beat me. That lucky stiff Zimmerman was the only guy that got a real hit off of me and he must of shut his eyes and throwed his bat because the ball he hit was a foot over his head. And if they hadn't been makeing all them errors behind me they wouldn't of been nobody on bases when Zimmerman got that lucky scratch. The serious now stands one and one Al and it is a cinch we will beat them even if they are a bunch of lucky stiffs. They has been great big crowds at both games and it looks like as if we should ought to get over eight hundred dollars a peace if we win and we will win sure because I will beat them three straight if nessary.

But Al I have got bigger news than that for you and I am the happyest man in the world. I told you I had not heard from Hazel for a long time. Tonight when I got back to my room they was a letter waiting for me from her.

Al she is married. Maybe you don't know why that makes me happy but I will tell you. She is married to Kid Levy the middle weight. I guess my thirty dollars is gone because in her letter she called me a cheap skate and she inclosed one one-cent stamp and two twos and said she was paying me for the glass of beer I once bought her. I bought her more than that Al but I won't make no holler. She all so said not for me to never come near her or her husband would bust my jaw. I ain't afraid of him or no one else Al but they ain't no danger of me ever bothering them. She was no good and I was sorry the minute I agreed to marry her.

But I was going to tell you why I am happy or maybe you can guess. Now I can make Violet my wife and she's got Hazel beat forty ways. She ain't nowheres near as big as Hazel but she's classier Al and she will make me a good wife. She ain't never asked me for no money.

I wrote her a letter the minute I got the good news and told her to come on over here at once at my expence. We will be married right after the serious is over and I want you and Bertha to be sure and stand up with us. I will wire you at my own expence the exact date.

It all seems like a dream now about Violet and I haveing our misunderstanding Al and I don't see how I ever could of accused her of sending me that postcard. You and Bertha will be just as crazy about her as I am when you see her Al. Just think Al I will be married inside of a week and to the only girl I ever could of been happy with instead of the woman I never really cared for except as a passing fancy. My happyness would be complete Al if I had not of let that woman steal thirty dollars off of me. Your happy pal, JACK.

P. S. Hazel probibly would of insisted on us takeing a trip to Niagara falls or somewheres but I know Violet will be perfectly satisfied if I take her right down to Bedford. Oh you little yellow house.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 9.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we have got them beat three games to one now and will wind up the serious tomorrow sure. Callahan sent me in to save poor Allen yesterday and I stopped them dead. But I don't care now Al. I have lost all interest in the game and I don't care if Callahan pitches me tomorrow or not. My heart is just about broke Al and I wouldn't be able to do myself justice feeling the way I do.

I have lost Violet Al and just when I was figureing on being the happyest man in the world. We will get the big money but it won't do me no good. They can keep my share because I won't have no little girl to spend it on.

Her answer to my letter was waiting for me at home tonight. She is engaged to be married to Joe Hill the big lefthander Jennings got from Providence. Honest Al I don't see how he gets by. He ain't got no more curve ball than a rabbit and his fast one floats up there like a big balloon. He beat us the last game of the regular season here but it was because Callahan had a lot of bushers in the game.

I wish I had knew then that he was stealing my girl and I would of made Callahan pitch me against him. And when he come up to bat I would of beaned him. But I don't suppose you could hurt him by hitting him in the head. The big stiff. Their wedding ain't going to come off till next summer and by that time he will be pitching in the Southwestern Texas League for about fifty dollars a month.

Violet wrote that she wished me all the luck and happyness in the world but it is too late for me to be happy Al and I don't care what kind of luck I have now.

Al you will have to get rid of that lease for me. Fix it up the best way you can. Tell the old man I have changed my plans. I don't know just yet what I will do but maybe I will go to Australia with Mike Donlin's team. If I do I won't care if the boat goes down or not. I don't believe I will even come back to Bedford this winter. It would drive me wild to go past that little house every day and think how happy I might of been.

Maybe I will pitch tomorrow Al and if I do the serious will be over tomorrow night. I can beat them Cubs if I get any kind of decent support. But I don't care now Al.

Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 12.

AL: Your letter received. If the old man won't call it off I guess I will have to try and rent the house to some one else. Do you know of any couple that wants one Al? It looks like I would have to come down there myself and fix things up someway. He is just mean enough to stick me with the house on my hands when I won't have no use for it.

They beat us the day before yesterday as you probibly know and it rained yesterday and today. The papers says it will be all O. K. tomorrow and Callahan tells me I am going to work. The Cub pitchers was all shot to peaces and the bad weather is just nuts for them because it will give Cheney a good rest. But I will beat him Al if they don't kick it away behind me.

I must close because I promised Allen the little lefthander that I would come over to his flat and play cards a while tonight and I must wash up and change my collar. Allen's wife's sister is visiting them again and I would give anything not to have to

One Motorcycle Tire

Holds Every World's Record—Dominates in Sales And Equips ¾ of All the New Machines

It is built by Goodyear—built just the same as Goodyear automobile tires, which have won top place in Motordom. Consider that—one maker holds the leading place both in motor car and motorcycle tires, despite tremendous rivalry. In three years Goodyears have gained topmost place in Tiredom. And the only reason lies in super-service proved by millions of these tires.

Why Take a Chance?

Rival makers, of course, must say, "Our tires are as good as Goodyears." But look at the evidence.

How is it that Goodyears won all the world's records in speed and durability tests?

How is it that Goodyears, in the test of time, came to outsell others?

Why is it that three-fourths of all the 1914 motorcycles come out with Goodyear equipment?

And look at automobiles. Those tires must also stand fearful strain and grind. And most users meter their mileage. Goodyears in that field have outrivaled all others. Now they have won in both fields by giving most of what you desire in a motorcycle tire.

Then why take chances? No tire, in any way, offers more than Goodyears. You pay no more for Goodyears than for other standard makes. No good tire costs you less. And the verdict of users—the final verdict as shown by sales—is that Goodyears are best.

Made with a double-thick anti-skid tread. Made by a patent method to prevent tread separation. Made to hold forever the place they hold today.

There is a Goodyear dealer in your town. Ask us for his address—also for our book which pictures and describes the making of Goodyear tires.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
Motorcycle Tires

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio
Toronto, Canada London, England Mexico City, Mexico
Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities *Dealers Everywhere* Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

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The Coat-cut feature, found only in OLUS, makes possible a closed back and permanently closed crotch, protecting the body at every point, with only one thickness of material anywhere,—no opening in back,—fit perfectly from shoulder to crotch. All Fabrics, including knitted.
Price $1.00 to $3.00. Remember—if it isn't coat cut it isn't OLUS.
OLUS ONE-PIECE PAJAMAS for lounging, resting and comfortable sleep. Made on the same principle as OLUS union suit. Coat cut—closed crotch—closed back.
No strings to tighten or come loose. $1.50 to $8.50.
Ask your dealer for OLUS. If he cannot supply you, we'll send prepaid
Booklet on request. To Dealers: Your wholesaler carries OLUS.
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go over there. I am through with girls and don't want nothing to do with them.

I guess it is maybe a good thing it rained today because I dreamt about Violet last night and went out and got a couple of high balls before breakfast this morning. I hadn't never drank nothing before breakfast before and it made me kind of sick. But I am all O. K. now.

Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 13.

DEAR OLD AL: The serious is all over Al. We are the champions and I done it. I may be home the day after tomorrow or I may not come for a couple of days. I want to see Comiskey before I leave and fix up about my contract for next year. I won't sign for no less than five thousand and if he hands me a contract for less than that I will leave the White Sox flat on their back. I have got over fourteen hundred dollars now Al with the city serious money which was $814.30 and I don't have to worry.

Them reporters will have to give me a square deal this time Al. I had everything and the Cubs done well to score a run. I whiffed Zimmerman three times. Some of the boys say he ain't no hitter but he is a hitter and a good one Al only he could not touch the stuff I got. The umps give them their run because in the fourth inning I had Leach flatfooted off of second base and Weaver tagged him O. K. but the umps wouldn't call it. Then Schulte the lucky stiff happened to get a hold of one and pulled it past first base. I guess Chase must of been asleep. Anyway they scored but I don't care because we piled up six runs on Cheney and I drove in one of them myself with one of the prettiest singles you ever see. It was a spitter and I hit it like a shot. If I had hit it square it would of went out of the park.

Comiskey ought to feel pretty good about me winning and I guess he will give me a contract for anything I want. He will have to or I will go to the Federal League.

We are all invited to a show tonight and I am going with Allen and his wife and her sister Florence. She is O. K. Al and I guess she thinks the same about me. She must because she was out to the game today and seen me hand it to them. She maybe ain't as pretty as Violet and Hazel but as they say beauty isn't only so deep.

Well Al tell the boys I will be with them soon. I have gave up the idea of going to Australia because I would have to buy a evening full-dress suit and they tell me they cost pretty near fifty dollars.

Yours truly, JACK.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 14.

FRIEND AL: Never mind about that lease. I want the house after all Al and I have got the supprise of your life for you.

When I come home to Bedford I will bring my wife with me. I and Florence fixed things all up after the show last night and we are going to be married tomorrow morning. I am a busy man today Al because I have got to get the license and look round for furniture. And I have also got to buy some new cloths but they are haveing a sale on Cottage Grove Avenue at Clark's store and I know one of the clerks there.

I am the happyest man in the world Al. You and Bertha and I and Florence will have all kinds of good times together this winter because I know Bertha and Florence will like each other. Florence looks something like Bertha at that. I am glad I didn't get tied up with Violet or Hazel even if they was a little bit prettier than Florence.

Florence knows a lot about baseball for a girl and you would be supprised to hear her talk. She says I am the best pitcher in the league and she has saw them all. She all so says I am the best-looking ballplayer she ever seen but you know how girls will kid a guy Al. You will like her O. K. I fell for her the first time I seen her.

Your old pal, JACK.

P. S. I signed up for next year. Comiskey slapped me on the back when I went in to see him and told me I would be a star next year if I took good care of myself. I guess I am a star without waiting for next year Al. My contract calls for twenty-eight hundred a year which is a thousand more than I was getting. And it is pretty near a cinch that I will be in on the World Serious money next season.

P. S. I certainly am relieved about that lease. It would of been fierce to of had that place on my hands all winter and not getting any use out of it. Everything is all O. K. now. Oh you little yellow house.

Railroad Men and Others

YOU will be interested in the case of Hawkins. For ten years he had been a conductor in the employ of the Arizona and Eastern Railroad. His weather-eye was open, however, and finally he saw his opportunity. He secured a position with the railroad as City Freight Solicitor at Phoenix.

Then he found that to talk freight rates to customers he must study traffic operation. He enrolled as a student in a college making a specialty of that business. Within a month he had the training he needed, and was appointed Travelling Freight and Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific and the Arizona and Eastern Railroads.

Hawkins has "made good" with a rush. He has had the ability all along, but it won him promotion and an increased salary only when refined by *special training*.

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And during these periods of peace, warm words of praise and appreciation are spoken even by makers of and dealers in other cars.

But "business is business"—and human nature is human nature.

And sometimes the *overwhelming favor* in which the Cadillac is held becomes almost unbearable to some of those interested in cars aspiring to compete.

And then there comes a little fighting flurry, and fretful things are said, and for a while few there are who do not endeavor to establish equality with the Cadillac.

But the storm dies down,—the public never wavers nor changes,—and even those other dealers and other makers go back to their old attitude of admiration.

Was there ever another trade condition like this condition—in which the major part of a tremendous industry *almost revolves around one car?*

You know it to be true—you know that the Cadillac is a criterion wherever motor cars are discussed.

And you know that Cadillac owners remain unmoved, no matter what the flurry.

You know that argument adverse to the Cadillac is wasted argument with them.

You know that they are solidly entrenched in supreme content.

And in the face of that big fact—which has expressed itself in sales aggregating one hundred and thirty millions of dollars ($130,000,000.00)—how unnecessary for us to importune or to urge.

All the Cadillac arguments we could advance in a score of announcements would not be one-hundredth part as impressive as the positive knowledge you hold in your own mind at this moment.

You know that the Cadillac is *in very fact* the standard of the world.

What more is there to be said?

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"Silver Plate that Wears"

Cromwell Tea Spoon

Cromwell Cold Meat Fork

Time Tried Silver

The silverware illustrated on this page shows two artistically wrought designs. The roll of teaspoons, in reduced size shows the graceful beauty of the Old Colony pattern, while the Cold Meat Fork and Tea Spoon are reproductions of the Cromwell design, much admired for its simplicity.

Like all silver marked **1847 ROGERS BROS.** they are made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and are backed by an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

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NOT ENOUGH MUSTARD

(Continued from Page 15)

A warrant! Already he saw himself in the police court, hunted there by this vindictive, libelous female. Of course he could prove his innocence; but, then, think of the scandal! What would the world say to hear that he, Homer Drum, had been charged with stealing a ballet singer's clothes! Yes, that was what she must be—a ballet singer!

Then there swam into Mr. Drum's mind a sudden remembrance of to what and to whom he owed this outrageous affront—Mrs. Drum!

Pale with righteous wrath Mr. Drum no longer gave heed to that noisy convocation outside. He turned and, stalking down the hall, entered the dining room, where he closed the door behind him. Again that ballet woman had resumed her tattoo on the panels; the uproar grew, but now he had closed his ears to it. Mr. Drum seated himself. Above the fireplace was a faded rectangle of wall paper, and on this he fixed his eyes. He waited. His mind, meantime, was busy.

How long that night Mr. Drum sat there in the dining room he was not at the time aware. Some hours passed. Vaguely he recalled hearing eight o'clock strike; then nine; then ten. Hours before this, however, with a final resounding assault on the door panels Miss La Ray and her allies, the Schnabels, had departed. In the quiet that ensued Mr. Drum was again enabled to think of Mrs. Drum. Where was she? His reflections on the matter were complex. They ranged from moments of icy, austere calm to instants of righteous, superheated wrath.

These last, though, burned quickly, their flames subsiding as swiftly as they arose, only ashy members remaining. At the end an air of grim, freezing gravity fixed itself on his face and brow.

Firm, not harsh! Severe, yet not unjust! That was it. And, a clock at that instant striking eleven, Mr. Drum was counting the strokes, when all at once a thought leaped into his mind. It was one that had not occurred to him before. What if something had befallen her!

"Huh!" said Mr. Drum; and he had half risen from his chair when a sound suddenly arrested him.

Miss La Ray evidently had returned home. Down the airshaft again came floating the strains of Too Much Mustard, and with a rumble of rage he strode toward the window. Just as he was leaning out, though, to roar "Stop that noise!" Mr. Drum thought better of it. What if she again descended on him? The thought made him moist. Just then the music stopped suddenly. There was a pause; and afterward Mr. Drum heard a murmur of voices. In the midst of this Miss La Ray's all at once arose. Its tone was one of profound astonishment.

"Well, whattier know about that!" ejaculated Miss La Ray.

Again there was a murmur of voices. Listening, Mr. Drum pricked up his ears. Presently some one said something, on which there was a sudden burst of laughter.

"Huh!" said Mr. Drum to himself. His face was thoughtful. Then, as though the thought were too preposterous, he idly shrugged his shoulders. Gingerly closing the window he returned to his seat before the fireplace.

The thought, though, whatever it was, would not down. "Absurd!" he told himself, and in the next breath "Huh!" he said again. Overhead the music all at once had started up again; in turn with which there followed a steady thumping, which made the gas fixtures rattle and sway. Mr. Drum, however, gave no heed to this. The question of Mrs. Drum's disappearance now was paramount. She must be somewhere, but where? What if, indeed, she had been hurt! She might have fainted in the streets! She might have been run over! Even now she might be lying in some hospital, unconscious, unidentified. There might have been a railroad wreck, and ——

Mr. Drum gave a sudden snort. A railroad wreck! What would she be doing there? She had no business on a train! Abruptly Mr. Drum pushed back his chair. What if she had run away!

Then reason returned to his aid. Run away? Ridiculous! She would not dare! The idea of any woman running off and leaving him! There was nothing in it. Pshaw! Then, besides, when they ran off they always took their trunks. Then, too, they pinned a note to the pincushion. It was absurd, though, to think of such a thing. Just think of the good home he had given her. Leave a home like that? Leave a life of ease and comfort? Nonsense! It was hardly worth while looking at that pincushion. No; it would be just a waste of time.

Still, if by any chance she had —— Huh! Oh, well, he would look; but he knew without doing so that there was nothing there. She would not have the impudence! He knew she had just been delayed somewhere. Before long now she would be home. Then she would explain. She would apologize, too, for worrying him. Yes; he would see to that. Meantime the pincushion was on her bureau and the bureau right beside the door. It was outrageous—the way she had worried him! Yes; but what if she had run off?

Mr. Drum had darted halfway down the hall when, with a jerk, he stopped, halted by a sudden sound. It was the click of a key in the lock!

"You outrageous crea——" Mr. Drum began; then he got no further.

Mrs. Drum had just entered. His eyes rounding, he stared at her agape. Or was it she? Either he had lost his senses or she had!

Clad in a dress such as he had never seen on her before, she came slowly down the hall. That she limped he did not notice; neither did he observe her air. It was negligent, idle, easy. All Mr. Drum could see was her dress. There was a slit in the skirt and it was cut V-shape at the throat. To his scandalized sight V and split seemed to meet.

Then she spoke.

"Oh, hello!" murmured Mrs. Drum. "What are you looking so red about?"

The wellsprings of Mr. Drum's righteous wrath suddenly bubbled over. If he recalled his former resolution, "Firm, not harsh!" and so on, he must have felt that now was no time for etiquette. Where had she been? That was the question he wished answered. What is more, Mr. Drum wished it answered forthwith.

"Don't shout, Homer," begged Mrs. Drum as she began to remove her hat. "You know your throat isn't strong." Then, just as he was about to risk his throat again, she interrupted him. "Where have I been? Why, at a tea," Mrs. Drum responded calmly.

"A tea!"

"A tea!" she repeated. "You heard me."

No hint of what was coming had as yet dawned on Mr. Drum. All he could grapple with at the moment was the effrontery of the reply.

Dawdling at a tea all these hours? Idling her life away while his dinner burned! As she removed her last hatpin Mrs. Drum turned to gaze at him.

"What's that you're mumbling?" she inquired idly.

There was a pause. Mr. Drum seemed to struggle to express himself. Perhaps he felt speech to be inadequate; for, pointing his forefinger to the neighborhood of Mrs. Drum's knees, he began violently to wag it.

"Do you mean the dress?" asked Mrs. Drum. And with bland satisfaction she smoothed out a wrinkle in its folds. "Swell, ain't it?" she remarked.

Mr. Drum suddenly exploded.

"Where did you get it? That?" he demanded. "Answer me!"

"I stole it!" said Mrs Drum.

The reply, in its inconceivable frankness and simplicity, swept Mr. Drum from his feet. Then it was true! Right, after all, had been on the side of that unspeakable female overhead. Mrs. Drum had purloined the ballet-woman's clothes! However, ere Mr. Drum could voice the turbulence of his mind, Mrs. Drum delivered him a second crushing blow.

"Yes; I stole it," she said; "only you needn't worry about that. I won't have to go to jail and you won't have to pay for the dress, because I went upstairs and squared myself! Yes, I did! I took the dress to wear; then when I'd worn it I got scared. So I thought I'd tell her everything. Well, she hardly said a word. She just laughed and laughed and laughed. Then she asked me whether I wouldn't come into the parlor and dance. She had a lot of friends there, you know—only my feet hurt and I couldn't. So she kissed me," said Mrs. Drum, "and I came away. Yes, that was how it was."

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IT'S the wet or grease of the slippery pavement that seals the strong, elastic Vacuum Cups and forms the never-slipping suction grip.

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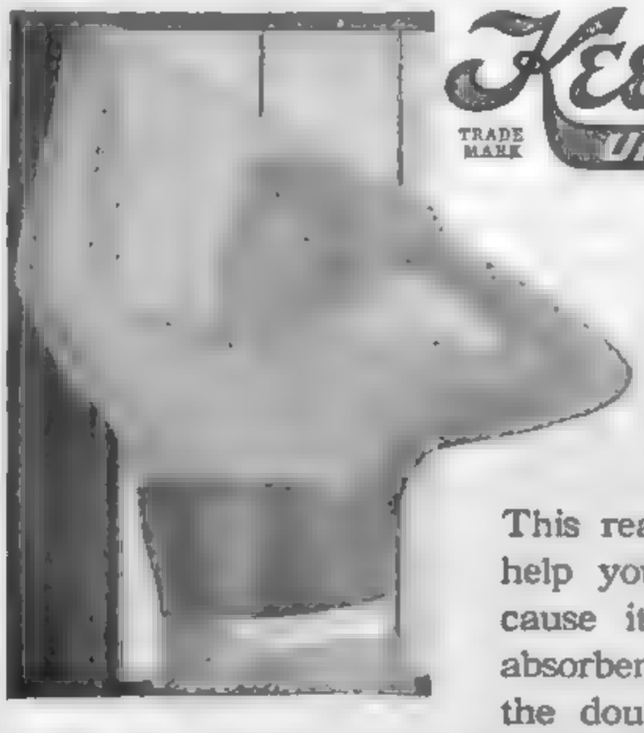

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Mr. Drum waited until she had finished. Even he himself wondered at his dignity, his self-control.

"How dare you!" he said then; and again Mrs. Drum stared at him.

"Dare what?" Mrs. Drum inquired. "Steal her dress or tell her about it? I wish you'd stop puffing up your cheeks like that" she added.

With difficulty Mr. Drum repressed himself.

"Silence! What do you mean by such behavior?"

"What behavior?" she asked.

"Answer me!" said Mr. Drum. "Where have you been all day?"

Mrs. Drum for a moment gazed thoughtfully at him.

"All day, Homer? Let me see. Well from half past eight till half past eleven this morning I washed dishes, made beds, swept floors, scrubbed the kitchen, dusted the parlor and dining room, made a pie and oiled the hardwood floor. Then from half past eleven until half past three I mended your socks, sewed your underflannels, took your shoes to the cobbler, your hat to get ironed, and then went to the cleaner's for your coat. At three, then, I ——"

"No impertinence!" said Mr. Drum. "Answer me, I say!"

Mrs. Drum smiled curiously.

"I went to a tea, Homer, as I've said. It was a tango tea."

She did not even alter her tone as she told it. The speech flowed from her as unconcernedly as though she announced that chalk is chalk. A pause followed; and during it Mr. Drum's face gradually assumed the hue and proportions of a toy balloon. Then he found his tongue.

"A tango tea!" he echoed.

"Yes, Homer; only you mustn't shout so," Mrs. Drum again begged.

"You danced! There—in a public place!" asked or rather accused Mr. Drum.

Mrs. Drum nodded.

"It was a charity dance, Homer. I forget the name of the charity; but they gave it at the New York Roof. It was one of a series of mid-Lenten dances and it cost me a dollar to get in. At first I just meant to look on; but after a while one of the management asked me whether I'd like to dance with any one. I said no; but he looked so disappointed I had to change my mind. I said I'd dance just once—just for charity, you know; so he introduced me to a partner."

"And you danced—you danced with him!" said Mr. Drum, his tone incredulous.

"His name was Benny," replied Mrs. Drum. "First we did the Castle Walk and then the Grapevine Dip. That was easy; so we tried the Horse Walk next, following which we gave the Kitchen Sink, the Lame Duck, and I dunno what. . . . Oh, well, what's the use?" murmured Mrs. Drum. "We just danced and danced, and I had the time of my life!"

Mr. Drum cared to hear no more details.

"You abandoned fe——" he began, when Mrs. Drum swiftly turned on him.

"There now, don't you get excited! I know exactly what I've been doing and I know exactly what you're going to say—only you needn't," added Mrs. Drum. "I don't want to hear about Satan and idle hands, or that a stitch in time is a penny earned, or that a bird in the hand is the noblest work of God."

There was in her voice a note that Mr. Drum had never heard before. He gasped slightly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Drum; "and I'm sick of hearing woman's place is the home and that idleness is woman's curse, and a whole lot of stuff like that you've been telling me for the last eleven years. . . . Keep still!" said Mrs. Drum as her husband rose suddenly, his face purple. "Ever since we walked to the altar you've been doing all the talking; and now I mean to do a little too. You're always saying marriage is a partnership, and—well, I guess you're right—only up to now you're the only one that's been drawing any dividends. Hereafter I'm going to have mine too."

"You—you ——" began Mr. Drum; but Mrs. Drum gave him no chance to finish.

"What are you going to call me now—an ungrateful female? Well, maybe I'm a female and maybe I'm ungrateful—only that don't alter anything. Woman's place may be the home, but just the same that depends on what sort of a home it is. I didn't marry you to be put in jail. Yes; only the last few years you'd have thought I was in for life at hard labor. That's why I took that girl's dress and that's why I went to that tango tea!"

"I—why—now ——" Mr. Drum said; and one noted now there had crept into his face a new, somewhat astonishing note. He seemed less sure of himself than usual. He would have been thought a little startled. "I—why, well ——"

"Oh, stop mumbling, for heaven's sake!" Mrs. Drum exclaimed. "I was just saying I am sick of working on a stonepile and getting nothing for the job! I'm sick, too, of living in solitary confinement. . . . And that reminds me," added Mrs. Drum, "I took that fool worsted thing this afternoon and sent it downstairs with the garbage. There may be no place like home, I know. Yes; but, thank heaven, there are other places that ain't!" Then she sniffed. "If I can't have a little fun in my own house I know where I can find it now! Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

Mr. Drum, pale to the eyes, did not reply. In the imagery of his mind a spectacle had been upraised before him. It was the picture of Mrs. Drum whirling amid the mazes of the turkey trot in the arms of the anonymous Benny! Just then some one overhead again put a needle in the machine and down the airshaft came the melody of Too Much Mustard!

Mr. Drum considered. Woman's place, after all, *was* the home!

"Say," he said, his voice breaking, "what's the cost of a machine like hers upstairs?"

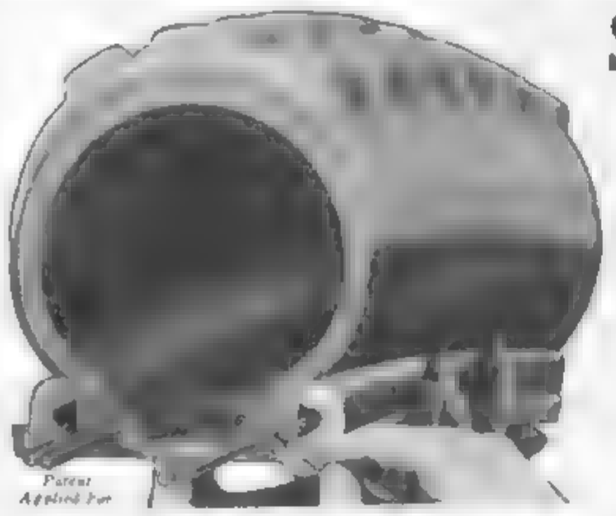
Vocational Training

THE barber is the only workman for whom there is a really fixed demand in American cities. Analyzing the Twelfth Census reports for cities having fifty thousand or more inhabitants, the Russell Sage Foundation finds that in every city there are substantially three barbers to each thousand inhabitants. Every other occupation shows greater variability.

Those occupations that have as many as ten representatives for each ten thousand inhabitants in all cities, number only twenty for men and seven for women. Without knowing the facts one would probably say that every city would show at least one butcher, physician, lawyer, clergyman and dentist for each thousand inhabitants; but he would be mistaken. Those occupations are not among the twenty constant ones. The printer, plumber and baker have steadier jobs in the sense that for each thousand city folks there will be at least one.

The only constant occupations for women—one worker for each thousand inhabitants in all cities—are those of servants, dressmakers, teachers, saleswomen, laundresses, nurses and housekeepers. All but one of these, it will be noted, have to do with the household or with children—from which those who take the Kaiser's view of woman's proper place in the universe may derive much comfort.

Even our vocational schools mostly train youngsters for the jobs they want rather than for the jobs they can get. No doubt that is the right method; but an analysis of the actual supply of jobs is helpful.



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THOUSANDS of car owners are equipping this spring with Federal Tires because they know Federal double-cable-base construction means a tremendous saving in tire expense.

The new Federal construction *eliminates* rim-cutting, side-wall blowouts due to broken fabric just above the rim, tube pinching, and the danger of tires slipping off their rims.

The exclusive Federal construction defeats these four common and costly tire troubles by the use of heavy double cables imbedded in a soft bead-filler in the base of the tire. These cables *anchor the tire firmly* to the rim, and the soft bead-filler *cannot* cut and grind into the side wall as does a *hard*, sharp pointed bead-filler.

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FEDERAL Motorcycle Tires are extra service tires not only because Federal Factories have every modern facility for the production of the highest grade tires but because, in addition and equally important, we have the knowledge gained by experience dating back to the first motorcycle tires built in America. And this experience has shown us how to build motorcycle tires that meet every requirement of the strenuous service which the modern motorcycle *must* endure.

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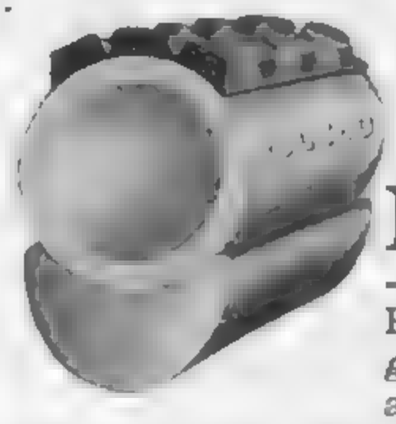

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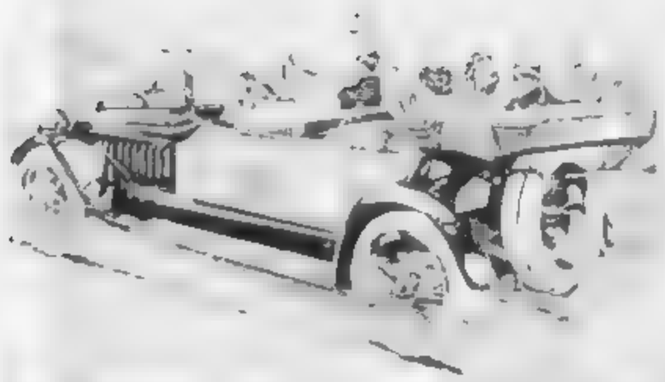
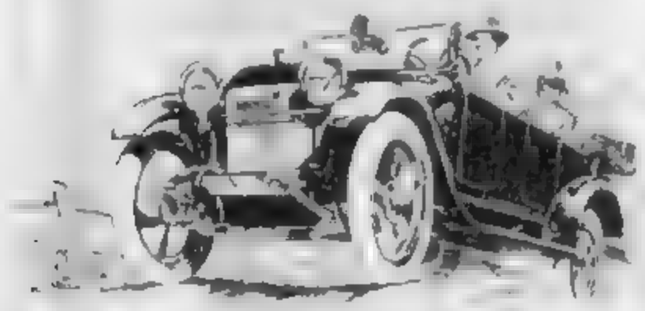
20 Reasons for Buying a 1915 Chalmers "Light Six"

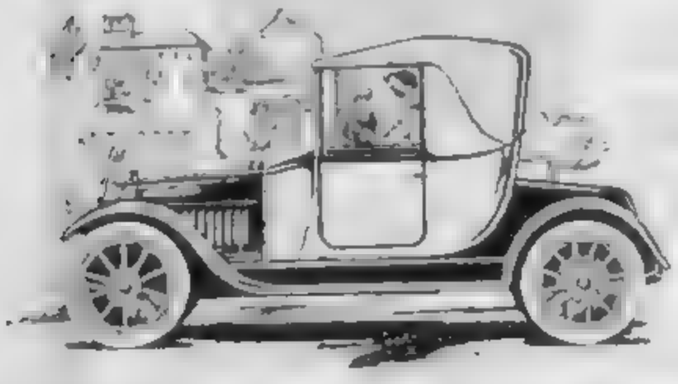


Now is the time you want a car most. All out doors welcomes and offers health and happiness to the man with a motor car You are planning now for vacation time. Nothing will make your vacation so much worth while as the possession of a Chalmers "Light Six"

The Master "Light Six" is a car for the whole family. It means clean, healthful recreation, that you cannot get in any other way It means days spent in the crisp, pure air of the country; cool refreshing rides in the evenings, and health giving outings for the children, that are impossible without a car. The Master "Light Six" will pay for itself in better health and greater happiness.



Chalmers "Light Sixes" will go through any sand or mud and climb any hill that any car can climb The six cylinder motor develops up to 50 horsepower.



In addition to the Touring Car, the Chalmers "Light Six" is built as a two-passenger Coupélet. This is an entirely new body type The Coupélet gives the luxury and the seclusion of the closed car in bad weather and it is readily convertible to a handsome roadster for business and for touring during the summer months It is priced at $2050, fully equipped

This monogram stands for all you can ask in a motor car

1915 "Light Six" Touring Car, $1800
1915 "Light Six" Coupelet, 2050
Larger "Master Six", 5 passenger, 2175
Larger "Master Six", 6 passenger, 2275
(Fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit)

1. **It is a manufactured—not an assembled car.** Built complete in the Chalmers shops by Chalmers trained workmen under rigid Chalmers inspection.

2. **Supremely good looking.** Streamline body, clean running boards, oval fenders, fine finish, and attractive color. Pronounced by experts "the best looking car on the market."

3. **Easy riding.** Long wheelbase—126 inches. Long flexible springs; main leaf of Vanadium steel. Rear springs underslung.

4. **Medium weight.** Lighter than most fours selling at the same or greater price; heavier than any of the so called "light sixes." Scientifically tested for a four-fold margin of safety, yet light enough to be economical; no flimsiness—no unnecessary weight.

5. **Roadability.** Weight perfectly distributed, hence no tire destroying sideway. Concentric torque tube and perfect spring suspension make car hold well to any road.

6. **Non-stallable motor.** Chalmers-Entz electric starter won't let motor stop. Greatest element of motor safety ever introduced. Makes car safe and easy as an electric for a woman to drive.

7. **Convenience.** Left-hand drive, center control, entrance or exit from either side of car. Starter and ignition switch, electric light control, carburetor adjustment, gasoline and oil gauges, speedometer, on cowl board of dash. Motor and all lubrication points accessible.

8. **Big power; small motor.** Chalmers built. Even the castings made in Chalmers foundries. Small bore, extra long stroke ($3\frac{1}{2}$" bore by $5\frac{1}{2}$" stroke) develops unusual power. Very large Tungsten steel valves. Will not warp or pit, so no power is wasted. T-head design gives the smoothness of the turbine—the flexibility of steam.

9. **Practically unnecessary to shift gears;** widest range of speeds on high. Such flexibility possible only in a "six" and rare even among "sixes."

10. **Absence of vibration.** All moving parts of motor perfectly balanced. Long stroke, six cylinder motor gives steady pull and sweet running. No intermittent power strokes pounding ceaselessly at bearings, cylinder walls, and gears. Upkeep expense reduced to minimum.

11. **All valve mechanism fully enclosed.** Large oval cams open and shut with velvet smoothness. Perfect lubrication eliminates noise of operation.

12. **Simplest design of any "six."** Single unit ignition. Honeycomb radiator, cooling without complicated pump. Elimination of many moving parts cuts down weight and expense.

13. **A Safe Car.** Frame of heavy, channel section pressed steel. Drop forged steering connections. Heavy artillery type wheels. Brakes 25 times as powerful in proportion to weight as those on a locomotive. Chalmers built axles of highest quality, heat treated steel.

14. **Large bearings,** positive lubrication, heat treated gears, highest quality of materials insure least wear and minimum upkeep expense.

15. **Generously large.** A "Light Six" but not a "little six." Seats wide and deep. Ample leg room, both front and rear. Doors exceptionally wide. Luxurious upholstery.

16. **1915 refinements.** The "Master Light Six" is a year ahead in design. All moving parts enclosed. Transmission gears interlocking. Doors hung on invisible hinges. Doors flush fitting without moldings. Running boards clear. Gasoline tank can be filled without disturbing passengers.

17. **Fully equipped.** Mohair top, quick acting curtains; rain vision windshield; five demountable rims; tire carrier at rear; electric lighting system with Chalmers combination headlights; speedometer, electric horn, license brackets, full set of tools, tire repair outfit.

18. **Fastest selling "Six."** The "Light Six" is the most popular car ever built by the Chalmers Company. In April we shipped 1568 cars, an average of 60 cars per day. *In this one month alone the public paid $3,000,000 for Chalmers "Sixes."* Buy the car the motor-wise have decided is best.

19. **Because it's a Chalmers.** This means that back of the Master "Light Six" stands one of the largest and strongest manufacturing companies in the United States. It means that the dealer you buy it from stands back of the car to see that you get satisfaction and full value.

20. **Price, $1800.** Experts say the Chalmers "Light Six" is the greatest value ever offered at $1800. But mere figures can't express the real worth of such a car to you and your family. Ask your wife if this isn't the kind of car she wants. Ask her if it won't be worth many times its price in health and recreation for the whole family. Take her with you to see the Master "Light Six"—together you will decide such beauty and value were never before offered at $1800.

See this wonderful new 1915 "Light Six" at any Chalmers dealer's. Ask him to give you the Chalmers Standard Road Test, which proves every claim we make.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

SUSANNA AND HER ELDERS

(Continued from Page 6)

"Pet, you'd better go to mademoiselle. . . . Ask her, with my love, to fix you up some French history to translate," Lady Beaumaris suggested.

"I should prefer a Gallic verb," Lord Beaumaris amended. "I marry in accordance with my parents' wishes. Thou marriest in accordance with thy parents' wishes. He marries—and so on. And make a solid schoolroom tea while you are about it, my child," he continued, as Susanna bestowed a parting strangle on Alaric, kicked over a footstool, and rose to leave the room; "for I fear we are to be deprived of your charming society at dinner this evening."

Susanna's lovely red underlip pouted; her blue eyes clouded with tears. She flashed a resentful look at her sire and went out.

"She is not manageable by any ordinary methods," said Lord Beaumaris, running his forefinger round the inside of his collar and shaking his head. "In such a case contumacy must be combated with craft, and defiance met with diplomacy. Alaric, regrettable as is the course you have counseled us to pursue, I feel inclined to adopt it. . . . I shall write tonight to make an appointment at the Carlton on Wednesday with the Duke of Halcyon, and I shall be obliged if you will—at your early convenience—favor me with the address of the young man Wopse."

II

THE garden chalet was damp. It had been raining and the glittering appearance of the walls betrayed the fact. "As though a bally lot of snails had been dancing a cotillion on 'em!" said the Duke of Halcyon. He yawned dismally as he opened the casement and leaned out, looking in his gaudily hued silken night suit like a tulip drooping from the window sill.

Then the keeper's wife came splashing up the muddy path carrying a tray covered with a mackintosh; and the knowledge that his breakfast would presently be set before him, and set before him in a lukewarm, flabby and tepid condition, caused Halcyon to groan; but presently, when bathed, shaved, and attired in a neat knickerbocker suit of tawny orange velveteen, with green silk stockings and tan shoes, salmon-colored silk shirt, rainbow necktie and panama, he issued, cigarette in mouth, from the chalet and strolled in the direction of the newly restored west wing, his grace's equanimity seemed restored.

He even hummed a tune, which might have been The Honeysuckle and the Bee, or God save the King! as he mounted the short, wide, double flight of marble steps that led from the terrace, and, pushing open the glazed swing doors, entered the ballroom, the entire space of which was filled by a bewildering maze of ropes and scaffolding, as though a giant spider had spun a cobweb in hemp and pine.

A smell of turpentine and size was in the air, and a paint table occupied a platform immediately under the skylight dome, the sides of which were already filled in with outlines transferred from cartoons designed by the artist engaged to ornament the apartment. That gentleman, arrayed in a blue canvas blouse and wearing a deerstalker cap on the back of a well-shaped head, was actively engaged in washing in the values of a colossal nude-figure group with a bucket of sepia and a six-foot brush. He whistled rather queerly as his bright eye fell on the intruder.

"You're there, are you?" said the duke unnecessarily. "Shall I come up?"

"If you can!" said Halcyon Wopse with a decided smile that revealed a very complete set of very white teeth. "But, to save time, perhaps I had better come down to you." And the painter swung himself lightly down from stage to stage until he reached the ground level of his august relative.

"Put what you've got to tell me as clearly as you can," said the duke. "I never was a sap at Eton, and the classic names of these Johnnies you're thingumbobbing on the what's-its-name rather queer me."

"The design outlined on the plaster in the central space on the left-hand side of the skylight dome," said Wopse, A. R. A., "is the Judgment of Paris. The three figures of the rival goddesses are completely outlined; but, as you see, Paris is only roughly blocked in."

"I don't see a city," said the duke, with some annoyance. "I see only a bit of a man. And as for being block tin ——"

"Paris was a man—or, rather, a youth," said Halcyon Wopse, quoting:

Fair and disdainfully lidded, the Shepherd of Ida,
Holding the golden apple, desired of ——

"Hold on! When people get to spouting it knocks me galley-west," said the duke. "Just tell me plainly what the beggar was to judge. Goddesses? I savvy! And which of 'em took the biscuit—I mean the apple? Venus? Right you are! That's as much as I can hold at one time, thanky!"

"Sorry if I've overestimated the extent of the accommodation," said Halcyon Wopse, smiling and lighting a cigar.

"One of the Pailagas. Now, hang it," said the duke, "that is infernally stupid of my man."

"Of my man, you mean," corrected the painter.

"I begin to think," said the duke, "that I have, in falling in with the absurd plot cooked up by that old footler, Beaumaris, and swopping characters with a beg—with an artist fellow like you in order to take the fancy of a long-haired, long-legged colt of a girl ——"

"I presume you allude to Lady Lymston?" put in the painter coldly.

"Of course! I say, in tumblin' to the idea and embarkin' in the game I've made an ass of myself," said the duke. "As for you, you're in clover."

"Say nettles!" sighed the painter.

"Passin' under my name ——"

"Pardon!" said the painter. "The name is my own. And let us say simply that in changing identities with your grace, in order to enable your grace to cast a glamour of artistic romance over a very ordinary ——"

"Eh!" interjected the duke.

"—— situation," continued the painter—"in doing this I have laid up for myself a considerable store of regret."

"Regret! Why—hang you!—you're chalkin' up scores the whole bally time!" shrieked the duke, stamping his tan shoes on the canvas-protected parquet. "Beaumaris' guests — only a few purposely selected fogies and duffers who don't count, it's true—believe you to be me. They flatter you and defer to you. You take the dowager in to dinner and I'm left to toddle after with Susanna's French governess. I'm out of everything and obliged to talk art—bally art!—from mornin' until night! While you—you've ridden to cub hunts on my mounts, driven my motor cars and bust my tires ——"

"And very good ones they are," said the painter.

"You ride infernally well, and show off before the field at Henworthy Three Gates, where the hardest riders in the county hang back. You ain't afraid of a trappy takeoff—you weren't built for a broken neck!" screeched the incensed peer. "You play golf, too, and win the Coronation Challenge Cup for the Lymston Club, takin' seven holes out of the eighteen, and holin' the round in the score of sixty-eight."

"It was my duty to maintain the honor of your grace's name, once I had consented to assume it," said the painter with a bow.

"And you're a dead shot, confound you! knockin' the birds over right and left, and getting a par. in every sportin' newspaper for a record bag of four hundred! You're a polo player too—hit a ball up and down the field and through the goals at each end, and look as though you didn't care whether the ladies applauded you or not, da—hang you. And you must own to bein' a bit of a cricketer and consent to play in the County Cricket Match on Thursday; and I wouldn't like to bet against your chances of makin' a big score—an all-round admirable what's-its-name of a fellow like you!"

"Perhaps you'd better not," the painter remarked calmly, knocking off the ash of his cigar. "But I should be glad to know the reason for this display of temper on your grace's part, all the same," he added. "If I rode like a tailor and shot like a duffer, hit your ponies' legs instead of the ball, and played cricket like a German governess at a girls' boarding school, I could understand ——"

"Don't you understand, when I get back into my own skin again I'll have to live up to the reputation you've made me?" yelled Halcyon. "I could pass muster before

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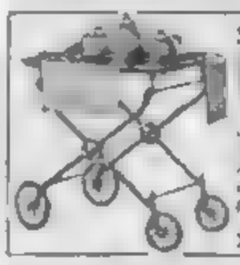

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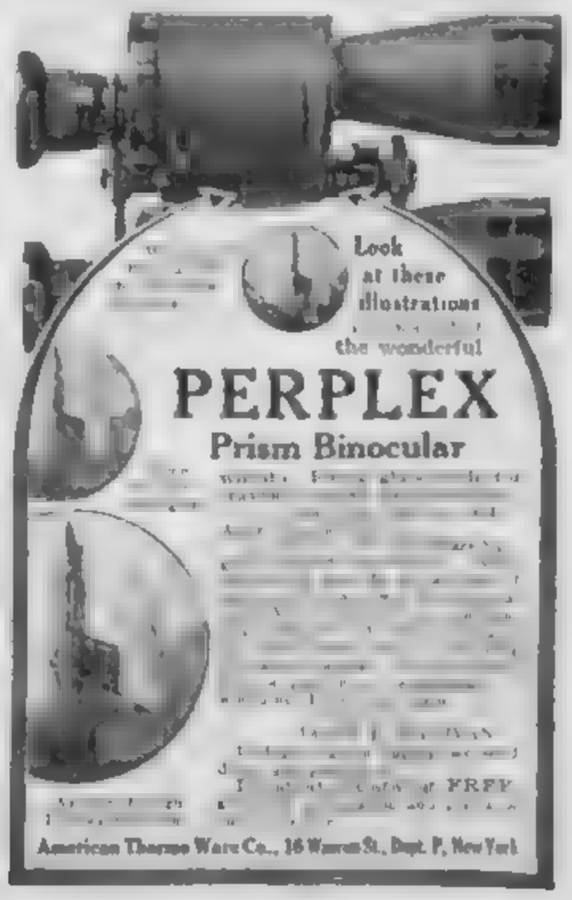

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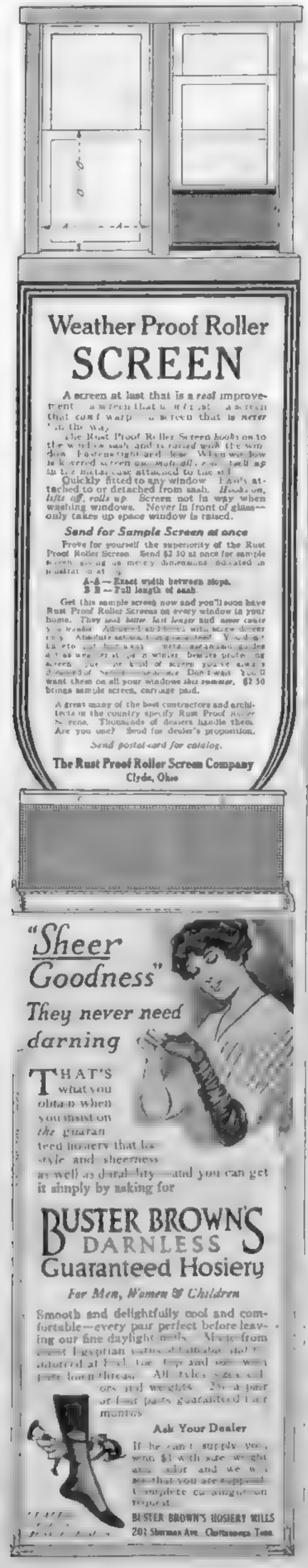
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because nobody looked for anything; but now ——"

"And what of my reputation? I think I heard you telling Susanna ——"

"Susanna!" echoed the duke.

"She is Susanna to your grace. Did I not hear you telling her that Chiaroscuro was an Italian painter of the Cinquecento—who, you said, was a pope who patronized art! You went on to say that Chiaroscuro lived on hard eggs and designed carnival cars, and that Benvenuto Cellini won the Gold Cup at the Ascot Race Meeting in '91."

"Look here; we won't indulge in mutual recriminations. It's beastly bad form!" said the duke. "And, though you can ride and all that, I never said I thought you could paint for nuts; in fact, between ourselves, I don't half like havin' these spooks on the ceilin' set down to me." He twisted his little sandy mustache and fixed his eyeglass in his eye, and started. "Here's Lady Lymston comin' over the lawn, with a whole pack of dogs, to ask me how I've got on since yesterday."

"Take my blouse!" The painter denuded himself of the turpentiny garment, appearing in a well-cut tweed shooting suit.

"Get into that rag? Not me—thanks! Hand over your brush and give me a leg-up on that scaffoldin', like a good chap. I'd better be discovered at work, I suppose," said His Grace of Halcyon as he slowly mounted to the platform under the dome.

He had just reached it when Susanna's fresh young voice was heard outside calling to her dogs, and a moment later she appeared. Her fair cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes were bright with exercise. She wore a rough gray skirt which, though less attenuated than of yore, still showed a slim, arched foot and suggested a charming ankle; a white silk blouse, confined by a Norwegian belt; and a loose béret cap of black velvet crowned her yellow head, its silken riches being now disposed in a great coil through which a silver arrow was carelessly thrust. She started and reddened from her temples to the edge of lace at her round throat when the tweed-clad figure of the painter caught her eye, and gave him her hand with an indifference that was too ostentatious.

"I didn't know you were interested in art," she said.

"Oh, yes," responded the painter; "at least, if this can be called art," he added modestly.

"'Sh!" warned Susanna. "He is up there and will hear you."

"He?" echoed the painter, reveling in the blush.

"Did I hear my name?" called the duke sweetly from above. "Hello, Lady Lymston—that you? Come to record progress? As you see, we're going strong." His six-foot brush menaced a Hera's draperies; a gallipot of size, upset, trickled its contents through the planking; his velveteen coat-tails placed Paris in peril as he turned his back to the cartoon and, resting his hands on his knees, assumed a stooping attitude and peered waggishly down over the edge of the scaffolding at Susanna.

"Take care—you!" shouted the painter, forgetting his aristocratic rôle.

"My foot is on my native thingumbob—ain't it, Lady Lymston?" said the owner of the small, cockneyfied, grinning countenance above. "How do you like the waxworks? This is the" he flourished the six-foot brush perilously—"this is the Judgment of Berlin!"

"Paris!" prompted the false duke hoarsely.

"He is trying to joke," said Susanna in an undertone. "Don't discourage him."

"I should think that would be difficult," remarked Wopse grimly.

"Papa tries to be crushing and Uncle Alaric's rudeness is simply appalling," said Susanna in a confidential undertone. "And grandmother walks over him as though he were a beetle—no; she would run away from a thing like that—I should say an earwig or a snail; so one feels bound to be a little nice."

"If only out of opposition!" said the painter, with a keen look of intelligence, at which Susanna blushed again.

"He is idiotic when he tries to be funny about art and mixes up names and dates—and tells you that Titian sang in opera and Rubens is a popular composer; but he can paint, and Uncle Alaric thinks he will be president of the Academy one day. These cartoons are splendidly bold and effective."

"You think so? Wait till I've colored these girls up a bit," said the duke, catching the end of the sentence. "Then you'll ——"

He lowered his brush and advanced it, dripping with cobalt, toward the group of goddesses.

"Don't touch them!" shouted Wopse in agony.

"Why not?" asked Susanna.

"I don't know. Excuse me, Lady Lymston; I believe the smell of this size isn't wholesome," Wopse stammered. "I'll get out into the air." He bolted.

"Good heavens!" he moaned as he strode unseeing down a broad path of the dazzling west-front pasture. "I can't stand this! I'll tell that idiot, Osmond-Orme, that the deception must come to an end."

"Why do you walk so fast?" said the voice of Susanna behind him. "I have had to race to catch you."

"I am sorry," said Wopse, stopping and turning his troubled eyes on the fair face of his young relative.

"Let us walk on"—Susanna cast an apprehensive glance behind her—"or somebody ——"

"Somebody will see us walking together!" said Wopse acutely.

"It is so much nicer," Susanna said demurely, "when one can keep pleasant things to oneself. And we have had a good many walks and talks since you came down here, haven't we? And cliff scrambles—and bicycle rides—and rows on the river. And the fun of it is that, though we are such pals really, father and grandmother and Uncle Alaric believe that I positively detest you."

Her young laugh rang out gayly; she thrust a sprig of lavender, perfumed and spicy, under the painter's nose. He captured the tantalizing hand.

"Do you not?"

"Detest you? You know I don't."

"May I have it?" It was the sprig of lavender; but the painter looked at and squeezed the hand.

"If you promise to make a big score on Thursday."

Susanna, it must be admitted, was learning coquetry.

"I will if you are looking at me!"

"Done!"

"Done! Come into the beech avenue," the painter pleaded, "just for a few moments, before that little beast follows us. You know he will!"

"He can't!" Susanna's golden eyelashes drooped on her crimson cheeks. "He can't get down! I—I took away the ladder before I came away!" she owned.

Both hands were imprisoned; her blue eyes lifted and lost themselves in the brown ones that looked down at her.

"Was that because you wanted—to be alone with me? Was it?" demanded Wopse.

"Oh, Mountstuart!"

"I'll let you go when you have owned up—not before," Wopse said sternly.

Susanna's reply came in a whisper:

"You—know—it—was!"

The whisper was so faint that Wopse had to bend quite low to catch it. Of course he need not have kissed Susanna; but he did, as Alaric Osmond-Orme and Lord Beaumaris appeared, walking confidentially together arm in arm.

"I think my little stratagem succeeds!" Lord Beaumaris had just said, in reference to the preference exhibited by his daughter for the society of the pretended painter; and Alaric had responded: "Yes, as you say, my plan has proved quite a brilliant success!" when Lord Beaumaris clutched his cousin's arm.

"Merciful powers! Susanna and that—that young impostor!"

Alaric's eyeglass fell with a click, and the diabolical left eye twirled and twisted fiendishly in its socket as its retina embraced the picture indicated.

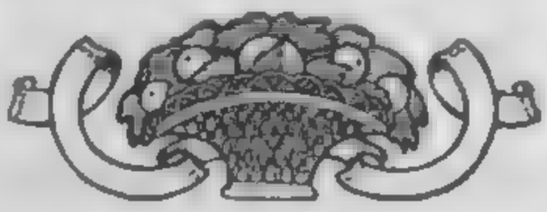
"Feign not to have observed. . . . Well, Susanna! How are you, Halcyon? We are strolling toward the ballroom for a glimpse of Wopse's work."

"We are stro——" Lord Beaumaris choked and purpled. Alaric dragged him on.

"Do you think"—Susanna's cheeks were white roses now—"do you think they ——"

"Saw me kiss you? Not a doubt of it!"

"Oh!" Susanna confronted him with blazing eyes. "You—you did it on purpose! It was a plot ——" She clenched her strong young hands, battling with the desire to buffet the handsome bronzed face before her. "I'll never—never speak to you again!" she cried.



"You will not be allowed to," groaned the poor painter. "Our walks and rides and all the rest are over. . . . Yes, there has been a plot, but not of the kind you suspect. I am a traitor, but not the kind of traitor you think me. Lady Lymston, I am not the Duke of Halcyon. I am a poor devil—I beg your pardon!—I am a painter; my name is Wopse, and I have disgraced my profession by the part I have played." He sat down miserably on a rustic bench.

"Oh! It has been a put-up thing between you all!" Susanna gasped. "Oh!" She towered over Wopse like an incensed young goddess.

"If I could only paint you like that! Yes, I deserve that you should hate me. Never mind who planned the thing; I should have known better than to soil my hands with a deception," said Wopse. "As for the duke ——"

"The duke! Do I understand that that earwig in velveteen is my Cousin Halcyon?" Susanna's voice was very cold.

"Yes. I am a kind of cousin too," said Wopse.

"But not that kind. Those—those designs—the work on the ceiling! They are really yours?" Susanna asked.

"Mine of course! Do you think that fellow could have done them?" cried Wopse, firing up. "I've risen at four every morning to work at them, and ——"

"And you ride splendidly, and you're a crack shot and polo player, and you're going to win for the county eleven on Thursday!" came breathlessly from Susanna.

"Ah, you won't care to look at me now!" said the depressed Wopse.

"Won't I?" Susanna's eyes were dancing; her cheeks were glowing; she pirouetted on the moss-grown ground of the avenue and dropped a little curtsy to the painter. "When doing it will drive father and grandmother and Alaric and the earwig wild with rage! . . . When—when I like doing it too! When ——" She stooped, and her lips were very near Wopse's cheek. "When I love doing it!"

"Oh, Susanna!" cried the painter.

"My dear Halcyon!" said Lord Beaumaris, peering shortsightedly upward through a maze of scaffolding. "I think you may as well come down."

"In other words, the game is up!" said Alaric Osmond-Orme mildly. "Come down, my dear fellow, and resume your own rôle of hereditary legislator. Allow me to replace the ladder." He did so.

"So that fellow's done me! I guessed as much when that little—when Susanna took away the ladder," said the duke, preparing to descend. "And then when I saw him kiss her—there's a remarkably good view of the gardens through the end window—I—" he pointed to some remarkable effects of color splashed on the ground so carefully prepared by the painter—"I took it out of the beggar in the only way I could, don't you know!"

"Take it out of him still more," suggested Alaric, his tinted eyeglass concealing a fiendish twinkle, "by playing in the County Cricket Match. He's entered in your name, you know."

"You're very obligin'," said the duke; "but I don't think I'm takin' any." He gracefully slithered to the floor as Susanna and Halcyon Wopse entered the ballroom, radiant and hand in hand.

"Papa," said Susanna, taking the bull by the horns, "Mr. Wopse and I are engaged. We mean to be married as soon as possible after the County Cricket Match." She kissed the perturbed countenance of Lord Beaumaris, nodded to the duke, and walked over to Alaric. "Your plan has succeeded beautifully!" she said. "Aren't you pleased? And won't you congratulate us?"

"I am delighted!" said the imperturbable Alaric. He dropped his eyeglass, and before the preternatural intelligence of his left eye even Susanna quailed. "And I congratulate you both most heartily."

He smiled and pressed the hands of Susanna and her lover; then, moving away, he stepped into the garden. There, unseen, he rubbed his hands, twinkling with mourning rings.

"I loved that boy's mother very dearly, boy as I was then!" said Alaric. "As for Susanna, if she knew that I knew she was listening at the library door ——"

He replaced his eyeglass, and his expression became, as usual, a blank.

MEXICO: The Record of a Conversation With President Wilson

(Concluded from Page 4)

and what it might bring forth, but has no information beyond the general knowledge that Huerta had accepted the friendly offices of the self-proposed mediators. I asked him whether, in the event of successful mediation, his plans for the betterment of Mexico would be carried out.

"I hope so," he replied; "for it is not my intention, having begun this enterprise, to turn back—unless I am forced to do so—until I have assurances that the great and crying wrongs the people have endured are in process of satisfactory adjustment. Of course it would not do for us to insist on an exact procedure for the partition of the land, for example, for that would set us up in the position of dictators, which we are not and never shall be; but it is not our intention to cease in our friendly offices until we are assured that all these matters are on their way to successful settlement. It is a great and a complicated question, but I have every hope that a suitable solution will be found, and that the day will come when the Mexican people will be put in full possession of the land, the liberty and the peaceful prosperity that are rightfully theirs."

President Wilson banged the desk again. His smile vanished and his face became stern and set.

"And eventually," he said slowly, "I shall fight every one of these men who are now seeking and who will then be seeking to exploit Mexico for their own selfish ends. I shall do what I can to keep Mexico from their plundering. There shall be no individual exploitation of Mexico if I can stop it."

He walked over to the big blue globe.

"It is a wonderful country," he said as he put his finger on Mexico, "a wonderful country! There is every advantage there for the peaceful and prosperous pursuit of happiness. Have you ever noticed that if you draw a line straight south from New York it will touch the western coast of South America instead of the eastern, and that it runs along by Chile and Peru, and the other countries on the western side of the Southern Continent?

"Thus, with the Panama Canal running practically north and south, this brings these countries, which have been so remote, into close touch with us, and the commerce of this Western Hemisphere will brood over Central America.

"What we desire to do and what we shall do is to show our neighbors to the south of us that their interests are identical with our interests; that we have no plans or any thoughts of our own exaltation, but have in view only the peace and the prosperity of the people in our hemisphere."

The little clock on the bookcase struck nine. The President rose. He walked down the stairs with me and took his hat to go across to his office, where there was to be a conference on the vexing situation in Colorado. As we parted at the end of the corridor he held out his hand and said:

"It will be a great thing not only to have helped humanity by restoring order but to have gone further than that by laying the secure foundations for that liberty without which there can be no happiness."

Sense and Nonsense

The Tactful Cop

CHARLES COMISKEY, who runs the White Sox ball club in Chicago, is widely acquainted in that big town and in his day has been lavish with passes to his ball park.

Last year he gave a season pass to a young man he had helped to an appointment on the Chicago police force. Soon after this Comiskey was pushing his automobile a bit beyond the speed limit up Michigan Boulevard and was stopped by a policeman. The policeman opened the door of the car and saw Comiskey sitting inside.

"Hello, Bill!" said Comiskey. "How are you getting along since I got you your job on the force?"

The policeman coughed and stuttered. Finally he said:

"Look here, Charlie; you'll have to go slower with this car of yours or I'll have to give back my pass."

Nothing on the President

APROPOS of the human side of President Wilson, the President was out for a ride in his automobile one afternoon. The machine passed a small boy standing beside the road.

"Did you notice what that boy did when we passed?" the President asked.

"No, Mr. President; I did not."

"He made a face at me."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the shocked companion. "I didn't observe him."

"He did," said the President; "but did you notice what I did?"

"No, sir."

"Well," answered the President happily, "I made a face right back at him!"

Two-Minute Lights

TWO-MINUTE lights for stairways and apartment-house entrances are just coming into use in the United States, though they have been in common use abroad. When one reaches home late at night and finds the halls and stairways dark, a pressure on a push button at the door lights up the various lamps; and two minutes later the lights go out, thus giving enough light for the latecomer's convenience, but thriftily obviating the necessity for constantly burning lights.

An added attachment is a switch that will keep all the hallway lamps burning until a fixed hour, such as eleven-thirty, and at that time turn them all out, but connect them with the two-minute control for the remainder of the night.

Caves of the Winds

CAVERNS filled with stored air are a comparatively recent trick in mining. Abandoned drifts or tunnels through rock are sealed up and air is pumped in until they contain it at the pressure necessary for running air drills and other mining machinery. The caverns thus have stored-up power for emergency use or to help keep up an even pressure in the regular supply.

At the great Anaconda Mines this same idea has been ingeniously used to give a perfectly regular pressure. An underground rock receiver for the air was blasted out at the foot of a hill and compressed air is pumped into this receiver. Far up on the hill is a reservoir of water, with a pipe running down below the air receiver and coming up into it through the bottom.

The water from the reservoir would naturally flow down into the air receiver, but the air pressure there keeps it out. When the stock of stored-up compressed air is reduced water comes up into the air receiver, and when an excessive amount of air is pumped in, the water in the hill reservoir rises; but the air pressure in the rock cavern always remains steady.

No Place for Ladies

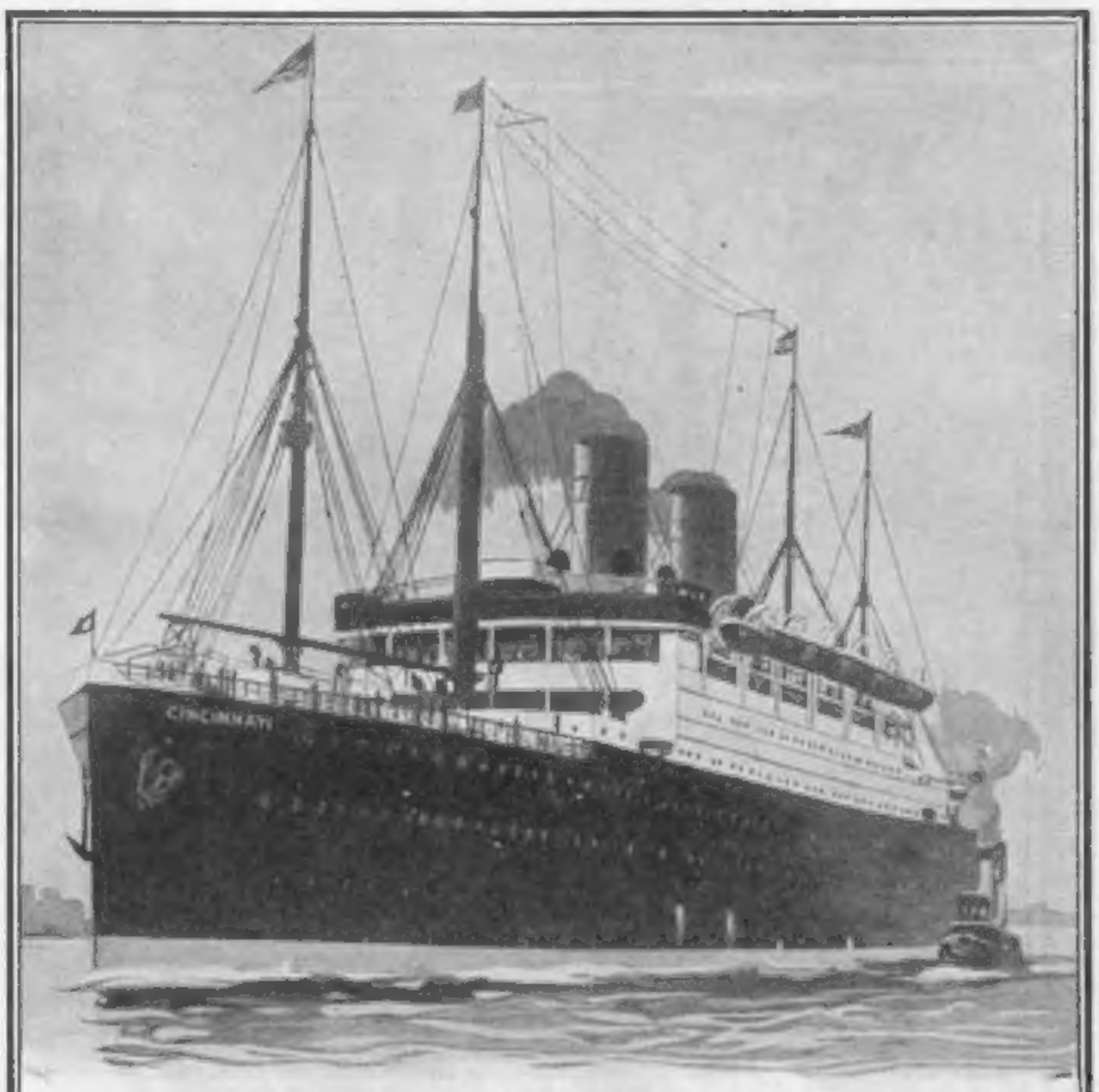
A FAMOUS foreign newspaper correspondent, a German, was stopping at a seaside hotel where the dining-room helpers, following the New England custom, were nearly all college girls, working during vacation in order to keep themselves at school the rest of the year.

The spectacled young person who presided over the table where the German newspaper man ate was undoubtedly of excellent breeding, but she never seemed able to remember whether the eggs were to be fried on one side or scrambled on both.

Finally, one evening after he had been served with a meal entirely different from the one he had ordered, the foreigner lost his temper and spoke rather sharply to the young woman.

"Easy there!" admonished his table mate, an American writer. "She's a lady, you know, old man."

"But I do not vant a lady," said the German plaintively. "I vant a vaiter!"



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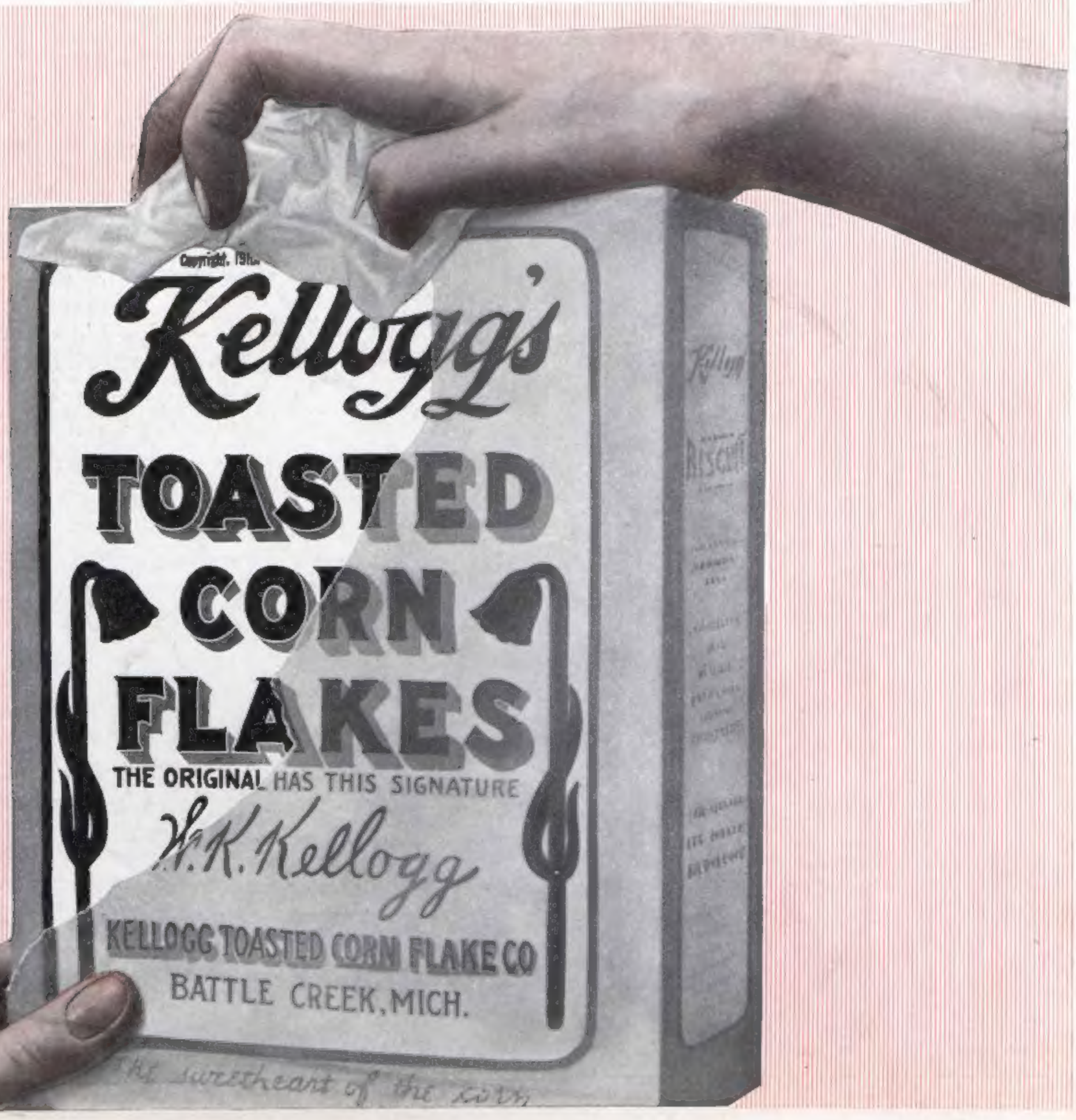
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